

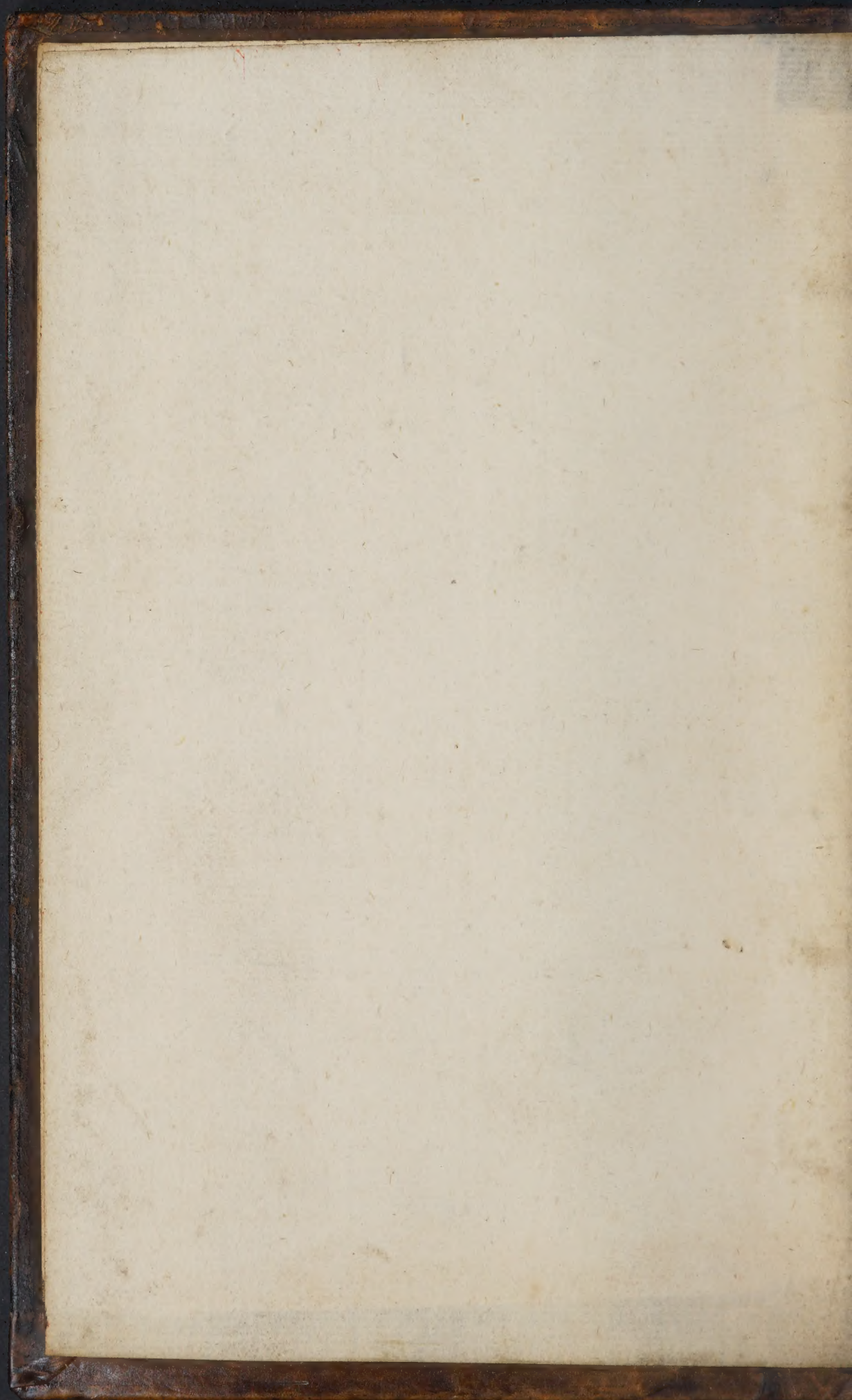


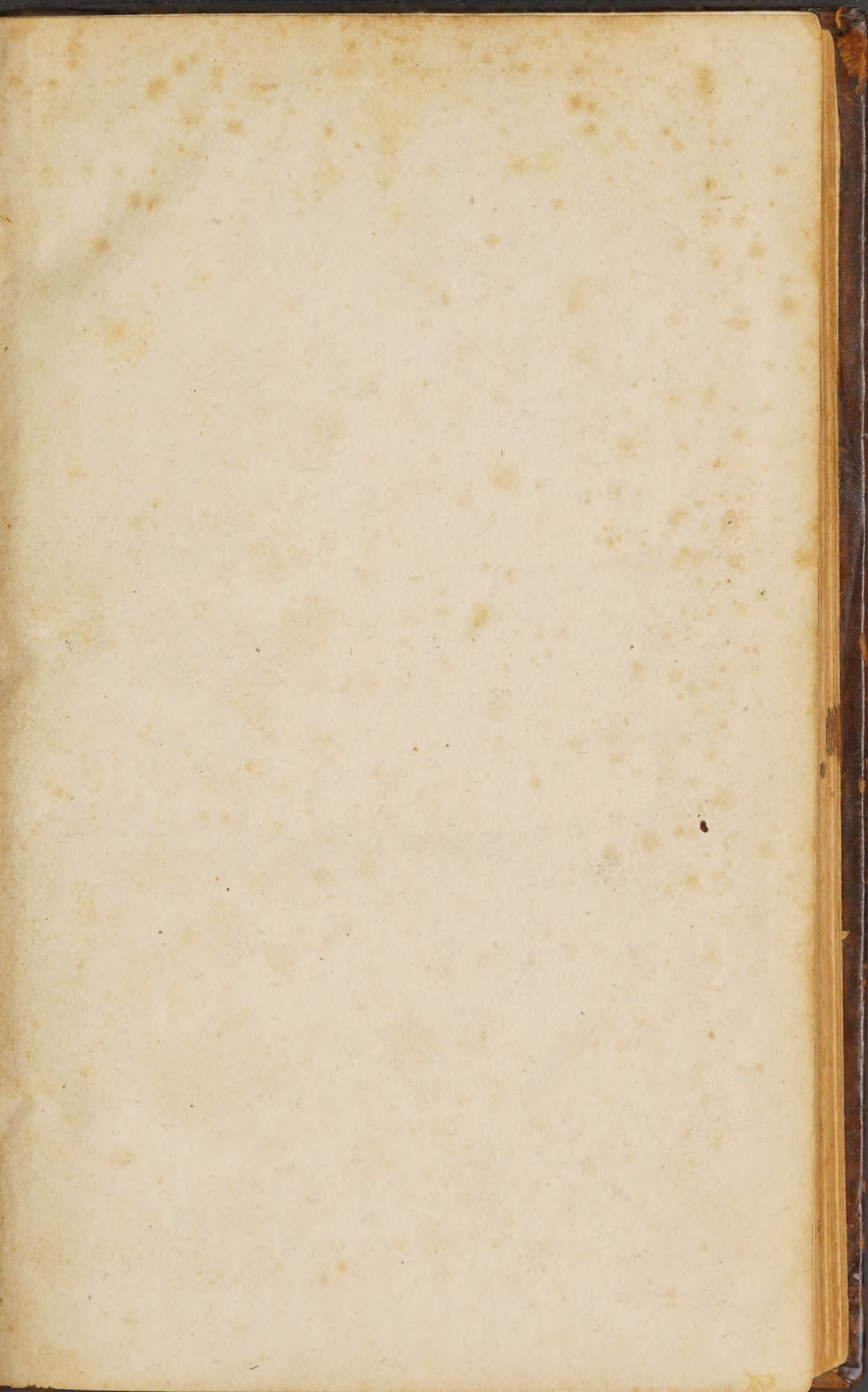
PYLADES
AND
CORINNA

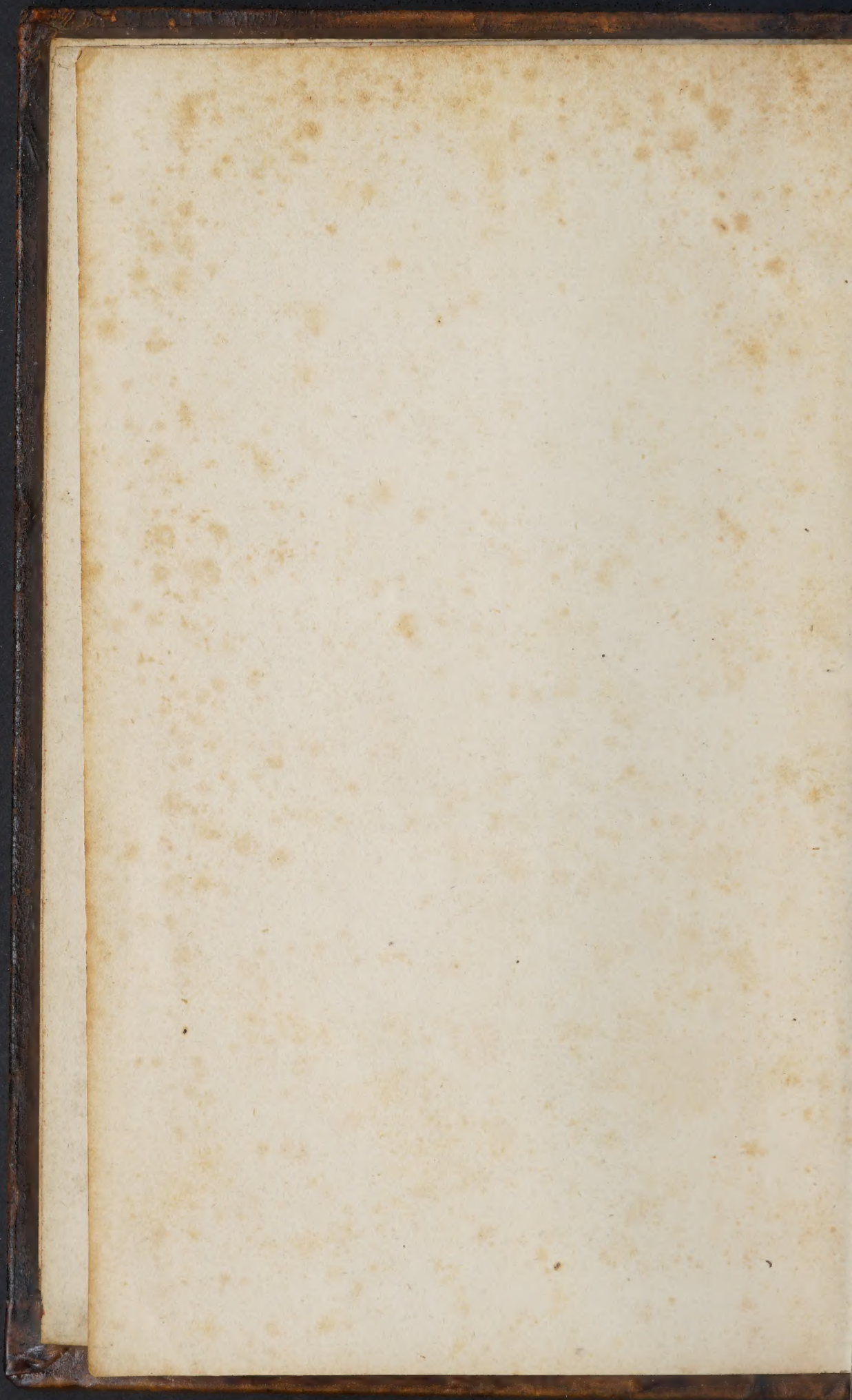


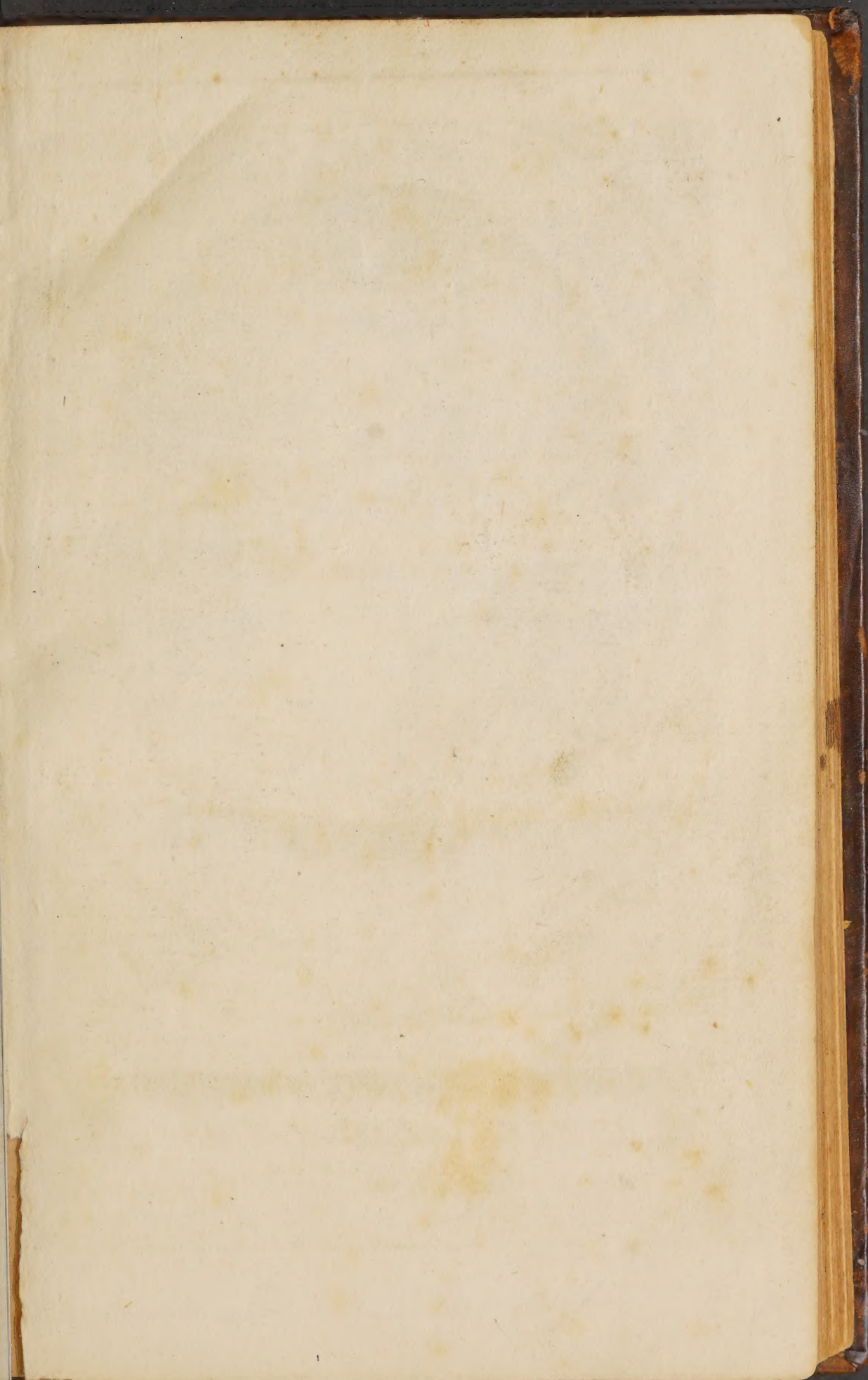














M^{rs} ELIZABETH THOMAS.

Ætat: xxx.

G. King ab Originali. sculpsit.

Pylades and Corinna:
O R,
M E M O I R S
O F T H E

Lives, Amours, and Writings
O F

RICHARD GWINNETT Esq;
Of Great *Shurdington* in *Gloucestershire*;
A N D

Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMAS *Junr.*
Of Great *Russel Street, Bloomsbury.*

C O N T A I N I N G,
The LETTERS and other *Miscellaneous Pieces*, in
PROSE and VERSE, which passed between them
during a Courtship of above Sixteen Years.

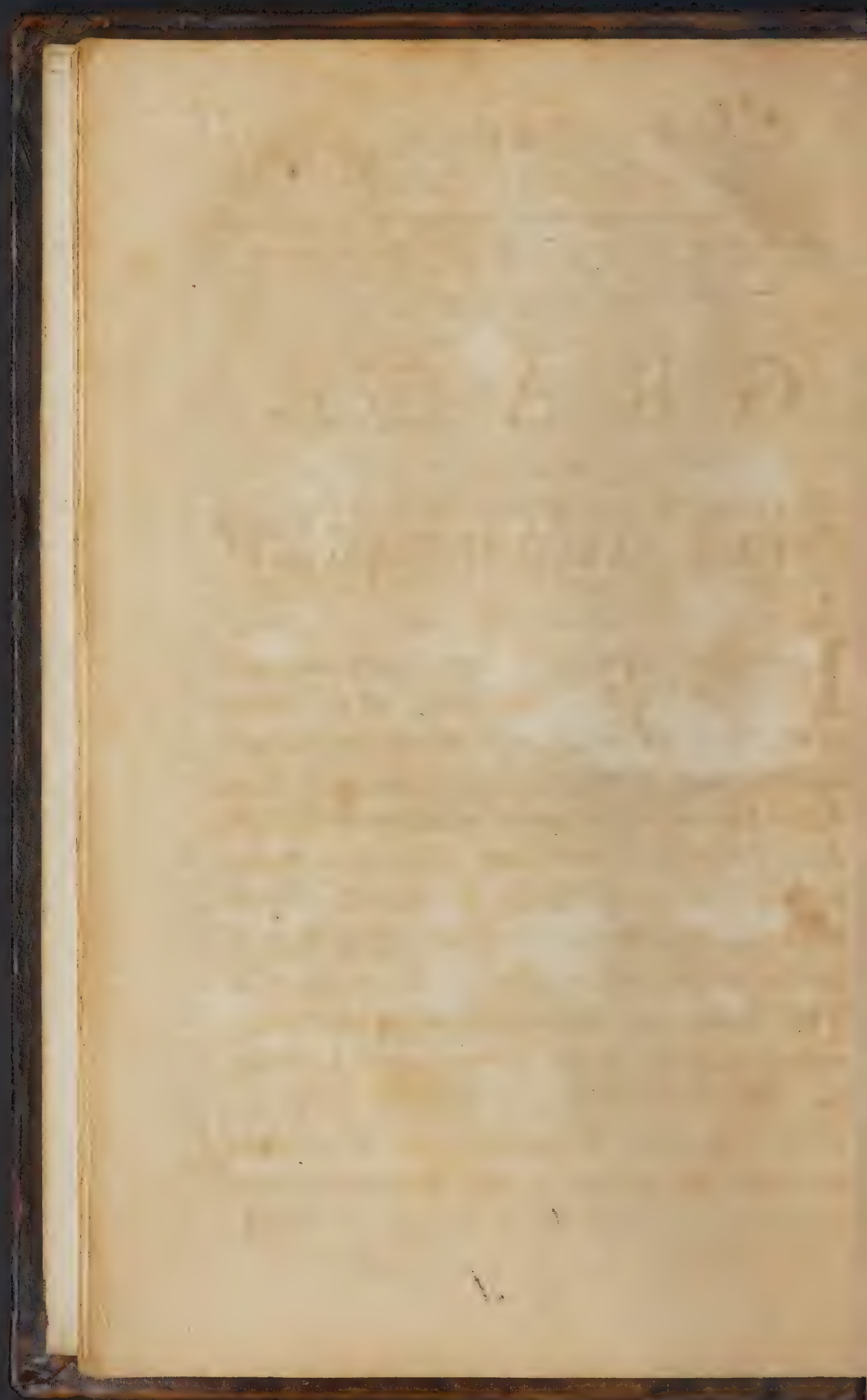
Faithfully published from their Original Manuscripts.

Attested

By Sir EDWARD NORTHEY, Knight.

To which is prefixed,
The LIFE of CORINNA. Written by Her self.

L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year MDCCLXXXI. (Price 5 s.)



T O H E R

G R A C E,

T H E

Dutcheſs of *S O M E R S E T*.

I Doubt not but it has been One, amongſt your GRACE's many judicious Obſervations, that, there is no Paſſion has occaſioned more Raillery from Men of Wit, than LOVE; and none perhaps to which they themſelves are more ſubject. Philoſophers and Moralists are perpetually drawing up formal Declarations againſt it, yet are unable to ſecure themſelves from its Attacks. The Men of ſevere Contemplation are apt to deſpiſe it as Levity and Trifling, yet in their Lives are equally liable to it with others. What a Scene of Diſverſion muſt this afford to any impartial conſidering

A 2

iv DEDICATION.

dering Mind, such as that of your GRACE, to observe at once the Wisdom and Weakness of these learned Lovers.

This usurping Passion, which so often defeats the Judgment of the Wise, and puts them upon a Level with Men of ordinary Faculties and Attainments, to humble them yet the more, never commits greater Ravages than in those Minds that are endowed with the most elevated Capacities, and humanized with the sweetest Dispositions. The Spirits of such Men are too fine to relish any Pleasures which are not delicate. Their Imaginations, which are perpetually conversant with the most agreeable Objects, and that refined and soothing Sort of Melancholy, to which they are naturally inclined, prepare a Soil for this Passion to take the deepest Root, and conspire to heighten their Relish in the Enjoyment or Prosecution of its enchanting Amusements. Consider these Men in one View, MADAM, what Honours and Advantages are they not capable of acquiring to themselves and their Country? But in another, what Ruin do they
some-

D E D I C A T I O N. v

Sometimes bring upon both, when this soft Seducer meets with too great an Indulgence? Those excellent Qualities, which with a proper Application would have been of so much Use and Ornament to the Possessor, serve only on such Occasions to work like Slaves under an imperious Tyrant, and make the wretched Owner more certain of Success, in obtaining his desired Misery.

Such a Misery, may it please your GRACE, was not only felt, but likewise terminated in the Death of PYLADES. And his inviolable and most sincere Affection for CORINNA, with her attempting to recover the generous Legacy he bequeathed her, ended in her total Destruction.

It was from the *bounteous Hand of your GRACE*; from that of *his GRACE* the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, some other of my Lords the *Bishops*, and a few private Friends, * that many Years of Mrs. THOMAS's Life were wholly subsisted. And the *well-known*

* Bishop Talbot, Bishop Hoadley, Bishop Sherlock, Lady Pyne, &c.

vi D E D I C A T I O N.

Humanity of Lady DELAWARE ordered the last Office to be performed to her Remains of a very decent Interment.

What I here offer to your GRACE's Perusal, is, a Part of the sixteen Year's Correspondence of Two Lovers, whose Affection to each other, as I have already observed, was attended with the fatal Catastrophe of both.

The Mention made in these Papers of the illustrious Names of SEYMOUR and FINCH, I looked upon as an Act of Duty incumbent on me, to inscribe them to that *Merit*, where all would be proud of subscribing themselves, as I do in the most humble Manner,

Your GRACE'S

St. John Baptist,
1731.

Most Obedient, and

Most devoted Servant,

PHILALETHES.

P R E F A C E.

THAT these PAPERS, now offered to the Publick, are Genuine; shall be confirmed by an unquestionable Authority. Most of them were produced as Vouchers, in a Law-suit, on the Behalf of CORINNA, in order to recover the Legacy bequeathed her by PYLADES, and bear the following Attestation, viz.

“ These LETTERS were shewn to Sir
“ John Guise, Bart. Francis Seymour, and
“ Augustine Pope, at the Times of their
“ Examination taken in Chancery, on the
“ Part of Elizabeth Thomas, Spinster, Com-
“ plainant, against George Gwinnett the Elder,
“ and others Defendants.

EDWARD NORTHEY.

*The Evidence of these Letters, being all in
PYLADES's own Hand-writing, obtained a
Decree in Behalf of CORINNA; notwithstand-*

ing which, his Father's Agent would have carried Matters on to a farther Litigation, but his Brother, upon an Interview with CORINNA, having expressed himself otherwise, she sent him the following Letter, viz.

Sir,

“ **Y**OU seemed desirous, when I had
 “ the Favour of seeing you, that this
 “ Affair might be accommodated in a pri-
 “ vate and friendly Way, and I acquiesced
 “ in *your Sentiments* as agreeable to *my own*.
 “ But since the Gentleman who is
 “ sole Manager, has been pleased to treat
 “ me in the most uncharitable Manner, I
 “ must hold my self excused from answer-
 “ ing his ingenious Letter, or admitting any
 “ more Visits from a Person, who every time
 “ starts new Subterfuges against me.
 “ The WILL of the *Deceased* has been
 “ barbarously violated, in the exposing my
 “ *poor Letters*, and concealing from me
 “ *his last dear Farewel*, &c. may God for-
 “ give the Transactors. But I adjure you,
 “ Sir,

“ Sir, by our Eternal and Almighty Crea-
“ tor, before whose just and awful Tribu-
“ nal we must all shortly appear, do not
“ suffer the Memory of the *Dead* to be thus
“ *wronged*, nor the *Living* to be so *unjustly*
“ *asperged*.

“ I shall always be ready to give any
“ reasonable Satisfaction to your good *Fa-*
“ *ther* and *Self*, as being with all due Re-
“ spect,

Sir, Your most

Humble Servant,

E. THOMAS.

*The exposing of her Letters, which she
herein complains of, were no doubt attended
with their Destruction; and it is greatly
to be lamented, they should fall into such Hands
as were ignorant of their intrinsick Worth.*

*All that we can say in Behalf of the pre-
sent Collection, is, that we hope none are in-
serted which will diminish the Characters of the
Writers; and, if they have but the good For-
tune to please, the Remainder shall in a short
Time*

x P R E F A C E.

Time follow; otherwise, warned by the Fate of their Predecessors, they shall, with their Authors, rest in Peace.

Mr. POPE having been pleased to Libel CORINNA in the DUNCIAD, she had fully resolved upon publishing her own LIFE, and often, in Letters to her Friends, and by Word of Mouth, wished that she might only live to finish it; in order to which, she applied no less than twelve Hours, the very Day before she died.

She chose to write it, as of a second Person, under the Character of a Female Friend; to avoid the Repetitions, as she said, of Me, My, and I, the frequent Returns of which, when Persons speak of themselves, she thought would be irksome to her Readers.

Many of her LETTERS to PYLADES are irretrievable, unless his Relations, to whom we have wrote, will be pleased to communicate them.

The Correspondence between them, in this Volume, is only brought down to the Year 1709; and the succeeding Papers, which are now ready for the Press, will contain what passed

P R E F A C E.

xi

passed in their Honourable Amour, from 1709 to 1717, the Year wherein PYLADES died.

To which will be added, a Collection of Letters written to CORINNA by the learned and pious Mr. NORRIS of Bemerton. Also some Letters written by her Grandfather William Osborne Esq; during the time of the Civil Wars, with other curious Miscellaneous Papers, and the last Wills and Testaments of our Two Lovers.

V A L E.



T H E

T H E

C O N T E N T S.

- T** H E L I F E of C O R I N N A. *Written by herself.*
Letters to CORINNA from
 P Y L A D E S. Page I
- LETTER I. *With some Verses on her Poem to the Memory of Mr. Dryden.* p. 2
- LETTER II. P Y L A D E S declares his Passion for C O R I N N A. p. 6
- LETTER III. *Sent the Day after he had asked her Mother's leave to pursue his Passion.* p. 8
- LETTER IV. *Sent with some Books, and his Sentiments on a Narrative concerning the Doctrine of Predestination.* p. 10
- LETTER V. *Upon his Arrival at his Father's House in Gloucestershire.* pag. 13
- LETTER VI. *On Rural Diversions, with a Character of Mr. Cook of Gloucestershire.* p. 16, 17
- LETTER VII. *A friendly Expostulation.* p. 22
- LETTER VIII. *A Congratulation on her Birth-Day.* p. 24
- LETTER IX. *Reciting the State of his Circumstances.* p. 26
- N E F A R I O and A R M I D A, *A Satire by CORINNA.* p. 30
- LETTER X. *With a Translation of Dr. HANNES'S Ode to Dr. SYDENHAM, from the Musæ Anglicanæ, inscribed to Dr. GARTH.* p. 33, 34
- Answer to CORINNA's defiance, by P Y L A D E S.* p. 39
- L E T -

The CONTENTS.

LETTER XI. <i>A Relation of the Frauds of a Gang of Gypsies practised upon Mrs. WEBB of Strowde.</i>	<i>A Conversation between Psalmanaazaar the Formosan, and some Ladies, with several curious Particulars not in his Book.</i>
p. 40	p. 59
<i>A merry Adventure at Sir JOHN GUISE'S House in Gloucestershire.</i>	— His smart Reply to Bishop Burnet.
p. 44	p. 66
LETTER XII. <i>An Account of the Gloucester Affizes, with two remarkable Stories, one which happened when Judge POWELL went the York Circuit; the other, a Detection of two Robbers.</i>	— The Duke of Devonshire's Amour with Miss Campion.
p. 45, 46	p. 67
<i>An Observation on mad Dogs.</i>	— Bed-Conversation. A remarkable Story of Sir Thomas Skipwith, and one Mrs. Pym.
p. 47	p. 68
LETTER XIII. <i>Of their Agreement in Affection.</i>	— To BASSINA, a Satire. <i>ibid.</i>
p. 49	
VERSES on a Medal with this Motto, <i>Sine clade Victor</i> , 1704.	LETTER XV. <i>Observations on CORINNA'S foregoing Conversation - Piece.</i>
p. 52	p. 75
CORINNA'S Account of a very troublesome Poetaster,	— Two Notorious Female-Frauds, practised on a Linen-Draper and a Goldsmith.
p. 53	p. 76, 77, 78, &c.
LETTER XIV. <i>Concerning the Projects of Cavendish Weedon Esq; of Lincoln's-Inn.</i>	— The Reverend Mr. Wheeler's Plan for writing a Poem from the Top of St. Paul's.
p. 56, 57	p. 81
	<i>The</i>

The CONTENTS.

— *The Sentiments of PYLADES on the Tombs at Westminster.* p. 82

LETTER XVI. *Sent with the History of the Count De Gabalis.* p. 82

— *The Vision, a Poem on CORINNA.* p. 85

LETTER XVII. *Remarks on a little Book, intitled, Occasional Thoughts in Reference to a Virtuous, or Christian Life.* p. 90, &c.

LETTER XVIII. *A Defence of Marriage.* p. 94

— *Verses on the Knighting of Dr. Hannes and Read the Oculist.* p. 95

— *The gentle Knight, i. e. Henry Cromwel Esq; A Ballad on him.* p. 98

— *Verses on Povey the Tooth-Drawer in Hatton-Garden.* p. 97

— *The Mayor of Gloucester's Feast described.* p. 102

— *The Airs of a Parson's Wife and Daughter.* p. 103

LETTER XIX. *Concerning an Apparition, and of the Existence of Spirits.* p. 106

LETTER XX. *Remarks on some Books.* p. 109. *Horace Epod. III. An Invec-tive against Onions.* p. 112.

LETTER XXI. *Congra-tulating the Recovery of Co-RINNA from a fit of Sickness.* p. 114

— *A Story of Bishop Bur-net and Colonel Chivers.* p. 115

— *Of Mr. Pooley and Dr. Hannes.* p. 116, 117

— *Dr. Hickeys's Cha-racters of Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Hopton, and the La-dy Bovey, three of his Saxon Patronesses.* p. 119

LETTER XXII. *With a Character of Mr. Locke.* p. 121. *Of Mr. Norris's Death.* p. 122

LETTER XXIII. *Remarks on Locke, Norris, Cowley, Newton, &c.* p. 122

— CORIN-

The CONTENTS.

— CORINNA'S *Abstract* of Sir Isaac Newton's OPTICKS, p. 125. *Verses to some Ladies on their reading that Book.* By the Reverend Mr. Kimpson. p. 137

LETTER XXIV. *From Sir Charles Duncombe's Seat in Wiltshire.* p. 139

— VERSES to Sir CHARLES when he was Lord Mayor. p. 142

— BEREFORD, a Poem. p. 153

CORINNA'S *Letters to* PYLADES. Letter I. p. 177

— Letter II. *To PYLADES on his Birth-Day.* p. 182

— Letter III. *A second Critique on the Poet after (mentioned pag. 53.)* p. 184.

— *A Remark on the Soul of a Man, and the Soul of a Brute.* p. 188

— PYLADES rallied on *Account of Philomela* (i. e. Mrs. Elizabeth Singer) occasioned by her Poem, intitled, *The Grove at Long-Leate.* p. 189, 190

Letter IV. *Upon PYLADES's rallying her about the gentle Knight, with his true Character.* p. 191, 194

Letter V. *Abstracts of several curious Books, viz.*

I. *A Dissertation upon Noah's ARK.* p. 195

II. ——— *On the Nature of ICE.* p. 197

III. *The History of Sicily and Naples.* p. 198

IV. *Of the Nature of Exhalations and Vapours.* p. 199

V. *History of the Isle of Ceylon.* p. 203

VI. *A remarkable Passage from Dr. GREW's Comologia Sacra.* p. 204

VII. *The Reverend Mr. Derham's Account of the Death-Watch.* p. 205

Letter VI. *Written in the Metamorphosis of his CAT, left in her Keeping.* p. 209

— An

The CONTENTS.

— <i>An Expoſtulation with PYLADES.</i>	<i>To Mrs. ELIZABETH CREED, of Oundle in Northamptonſhire, on the Death of her Daughter.</i>
p. 214	p. 259
Letter VII. <i>AREBUKE, &c.</i>	<i>On the unhappy Death of a young LADY, to her afflicted Brother.</i>
p. 222	p. 262
MISCELLANIES by CORINNA.	<i>To Lady CHUDLEIGH, on her Defence of the Female-Sex.</i>
<i>To her Grace the Dutcheſs of Somerſet, on her Birth-Day.</i>	p. 264
p. 230	<i>Lady CHUDLEIGH to Mrs. THOMAS.</i>
<i>To his Grace the Duke of Bedford, on his Birth-Day.</i>	p. 267
p. 233	<i>Billets, which paſſed between Henry Cromwel Eſq; Corinna and Pylades.</i>
<i>On the Death of the Earl of Nottingham.</i>	<i>To Corinna.</i>
p. 236	p. 280
<i>An Imitation of the Turkiſh - Spy, written to William Killegrew Eſq;</i>	<i>To Henry Cromwel Eſq;</i>
p. 245	p. 281
— <i>His Answer,</i>	<i>To Henry Cromwel Eſq; on his bringing Mr. Pope to viſit me, and deſiring me to return a (very dirty) Tranſlation of his Own, from Voiture.</i>
p. 251	p. 284
LETTERS to CLEMENA (i. e. Mrs. Anne Osborne) with the Picture of Friendſhip.	<i>To Corinna.</i>
p. 253	p. 285
<i>To the SAME.</i>	<i>To Corinna.</i>
p. 256	p. 286
<i>To the SAME, with ſome Collections concerning Spirits, Witches, diabolical Con- traſts, &c.</i>	<i>An Account of the Writings of Pylades and Corinna.</i>
p. 286	p. 288
	THE

THE
L I F E
O F
C O R I N N A.

Written by Her Self.

To *Mrs.* Elizabeth Thomas *Jun^r.* in Great-
Ruffel-Street, Bloomsbury.

MADAM,

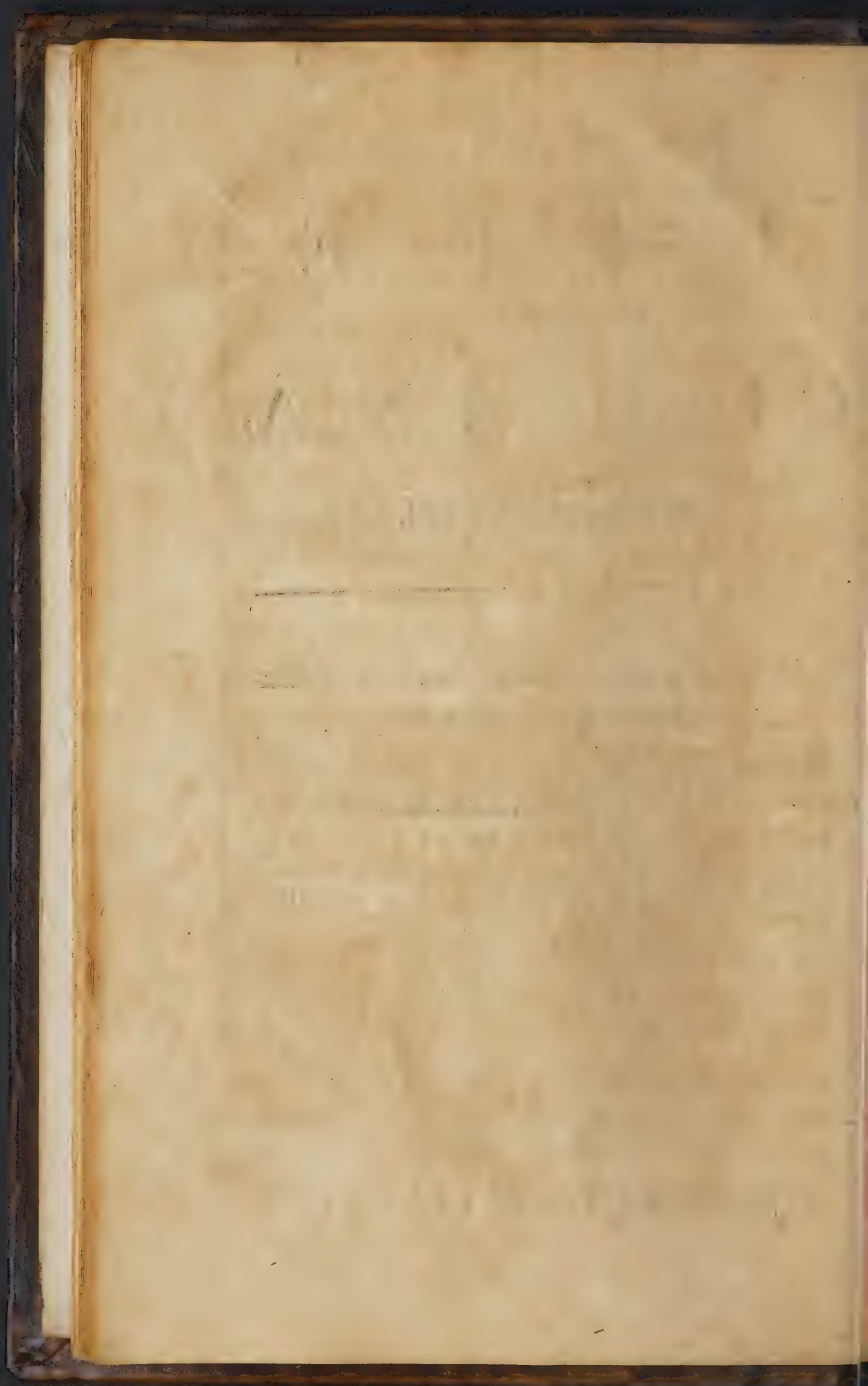
Since you do me the Favour to desire a Name from me,
take that of CORINNA if you please ; I mean not the
Lady with whom OVID was in Love, but the famous
Theban Poetess who overcame PINDAR, as Histo-
rians tell us.

Nov. 12. 1699.

I am, &c.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XXXI.



THE
L I F E
O F
C O R I N N A.

HAVING been long importuned to give some Account to the Publick of this *Unfortunate Author*; (whose worst Enemies could never Brand either with *real Crime*, or *real Misconduct*: and yet, if one may dare use so bold a Phrase, *seemed Created only to suffer*; her whole Life being only one continued Scene, of the utmost Variety of *Human Misery*) I the more readily comply with this Office, being well assured it cannot be performed by any more capable of it than my self; who have lived in the *strictest Amity* with her, from the earliest Remembrance.

As the *Effigies Authoris* usually accompanies the *Title Page*, so lest that should be wanting here, accept of a Description which, tho' wrote by a (Female) Friend, is resolved however to be so faithful a Register, that she will no more conceal her Failings, than she will lessen her Deserts; and laying aside the FRIEND, is now only an Impartial HISTORIAN.

Her Family (as you will find hereafter) was just beneath Envy, and above Contempt: She was the Child of an Antient and Infirm Parent, who gave her Life when he was Dying himself; and to whose unhappy Constitution, she was Sole Heiress; and always afflicted with Fevers and Defluxions, from her very Birth, and being an only Child was over Nursed; which rendered her so Tender, that had she been of a gay Disposition, must have made her more unhappy than she really was.

Her FATHER dying when she was scarce two Years old *, and her Mother not knowing her own Foundation: He keeping his Chariot, a House in Town, another in *Essex*,

* She was Born in *August*, 1675. And He died in *May*, 1677.
and

The LIFE of CORINNA. V

and Chambers in the *Temple*, was supposed to be vastly Rich. And as such, she was disposed of in Marriage to him, with but 1200 *l.* She was Young, and Beautiful, not Eighteen, and he in his sixtieth Year. He had not only great Practice in the Law, but great Clients among the Nobility, even * Foreign Ministers. His Widow therefore buried him according to his supposed Station in the World, and her own Belief: and Publick Funerals being more in Vogue in the last Age, than in this, she invited all his Clients: The Pall was borne by Six Right Honourables; the Corps deposited under the Communion-Table in the *Temple-Church*, and one Hundred and Thirty Rings, of 20*s.* each, given away at the Funeral.

But, when the first Sallies of the Widow's Grief were over, and she took an Estimate of her Substance, how mistaken! how shocked must this young Creature be? to find herself instead of *many* Thousands scarcely worth *One*: a *Child* to maintain, and big with *Another*, which it pleased God to

* The *Swedish* Resident Count *De Lyonbergh*. The *French* Ambassador. The *Dutch* Envoy. Sir *William Dutton Colt*, Envoy to *Hanover*, &c.

take to himself soon after it was born. As she was a Woman of a great Spirit, and good Sense, she disposed of both Houses; sold off her Goods, and *retired* into a private, but decent *Country-Lodging*. The Chambers she sold to her only Brother for 450*l.* which, with her Husband's Books of Accompts, she lodged in her Trustees Hands; who being soon after Burnt out by the Fire in the Paper Buildings in the Temple, (which broke out with such violence, in the dead of Night, that he saved nothing but his Life and the Shirt he had on,) she lost several thousand Pounds; and not being able to make out any Bills, could form no regular Demand, but was obliged to stand to the Courtesy of his Clients, which indeed was nothing at all. The Deceased was esteemed a judicious Lawyer, and a fine Gentleman; but his shining Character was an *extream Honesty* and an *Excess* of good Nature; which last was a great detriment to his surviving Family, by having inclined him to lay out his own Money for his Clients Service, (a Practice not Customary with Gentlemen that wear the Gown) the Countess Dowager of *Wentworth*,
 whose

whose only Daughter the Lady Harriot (so unfortunately talked of on the Duke of Monmouth's Account) being then newly Dead, was more Generous, and told her, *She knew she had a large Reckoning with the deceased, but, says she, as you know not what to demand, I know not what to pay; come, Madam, I will do better for you than a random Reckoning, I have now no Child, and have taken a fancy to your Daughter; give me the Girl, I will breed her as my own, and provide for her as such when I die:* The Widow thanked her Ladyship, but with a little too much warmth (replied) *She would not part from her Child on any Terms;* which the Countess resented to such a Degree, that she would never see her after; and dying in a few Years, left 1500*l.* per Annum Inheritance at Stepney to her Chamber-maid.

I cannot omit one Circumstance in our Author's Infancy, which however trifling it may seem, has something in it very odd, she could never be brought to lye in a Cradle, nor ever be diverted with such Play-things as usually please Children, but always flung them away with a Contempt uncommon to

viii *The LIFE of CORINNA.*

so tender an Age; but give her a Book, and she would sit poring over it from Noon to Night, without knowing one Letter. This early Passion was improved by her Mother, who, herself, taught her to Read betimes: So that before she was five Years old, she had Read the whole Bible three times over; and before she was six, finished the little Learning that was ever bestowed on her; which was some Latin, Writing, and Arithmetic, and that but for poor nine Months, during which Time a Master came home to her. It was now, the Girl thought herself truly Happy! for having never been at any School, nor allowed any Play-fellow, she had no Diversion but her Baby, which was never much relished by her. She transcribed Chapters, compiled little Common-Place-Books, and was for ever a Scribling. Covetous she was of Learning to the last Degree, and tho' not of the quickest Apprehension, (thro' too volatile a Fancy) yet she attoned for that Defect, by an Industry almost Indefatigable; for where she could but get a hint for a Foundation, she never failed raising a Superstructure.

As

As for Instance, she wrote but a sad scraul, tho' always careful of the *Orthography*, having heard Womens-spelling generally ridiculed. But in her tenth Year, meeting with an engraved Copy-Book of Queen *Elizabeth's* Date, She begun to think with herself, why should I not improve my Hand? A *Master* can but set me *Copies*; therefore, says she, I will make these *Copies* my *Master*. She did as she Thought, but kept it concealed, as she did all her little Projects till finished, and having a Closet to herself, and being indulged with an Hour's freedom in the Morning, and another in the Afternoon, she applied herself to her beloved Task, and not fixing on any *one* hand, but grasping at *all*, she became perfect in *none*: However, she formed two Medleys, which she constantly used; the one a sort of *running Secretary*, for common Occasions, the other a set Character, which she called her *Holiday-hand*, and those who flattered her, thought agreeable, tho' no Master could find a Name for it, being a compound of *All* together.

Having much Sickness, she was favoured with much Leisure, altho' never Idle: She
divert-

diverted her Pain with Drawing, cutting of Paper, and writing Familiar Letters in Prose and Verse, to her little Cousins, her Uncles Daughters; and having frequently handsome pecuniary Gifts from her Sponsors, and other Relations; and allowed the liberty to dispose of them as she thought fitting, it went all for Books, but she never bought any, till after having Read, and as she thought found them worthy; by which Means, before she was twenty, she had purchased a small, tho' valuable Collection of the best Authors and Editions, estimated by a Bookseller at an Hundred Pounds.

As for her Stature, it was, in Youth, a tall middling; but in her later Years, thro' the depression of her Spirits, on the turn of Fortune, and a long habitude of Reading, and Writing, she had contracted a droop of her Head; which, as it abated something of her height, did very much of her Presence. She was neither Fat, nor Lean, her Hair Auborne, her Eyes a dark-full Hazel, her Visage Oval, her Complexion and Teeth tolerable, her Shape neither excellent nor deformed, All together she was well enough;
and

and had she studied the Adornment of her Body, as much as she did that of her Mind, she would have made a more agreeable Appearance; but that was not her Aim, having always affected Solitude, and a private Life. The *Body* she would say, was only a *Case* for the *Soul*, like the Wooden-work of a Clock, which, if kept but whole, and clean-dusted, was sufficient.

Her Temper was much too warm, and apt to retain Resentment (but never malicious) nor was she ever known to disclose that in Anger, which was entrusted to her in Friendship. Towards her middle Age, when Troubles came thick, and nothing but Oppression, and Injustice surrounded her, the most intimate of her Acquaintance, feared the Accumulation of her Sorrows, with her own high Spirit, would drive her desperate; but to their great surprize, she armed herself with a strong Resolution, and by the divine Assistance, subdued all her Passions at once.

And when they have asked, *How can you bear such Usage? How can you talk so calmly to One by whom you suffer so much, have you*

you no Spirit? No Resentment left? Yes, replied she, I have, but God has humbled me into a Happiness I never knew, and am unwilling to lose now; I can forget, as well as forgive, and see my worst Enemy without ruffling my Temper; a Blessing I was unacquainted with in better Days, and while I can enjoy this Tranquility, am happier (tho' under Confinement) than my Adversary with all his Riches.

She had but little, if any, of the *Amorous* in her Constitution; but then she had a Soul wonderfully turned for FRIENDSHIP, in its most exalted Sense; but not between *Different Sexes*, unless in a *Conjugal State*, as appears by her *Letters to Captain HEMINGTON**, Concerning the true Nature of *Love*, &c. She was without doubt inspired with this noble Passion, by reading the *WORKS* of the justly admired Mrs. KATHERINE PHILIPS, and those of Mr. NORRIS of *Bemerton*: The first of which she endeavoured to imitate, and the second she enjoyed a constant *Corres-*

* See, ATTERBURYANA. A Collection of Miscellanies, by the late Bishop of *Rocheſter*, &c. Wherein the Letters, here referred to, between *Corinna* and Capt. *Hemington* are inserted. Printed for E. Curll in the *Strand*.

pendence with during the last *Sixteen Years* of his Life: Tho' they never once *saw* each other. This intercourse of *Letters*, was a great Advantage to her, in *Directing a Course of her Studies* *, in solving such Doubts as sometimes happened to arise, and in obtaining so much Knowledge of the *French Language*, as to be able to Read, and translate, tho' not to speak, or write: Mr. NORRIS having given her such *full Instructions*, in *one* of his *Letters* above-mentioned, that she taught herself in less than *two Months*.

FRIENDSHIP was the *darling Passion* of her Soul; and if at any Time she seemed inspired beyond her natural Capacity, it was when she touched on that *Subject*. But all those fine *Ideas*, shall I call them, or rather *Cobwebs* of the *Brain*, so natural to THEORY, and so remote from PRACTICE, served only to give her too great a Delicacy of Taste, to be pleased with the Discourse of those who *talk much, but say nothing*. She was blest with

* Mr. Norris's Letters to *Corinna*, are in WHARTONIANA; another Collection of curious *Miscellanies*, printed by Mr. Curll.

several

several *Friendships* to her own Heart's content; but, as they were Ladies of the last Age (when *Thought* and *Sense* were more in Fashion) the Course of *Nature* too soon deprived her of that Happiness; and after their Decease, she found but few susceptible of their refined Notions, and among those who were, so much Levity, and Ingratitude, on the change of her Circumstances, as made her resolve to commence no more *Friendships* as she says in that imperfect Poem, on Lady CHUDLEIGH'S *Death*.

With *Mortal Friendships* grieve no more thy
Mind,

Henceforth, *Celestial* be thy Joys, thy future
Love! Refin'd *.

She was Born, and Educated in the *Church* of *England*, as by *Law* established; but being obliged to attend her Grandmother to *Meet-*

* See, CORINNA'S Poems, pag. 278.

ings, and reading much to her in Dr. GOODWIN's Works (who was a rigid *Predestinarian*) she found herself so shocked with the severity of his Notions, as reduced her almost to *Despair* of God's Mercy. No Tongue can express the Anxiety of her Mind, (tho' scarce Fifteen) she durst not discover her Doubts to any, lest they should reach her Grandmother's Ear, who would doubtless think her a *Vessel* of *Reprobation*. In this Perplexity, she languished for some Time, when hearing Bishop BURNET's *Exposition of the XXXIX Articles* was in the Press, she waited the Publication with the utmost Impatience. But alas! never the near, the Bishop having stated the different Opinion of *each* Sect, with such Candor, that it was impossible to find out *which* he most leaned to *himself*.

Being thus frustrated in her long Expectation, she retired to her Closet, where after a most serious Discussion of this Point with herself, she formed the following Poem, intitled, PREDESTINATION: Or, The RESOLUTION; which, considering the Dignity of the Sub-

xvi *The* L I F E of C O R I N N A.

Subject, may be stiled *Multum in Parvo*, viz.

Ah! strive no more to know what *Fate*
Is *Pre-ordain'd* for *Thee* :

'Tis Vain in this thy mortal State,
For Heav'n's inscrutable Decree,
Will only be reveal'd in vast Eternity.

Then, O my Soul!
Remember thy celestial Birth,
And live to Heav'n, while here on Earth :

Thy GOD is infinitely TRUE,
All JUSTICE, yet all MERCY too:
To HIM then, thro' thy SAVIOUR, pray
For GRACE, to *Guide* thee on *thy way* ;

And give thee WILL to do.
But Humbly, for the Rest, *my Soul*!

Let HOPE! and FAITH! the Limits be,
Of thy presumptuous Curiosity.

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This afforded her great Consolation, and the oftener she read it, the more she was composed and confirmed in her Résolution.

Religious Thoughts having engrossed her Soul for many Months, and being eased of the Perplexity they had occasioned, she proceeded farther. I THINK, *therefore*, I AM; was the *Postulatum* on which DES CARTES founded his *whole System*. I have a *Rational Soul*, (thought she to herself,) a WILL of ELECTION, and must be saved by my own FAITH, and not *Another's*: I am bred a *Protestant*, and hope I am *Right*, but I may be *Wrong*: Shall I therefore go on, *Errare cum Patribus*, and not make use of the Faculties God has given me, by judging for my self; and being able to say, why I am a *Protestant*, and not a Quaker, or a *Roman Catholic*.

She then applied herself diligently to *Church History*, from the *earliest Age* of CHRISTIANITY; and *carefully remarked* how *Errors* crept in from *one Century*, and *Council* to *another*; till this *truly acknowledged* and HOLY CATHOLICK CHURCH was so per-
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verted,

verted, and changed from herself, even in *Fundamentals*, as not to be known for the same.

This melancholy Consideration occasioned her to *enquire* whether these *Errors* were still kept up by the CHURCH of ROME? Books of *Controversy* she shunned as too prolix; and favouring more of *Passion* and *Prejudice*, than *true Reasoning*: and to take a Character of the CHURCH of ROME, from the Writers of the CHURCH of ENGLAND, was, as she thought, an *unfair Proceeding*, being no better than to take the Opinion of a *Person* from his *profest Enemy*. She therefore provided herself with a set of their own *best modern Authors*, and with a ZEAL *truly Impartial* read them all; but alas! found it was *too True*, there could be no real Communion with Her: She then examined the *ground Work* of the REFORMATION, and tho' perhaps there might be some *private Ends*, or *temporal Views*, in the first *Reformers*, yet she rejected not the *End* for the sake of the *Means*: Since the same ALMIGHTY-FIAT, which brought LIGHT out of DARKNESS; can, and often does, make
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the most *improbable Instruments*, the *Agents* of his GOOD PROVIDENCE.

After this, she applied herself with the utmost *Integrity*, to *search* into the *Three chief Branches* of the REFORMATION, *viz.* The CHURCH of ENGLAND, The LUTHERANS, and the CALVINISTS; and having *impartial-ly considered all*, found no *true Satisfaction*, but in the *first*, as by Law established. On which she entered into, and lived always in *Communion* with her; tho' not so *frequent* as she desired, her Troubles obliging her to conceal herself some Years before her *real Confinement*. In this solitary Station, secluded from all her Acquaintance, she diverted herself with the *Dumb Creation*; being a small *Female APE*, and two CATS, whom she called her *little honest Friends*, saying, *they never told her an Untruth of any, nor ever made One of her.*

Some of the more rigid part of her Friends condemned this *Humour*, as an extream *Error of Judgment*; but let such who enjoy the full Smiles of *Fortune*, please to consider, that a *Mind* crushed by *unjust Oppression*, and *wanting all the Necessaries of Life*, cannot, nay,

ought not, to be always *Intent* on its own *Miseries*; the consequence of such Indulgence being too often Fatal.

The wonderful Works of ALMIGHTY GOD are as much shewn by a *Fly*, or a *Pismire*, as by a *Whale*, or an *Elephant*; and are living Testimonies of his DIVINE OMNIPOTENCE, among all which there is not a greater Instance, than the various Species of the Monkey-kind, so near resembling *Human Nature*, that there is not a Bone, a Muscle, or a Suture wanting (as may be seen by their Skeleton) so near approaching to REASON, endued with all the *Passions* of Life; nay, the Organs of Speech, and yet denied the Use of them.

It is certain, GOD never made any *thing* in *vain*; and if *these Animals*, as well as *Lap-Dogs*, and *PARROTS*, were not created for the Pleasure of *Human Kind*, what Use can be found for them? This the WISEST of *Men*, SOLOMON well knew, when he sent for *APES*, and *PEACOCKS*, as well as *GOLD* and *IVORY*; the one for *Diversiion*, the others for *Grandeur*.

I must farther add, she made no Idol Favourites of them, she used them like what
they

they were, and may she have nothing more to answer for, than so *innocent* an *Amusement*. Thus far as to her *Person*, *Temper*, and *Principles*; but now for her HISTORY.

That the *Source* of her *Family's Declension*, may appear in its *true Light*, there is a Necessity of going back to her great Grandfather; a little too far indeed, in the Genealogical Part, and yet the Reader will find it almost indispensable, and not altogether void of Entertainment.

Mr. RICHARD SHUTE, was a *Turkey Merchant*, and one of the City Members; a true Lover of his King and Country, and also much favoured by King CHARLES the *First*, who gave him the Name of *Satten-ShUTE* (by way of *Distinction*, from another Branch of the *same Name* and *Family*, from his usually wearing a *Satten-Doulet*, cut upon white *Taffety*.) Without doubt, he was very Nice in the Mode of that Age, his Valet being some Hours every Morning, in *Starching* his *Beard*, and *Curling* his *Whiskers*, during which time, a Gentleman whom he maintained as a Companion, always read to him on some useful Subject.

He lived above forty Years in one House in *Leadenhall-Street*, since well-known to the Town by having been the *East-India* Company's, till lately pulled down, and rebuilt: He had also a Country-Seat at *Berking* in *Essex*, which tho' near *London*, seemed formed for the remotest Solitude. It struck off from the Road, thro' a long Walk of tall *Elms*, whose Branches almost met at the top, the Building was very Antique, being one of the *Barons Castles*, in the time of that *Civil War*, but the Situation was perfectly delightful. In a Court-yard before the House, there was a large Bason, with a *Fett d'Eau*, and behind it a Flower-Garden walled in, and planted with the choicest Fruit; on the one side of which was a Vineyard, after the *French* manner, and on the other side an Orchard, which contained four Hundred Fruit Trees, planted after an uncommon, but regular manner; forming several covered Walks, and agreeable Vistoes, which being kept neatly gravelled and rolled, made it seem almost an *Eden* in Miniature. At the bottom of the Flower-Garden was a spacious Hall, paved with white Marble, and
over

over it, supported by Pillars of the same, a Summer-House curiously painted, with Scripture-Histories, and four Windows opening to the Cardinal Points. On the other side this delectable Bower, was a Canal well stored with Fish, and some distance beyond a small Grove of venerable Oaks, whose tops aspired to the Clouds. This spot of Ground, Mr. *Shute* cleared of all the Trees, except those which bordered it round, and made it into a Bowling-Green, perhaps one of the prettiest, as well as the most commodious of the Kind. He greatly delighting in that *Exercise*, and having a Soul truly Liberal, kept up the old *English* Hospitality; so that he never wanted Visitants, nor did they fail to report the Beauties of the Place. It soon reached the KING's Ear, who also loving the *Diversion*, told Mr. SHUTE when he came next to Court, that he would take a Country Dinner with him the Day following, and try his Skill on the New-Green. Mr. SHUTE received this unlooked-for Grace, with the highest Satisfaction, and made the best Preparation for his Royal Guest, which the shortness of Time would allow.

The KING was so well pleased with the Place, Mr. SHUTE's Skill, (he being counted one of the best Bowlers in *England*,) and his own Entertainment, that when he had a mind to *drop State*, as he called it, and enjoy himself as a *private Man*, he would frequently retire to *Berking-Hall*, and pass whole Days in Mr. SHUTE's Company, not as a *Sovereign Prince* with *Guards*, but as a *Friend* with *three or four select Gentlemen* his Attendants. *Al* SHUTE, said he, one Day, with a deep Sigh, *How much happier than I art THOU in this blessed Retirement; free from the Cares of a Crown, a factious Ministry, and rebellious Subjects.*

They generally played high, and punctually paid their Losings; and tho' Mr. SHUTE often won, yet the KING would at one Time set higher than usual, and having lost several Games gave off: And it please your Majesty, said Mr. SHUTE, *one Thousand Pound Rubbers more, perhaps Luck may turn; No*, SHUTE, replied the KING, laying his Hand gently on his Shoulder, *Thou hast won the Day, and much good may it do thee, but I must remember, I have a Wife and Children.*

Mutatis

The LIFE of CORINNA. X

Mutatis Mutandis, this delightful Seat, which had been honoured with the *Royal Presence*, and on which Mr. SHUTE had expended largely in its Improvement, became in a few Years after, a *ploughed Field*; thro' the Mismanagement of his *Heir*, of whom we shall only say, *He LIVED and DIED.*

The magnificent Soul of this PRINCE, heaped many and great Preferments on this Gentleman, whom he made *Deputy-Lieutenant* of the ORDINANCE, Master of St. Cross's HOSPITAL, and gave him several other Places to the value of about 4000*l. per Ann.* which raised Mr. SHUTE many Enemies, tho' in himself a perfectly inoffensive Man, and no ways intermeddling with State-Affairs. But in a few Years, the ferment of the Nation grew so high, that this friendly Intercourse was broke off; but he retained his Master's kind Thoughts to the last, and when the News came that the KING had set up his STANDARD at Nottingham, and proclaimed War, the PARLIAMENT Voting a Deputation of *five Members* to wait on his Majesty with an ADDRESS; Mr. SHUTE moved

ed the *House*, that he might be named for *one*, which was unanimously complied with, as hoping he might prevail with the KING, to return to his *People*, and prevent a *Civil War*.

Accordingly he went with Sir *Maurice Thompson*, Sir *William Ashurst*, and two other *Members* (as appears at large in *Clarendon's History*) and jointly delivered the ADDRESS, which the KING refusing to comply with, Mr. SHUTE, in the most respectful Manner, requested a *private Audience*, which he had, in the Closet alone for near two Hours; where, finding all his Endeavours vain, he fell on his Knees, and with the most affectionate Zeal, besought his Majesty to return to his faithful Subjects; assuring him, there were ill Instruments between, but all would be healed by his *Royal Presence*. (Fain he would have added, *Forfake Foreign Advice*, and *Popish Measures*; but desisted, lest it should be thought he glanced at the QUEEN.) His Majesty, with a *Sweetness* and *Condescension*, peculiar to himself, raising him up, embraced him like an Equal: *My Friend*, said he, *I thank you for the Concern you have expressed*

expressed for me, and I take it well: But never more intermeddle on this Account; what I have done, I will stand by, and GOD and my Right decide the Cause between my People and I. Ah! Sir, said Mr. SHUTE, with a deep Sigh (scarcely refraining from Tears) *I cannot see the Dangers which threaten your sacred Person, nor will I behold the Ruin of my Country. I will never bear Arms against you; but I will pray for you while I have Breath.*

The Deputies being returned to London, Mr. SHUTE made a voluntary Surrender of all his Places, and retired with his Family to *Hamburgh*, where after some few Years he died, much lamenting *the ROYAL MARTYR's Fate*, and Ruin of his Native Country.

But to return (begging the Reader's Pardon for this Digression) Mr. SHUTE had only one Daughter, who, as she was every way *deserving his Love*, was *his Soul's Delight*: He took particular Care of her Education, she *danced finely, sung to Admiration*, was perfect in all the *elegant Works then in Vogue*; and tho' not a celebrated Beauty, was *entirely agreeable*, and had something wonderfully Grand in her Mien. He bestowed her
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in Marriage, with 3000 *l.* on *William Osborne*, Esq; who had an Estate of 700 *l.* per *Annum*, near *Sittingbourn* in *Kent*; but he was descended from the *Osbornes* of *Bedfordshire*, the first Family of that Name; whose Original, if we may credit *Tradition*, had this beginning: *Walter Fitzbourne*, a *Norman* Knight, and great Favourite of *William the Conqueror*, playing at *Chess* with his Master one Summer's Evening, on the Banks of the River *Ouse*, had such prodigious Luck, that he won all they played for: The KING, who was naturally of a passionate and impatient Disposition, grew enraged at his ill Fortune, and flung down the Board, saying, he had nothing more to set. Ah! Sir, said *Walter*, here is Land. There is so, replied the KING, and if thou beatest me this Game also, thine be all the Land on this side the *Bourne* or *River* which thou canst see as thou now sittest. He had the good Fortune to win, and the KING clapping him on the Shoulder, said, Henceforward thou shalt no more be called *Fitz-Bourne*, but *Ouse-Bourne*.

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As we are now come to Family Matters of Fact, and have already mentioned the Widow's *retiring* into the *Country* in general Terms, it will be to the purpose next to descend to Particulars ; that Piece of *mistaken Oeconomy* being the *first* Step to her *second* *Ruin*.

She went to an eminent Cloth-worker's in the County of *Surrey*, who had a large *Tenter*-Ground of his own, kept eleven House-Servants, and bore the Sway on that side of the Water. Her Friend who recommended her, had agreed at 30*l.* a Year for herself and little Daughter, all things included, and she to have the best Room in the House, which was accounted vastly cheap. This appeared well, but alas how mistaken ! the Master, an old *Welchman*, peevish, and entirely unconvertible, like a Carrier's Horse, he knew his own Road, but not a Step beyond it : The Woman *Yorkshire*, a Scold, extreme vulgar in her Discourse, and intolerably fluttish in her Menage ; never was such a Cook, she moulded her Bread in Tubs half an Inch thick with candied Soap, and instead of Hands, trod the Dough with her
her

her Feet and dirty Shoes on an old *Kidderminster* Curtain. Two Sons bred up in all Prodigality, and the rest Servants. Here was no Conversation *within*, and much less *without*; being People of such a Purse-proud odd Temper, that none of the Neighbours had any Society with them. This was a dull Life for a Woman of her Taste and unhappy Circumstances: But having agreed for a Term certain, she was obliged to bear it.

At last, that eminent Physician, the Honour and Ornament of his Country, Dr. GLYSSON, having taken notice at Church of a Lady extremely well drest (for as she had a large Stock of rich Cloaths, she continued wearing them) took a fancy to be acquainted with so uncommon an Appearance in that Place, and in a handsome manner introduced himself to her Acquaintance.

He was a valuable Piece of Antiquity, being at that time (the last Year of King CHARLES the *Second's* Reign) near an hundred Years of Age. His Person tall, big boned, Hair like Snow, a venerable Aspect, and a Complexion which might shame the Bloom of Fifteen; to which add a sound Judgment
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and a clear Memory, which rendered him a most agreeable living Chronicle. His Visits, which were neither frequent nor long, yet greatly alleviated her Solitude. In his last Visit, as he drew on, with much Attention, a Pair of rich *Spanish*-Leather-Gloves, embost on the Backs and Tops with Gold Embroidery, and fringed round with Gold Plate ; She cried, *Pardon my Curiosity, Sir, and permit me to ask the History of those Gloves which you seem to touch with Respect ?* I do so, returned he, *for the last time I had the Honour of approaching my Mistress, Queen ELIZABETH, she pulled them from her own Royal Hands, saying, Here GLYSSON, wear them for my sake. I have done so with Veneration, and never drew them on but when I had a Mind to honour those whom I visit, as I now do you : And since thou lovest the Memory of my Royal Mistress, take them, and preserve them carefully when I am gone.* Too true a Prediction, he went home, and died in a few Days.

She was now entirely without any Consolation, and being of a thoughtful Temper, and not over-pleased with many things in
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the Family, grew very pensive, which her Hosts perceiving, were loth to lose their own Profit, and their dear Angel, as they called her, together: When one Day at Dinner, the *Woman cries out*, *Madam does not eat; she grows melancholy, we must study some way to divert her; odds-fish, Husband, you shall invite Doctor QUIBUS to Dinner to Morrow, and I warrant we shall have Mirth enough.* QUIBUS, quoth the *Widow*, *who is he?* O! said the *Woman*, *a parlous Learned Man, he lives in a little Cottage by himself, and does wonderful Cures among the poor People, but the Rich will not make use of him, because he is a Conjuror, and can raise the Devil.* Well, said the *Widow*, with a Smile, *let me see this Man, I should be glad to talk with the Devil's Master.* Not that she was any ways susceptible of their foolish Superstition, but justly apprehended he must be a Man of more Sense than they understood.

The Day came, and QUIBUS appeared in a greasy black Grogram (which he called his Scholar's Coat) a long Beard, and Hands and Face unwashed; his Appearance was dismal enough, but his Discourse soon drew a
Veil

Veil over that, and by the Intreaty of the People of the House, he fetched all his little *Mathematical Trinkets*, and played them over for the Diversion of the Lady; whom, by a private Whisper, he let into the Secrets as he performed them; that she might see there was nothing of *Magick* in the Case. This generous Proceeding pleased her much, she humoured the Thing, and they had a pleasant Afternoon: I will only mention two Articles of all his wonderful Performances that Day, the one of which was the *lighting a Candle at a Glass of cold Water*, (performed by touching the Brim before with the *Phosphorus*, a chymical Fire which is preserved in Water, and burns there;) and the other was, *reading the smallest Print by a Candle of six in the Pound, at a hundred Yards Distance, in the open Air, and darkeſt Night*. This was performed by a large *Concave-Glass*, with a deep-pointed *Focus*, Quick-silvered on the Backside, and set in Tin, with a Socket for a Candle, Sconce Fashion, and hung up against a Wall. While the Flame of the Candle was diametrically opposite to the Center, the Rays equally *diverging*, gave so
c power-

powerful a *Light*, as is scarce credible ; but on the least *Variation* from the *Focus*, the Charm ceased. This was one of his most astonishing Feats, and they would not be persuaded but that this *Glorious Light* was his *Master-Devil*; for he always took particular Care none should see the Machine. In fine, seeing their Boarder delighted, and withal being so themselves, they invited QUIBUS to come and dine there often, which he joyfully accepting, our Widow had now found a Play-thing to kill *Time*, and put Thoughts out of her *Head*. When Dinner was over, every one returned to their several Occupations, and she always had the Parlour to herself, and Child, till they met again at Supper. This gave her Leisure enough to discourse with a Man that could speak Sense, and by whom she found that he was an only Child, born of wealthy Parents, in the *Borough of Southwark*; and was brought up by them for a fine Gentleman, to Singing, Dancing, Fencing, Musick, with a University Education; which being cut short, by their being *burnt out of All* in the dreadful *Conflagration*, he remained only a Smatterer

terer in all the Sciences; and being naturally of an indolent, supine Nature, and mean Spirit, contented himself with being *Zany* to the Mob, and if he could but support Life by his little Practices, and find Money to keep his Laboratory going on with Experiments, he thought himself as rich as CROESUS.

After some Acquaintance, she told him, he ought to put himself forward in the World, and not hide his *Talent* in a *Napkin*, and play on the *Fiddle* to *Asses*. Madam, said he, with a low Bow, it is the least of my Inclination, but I am finishing a great Work, which will make these *Asses* fiddle to *Me*. She asked, *what That might be, and, if proper to be told?*

He replied, His *Life* was at *Stake* if it *took Air*, but he found her a Lady of such uncommon Candor and good Sense, that he should make no Difficulty of committing his Life and Hope to her keeping (all *Women* are naturally fond of being intrusted with *Secrets*, and she much more so than many others;) he hit her *Foible* unknown, and she paid dear for the *Trust*, as will appear by the *Sequel*.

I have been, adds he, many Years in search of the *Philosopher's-Stone*, and long Master of the *Smaragdine-Table* of HERMES TRISMEGISTUS, the *Green and Red Dragons* of RAYMOND LULLY, have also been obedient to me, and the Illustrious *Sages* themselves deign to visit me ; yet is it but since I had the Honour of being known to your Ladyship, that I have been so fortunate as to obtain the *Grand Secret* of *Projection*. See here, Madam, with this little Powder, inconsiderable as it appears to be, I *transmuted some Lead* I pulled off my Window last Night into this *bit of Gold*. Pleased with the Sight, and having, as she had read some of their Books, (tho' no ways surprized at their Cant-Terms) a natural Propensity to the Study, she snatched it out of his *Hand*, asking, *why he had not made more* ? He replied, It was all the *Lead* he could find. Go, said she to her Girl (who was never out of her Sight, and whom, young as she was, she intrusted with all her Secrets) into the Closet in my Chamber, there lies a good Parcel, which the Glazier left behind him Yesterday. Here, adds she, *lets see if you*
can

can do as much by this to Morrow. He requested her to do him the Honour of coming to his House, and seeing the Experiment, but her *Discretion* forbad such an Indecency, how much soever her *Curiosity* desired it.

The next Day QUIBUS brings her an Ingot which weighed two Ounces, which he, with the utmost Solemnity, averred was the very individual *Lead* she gave him, *transmuted into Gold*. She began now to enter into a serious Discourse, and finding by his Replies that he wanted *Money* to make more *Powder*, (which was all gone) she inquired how much would make a Stock that might maintain itself. Hereplied, *One Fifty Pounds*, after nine Months, would produce a *Million*, but so long it would take in the preparing. *Well*, says she, *enough for this time, perhaps something may be done.* I shall go to Town to Morrow; will you trust me with your Ingot? He gave it her readily, and the next Day up comes Madam full of Riches in the Land of Promise, and flies to the first Goldsmith, who found it not only true Gold, but *fine* beyond the *Standard*; and desired as many hundred Ounces of the

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same

same as she could procure, at four Pound an Ounce.

Being now fully convinced, and having about 450*l.* lying dead at the Bankers, she resolved to send the odd Fifty on this Adventure.

The only Difficulty which remained, was how to carry on the Work without Suspicion, it being strictly *prohibited at that Time* by an *Order of Council*. He was therefore resolved to take a little House in another Country, at a few Miles Distance from *London*, where he was to build a publick Laboratory, as a professed Chymist, and make such Medicines as were most vendible, by the Sale of which to the Apothecaries, the Expences of the House was to be defrayed during the Operation.

All this seemed feasible enough; the House was taken and furnished, *Retorts, Receivers, Bolt-Heads, Blind-Heads and Crucibles*, were all bought in abundance.

QUIBUS was so cunning as to begin with *Glasses* and *Earthen-Ware*, which as he ordered its being blowed, and made to a Pattern, were no ways returnable, and above
forty

forty of the fifty Pound melted imperceptibly, and was sunk in this brittle Trash: *Copper* and *Iron* must now be had, or what was already laid out would be lost. And he aimed at such great Quantities of Medicine, that the *second* 50 *l.* did not suffice to pay for the *large Stills* and *Digesting-Plates*: A *third* 50 *l.* was then found necessary to be advanced, and that made a Shift to compleat All.

The publick *Laboratory* finished, and the *Athanas* built up in a private Room, many a *Rose-Noble* and *Spur-Royal* were melted down and *hermetically* sealed up in the *Philosopher's-Eggs*, which were to breed in their nine Months *Balneo*, as the *Fœtus* grows in the *Womb*, or the *Corn* in the *Ground*. The *Stills* and *Furnaces* worked merrily, and all wore the Face of Success. She then clothed QUIBUS decently, and purchased him a Licence that he might practice Physick with Impunity.

The Widow went for the *House-keeper* (as surely she was) and Dr. QUIBUS and his *Man* boarded with her; to which she added this Precaution, That the *Laboratory*, with two *Lodging-Rooms* over it, in which the

Doctor and his *Man* lay, was a different Wing of the Building from that where *she* and her little *Daughter*, and *Maid-servant* resided: And as Time was to be allowed before Profit could be expected, *she* managed with the utmost *Frugality*. He knew *she* was entirely fond of her *Daughter*; he had observed that the Girl was uncommonly fond of *Improvement* in *Things* even beyond her Sex and Age: So he struck in that way, and to atone the Mother's Displeasure, who was not a little uneasy at being drawn into *Treble* the Charge *she* had designed, he began to act the Tutor's Part by her *Daughter*. He finished her *Arithmetick*, went on with her *Latin*, and instructed her in the *Mathematicks*; in which *she* took such Delight, that in a few Months *she* was almost perfect in EUCLID. *She* had a Genius also wonderfully turned for *Pharmacy* and *Surgery*; and tho' not ten Years of Age, would be for ever in the *Laboratory*, observing the *Progress* of *Art*, or getting to QUIBUS's Books, and studying the *Works* of *Nature*; insomuch, that he dubbed her his little *Apothecary*. *She* wrote his *Labels* in Print-Hand for the *Glasses*, made up
Pills

Pills and *Potions* as he directed, and by writing to her in form, rendered her capable throughout her Life, of reading any Physician's Bill, with all its Cant-Terms. She was also Mistress of the *Rose-Water-Still*, and many *Galenical* Preparations; neither was she excluded from the *Chymical*, so that she went thro' an almost compleat *Course* of *Chymistry* before she was ten Years old.

All things being thus ordered, the *Vitriol* Furnace was set to work, which requiring the most intense Heat for several Days, unhappily set fire to the House, the Stairs were consumed in an instant, the Man forced to jump out of Window, and as it surprized them all in their first Sleep, it was a Mercy there was no Life lost. Much good *Furniture* was consumed, and *Plate* and *Linen* carried off by pretended Helpers, too common on such Occasions; but what was yet worse, by a Flaw in the Lease, Madam was obliged to Re-build the House, which came to near 300*l*. Yet still the Grand Affair went on safe in the other Wing of the Building, which was untouched, and a mighty Blessing.

When

When the Fright was over, QUIBUS said to the Widow, it is no time to put Finger in Eye, but to rouse like a Man, and put the Wheel going; you have now a large Quantity of *Medicines*, and I expect, according to Promise, they should be converted into Money, which is now wanted towards repairing this Loss, and supporting the Family.

QUIBUS promised fair, Catalogues were soon printed and dispersed all over *England*; but all the Answer from Town and Country was, that they were sworn to have all their Medicines from *Apothecaries-Hall*, and durst not buy of a private Hand. Here was a total Subversion of the Foundation-Scheme, which occasioned much Uneasiness to the Widow, (who began to fear she had been the *Dupe* to QUIBUS's Whimsies.) But now for the finishing Stroke: One *Sunday* Evening, as she was reading *to*, and instructing her *little* Family, a sudden and violent Report, like several Cannon fired at once, was heard; the House (being Timber) rocked like a Cradle, and the Family were all tossed out of their Chairs on the Ground. They looked with the greatest Amazement
on

on each other, not gueſſing the Cauſe, when the Operator pretending to revive, fell to ſtamping, tearing his Hair, and raving like a Madman, crying out, *Undone, undone, undone, loſt and undone for ever.* He ran directly to the *Athanor*, when unlocking the Door, he found the *Machine* ſplit quite in two, the Eggs broke, and that precious *Amalgamum* which they contained was ſcattered like *Sand* among the *Aſhes*. And when his firſt Ravings were over, the Widow, who had a wonderful Preſence of Mind on ſudden Events (which her Child inherited after her) ſaid with a ſerene Countenance, Come, QUIBUS, *Accidents will happen*, is there nothing can be done to repair this fatal Diſappointment?

Overjoyed his Plot ſucceeded ſo well, QUIBUS chearfully replied, It was only the Loſs of Time, and ſome Money, and that they muſt begin anew. And *is it no more?* ſaid ſhe. No, replied the other, *on my Salvation the Menſtrum cannot fail when finiſhed, and is of ſo grateful a Nature, that it will more than royally reward its patient Nurſe.* It may be ſo, returned ſhe, but I
have

have set up my Rest, and shall neither waste more Time or Money; therefore pray pack up your Awns, and with your doughty 'Squire march for London.

QUIBUS Thunder-struck with this sudden Turn, fell on his Knees, wept, prayed, redoubled Assurances of a certain Success, with the utmost and ardent Importunity, but all in vain, she was inexorably resolute, paid the *Stoaker's* Wages, and generously gave QUIBUS five Pounds to begin the World. *Here, said she, go seek your Fortune elsewhere, and make better Use of your Time hereafter.*

This last Act of hers was much blamed, as a Piece of Extravagance, considering her Loss; and would, as her Relations said, encourage the Knave in going on with so profitable a Cheat. *I know not that, returned she, but I really think he is as much assured of the Certainty of his Project, as any of the Ideal Kings or Emperors in Bedlam, believe themselves to be what they fancy. I blame not the Man so much for aiming at a temporal Maintenance, as I do my self. What Business had I to endeavour to raise a sunk Genius, and turn Female-Adventurer? What had I to do*

do to take a Mad-man out of a way in which he found Bread, and entangle my self in his Golden Dreams? O fatal Curiosity! fatal Covetousness! But to take this Wretch out of the way he was in, give him comfortable Support for twelve Months, and then turn him up to the wide World without a Bed to lye on, or a Penny to help himself (his little Furniture being lost in the Fire) what can I expect from his abject Spirit, but some fatal Catastrophe by his own Hands? No, I do not repent my Generosity, he can now practise as a Licensed Empyrick, and may with his Knowledge, and that little Stock, strike into an honest Living if he please, at least the Fault will not be mine. How considerate, how good was this?

Having thus dismissed her Don and his Squire, she in a few Days set out for London, with seven Cart-loads of Copper and Iron Utensils, which she converted into Specie, as well as she could, tho' with a Loss almost astonishing.

As for QUIBUS, instead of following her wholesome Advice, he pursued his old way of deluding the Credulous, and succeeded with too many; among whom was an old Usurer,

Usurer, of a mean Trade *, but accounted warm, who believing all that QUIBUS said, and resolving to engross such immense Wealth in his own Family, treated QUIBUS with more than common Distinction, and finding *he* cast a *Sheep's-Eye* at his Grand-daughter, a pretty modest Girl, about seventeen, freely offered her to him ; nay, besought him to accept of her, with 500 *l.* ready Money. QUIBUS here played the Politician (for *Love* had no *Share* in his *Composition*) pretended an Aversion to the Cares of a married Life, which would draw him off from his Studies. However he took care to clinch the lucky Opportunity, and with his Wife's Fortune sets up flamingly at *Chelsea* for a *spick* and *span-new* Chymist. They lived merrily while the Money lasted, for the *Menstruum* was to pay *All*; and so it did, with the *usual Blast*.

Here was now old *weeping* and *wailing* to be sure, but the Father was still so intoxicated with the exorbitant Desire of Wealth, that he yet swallowed all his Son-in-Law's Figments, and selling off best part of his Stock,

* A *Cheese-Monger*.

Stock, sets QUIBUS up again, not like the first beginning, but still handsome enough.

All went on as usual, the Fault plainly appearing to be a Defect in the *Furnace*, the Mason, like a Villain, having imposed a *bastard Fire-Stone* upon them, which had caused the Misfortune, but now they were upon sure Grounds.

To be short, it went on till within *one* Day of the very *last* Week of the *ninth* Month: The Joy of this deluded Family was then so great, that they must have a *Thanksgiving-Feast* among themselves, having past all Danger: But better had it been for them to have deferred that Piece of Gratitude till they had *reaped* the *Blessing*, for in the midst of all their Enjoyments comes the dreadful Sound, which I must no longer call by the mean Name of *Blast*, but that of the *Evil-Genius*; which, it seems, always attends to prevent *Projection*, lest *Mortals* should be *too happy*, and those who are well disposed have it in their Power to do *too much Good* to their poor Neighbours. How could this happen? cries QUIBUS, all astonished, I am no ways in his Power, I must
go

xlvi The LIFE of CORINNA

go to my Study, and see. Away flies he to his Study, and after a long Stay, returns with a chearful Aspect, which much revived his Wife and Father, who always steered their Hopes by the Serenity of his Brow. I found, cried he, at my coming up, the Ever-Venerable HERMES, sitting in my Chair; O! how resplendent his Garments, how amiable his Countenance, how much superiour do these rarified immortalized Beings appear, when compared to grovelling human Lumps? What would I give! O my dearest Wife, and best of Fathers, that I could introduce you to partake of this Blessing with me? But, alas! all Women are excluded; and you, Sir, unqualified for an Adept, so that my Wishes being vain, we must rest contented as we are.

It is impossible to describe the Goodness with which this noble Sage received me, when with the tenderest paternal Aspect, he folded me in his Arms; “ My Son, said he, chear up, this
“ Misfortune would not have happened,
“ but that thy good Friend and Protector
“ ALBUMAZAR, holds now a General Coun-
“ cil of the Sages on the Peake of Teneriffe;
“ where the Fate of many a Kingdom is
“ on

“ on the *Tapis*. It is his Turn to be the
“ supream Director at this Time, and tho’
“ Master of Wisdom, believe me, his
“ Hands are full.

“ I heard the Report as I sat among
“ them, and came directly away to com-
“ fort thee on thy Loss; and to tell thee,
“ that if thou bind up this *Evil-Genius* as
“ I shall direct thee, I, even I, give thee
“ my Word to secure the next Attempt,
“ and bless it with double Success.”

Astonished at his Bounty, cried QUIBUS,
I cast my self at his Feet, from whence he soon
raised me, with these Words; “ Go on, my
“ Son, and prosper; but preserve this *Ta-*
“ *lisman*, which I now hang on thy Neck,
“ as the Author of thy future Happiness,
“ and never let it depart from touching
“ thy naked Bosom: I prepared it my
“ self upon Mount *Vesuvius*, out of the
“ radical Seeds of the *Seven-Metals*, or ra-
“ ther *Planets*, and in the most auspicious
“ Hour that ever happened since the third
“ Year of King SOLOMON, when JUPITER,
“ SOL, VENUS, and MERCURY were in
“ such a happy Conjunction, as had never
“ hap-

“ happened till that time. Keep it, I say,
“ as thou wouldst thy Immortal Soul, and
“ if thou hast but *Faith*, thou mayst re-
“ move *Mountains*, raise the *Dead*, call the
“ *Moon* down from her Sphere, and com-
“ pel *Sol*, the Parent of *Gold*, to shed his
“ propitious Beams on thy Undertaking.
“ Farewel, I give thee Success, Ho-
“ nour and Happiness in this inestimable
“ Jewel. But, above all, I charge thee
“ fail not to address the Great *Salamander*
“ OROMASDES, thrice every Day, with thy
“ Face to the *East*, thy left Knee on the
“ *Earth*, and thy Right-arm extended to-
“ wards *Heaven*, in the most devout Man-
“ ner, and in these very Words, which I
“ now give into thy Hand. Adieu, my
“ Son, I am missed at the Board, and my
“ Vote called for :” And so saying, slipt
this Paper into my Hand, and embracing me
with much Tenderness, vanished. It is im-
possible, O ! my Father, my Wife ; my Wife,
my Father ; to describe the ineffable Joy which
surrounded my Soul ; I fell senseless on the
Floor, and have yet scarce Breath, all trem-
bling as you see, to let you into my happy State.
(For

(For the Truth was, QUIBUS had been put to his Neck-Verse how to prevent the Reproaches of his Family, and secure himself another Year's Board: *Necessity*, the *Mother of Invention*, inspired him with this *Cabbalistick-Farce*, and casting aside the Sloth which had ever surrounded him, exerted a Vivacity and Courage, which, though unnatural to him, was extreamly necessary to his Undertaking.)

Having said this, QUIBUS opened his Bosom, and discovered an old *Leaden Sigil*, with *Arabian* Characters, which by good Chance he had found among his Trumpery, as also a Wedding-Favour of Flame-coloured *Taffety*, with which he hung it over his Neck, and had placed it just on the Region of his Heart.

Well, here was plain Proof; here was Demonstration. They viewed the divine *Talisman* at the most awful Distance (for it was not to be profaned by any vulgar Touch.) But when they saw the *Celestial-Prayer*, with all the *Hebrew* Pot-hooks which embellished it, they fell down on their Knees, and begged of QUIBUS they might begin their Devotions

that Minute. *It is what my Soul desires,* cried he, *for we cannot be too grateful for such Mercies.* Having finished their new-fangled Oration, they returned to their Feast, with redoubled Satisfaction, and were so truly infatuated, as really to rejoice in their Disappointment.

All that remained now, was to cast about how to raise Stock: The old Man, who was not in such Circumstances as the World thought him to be, had (as was observed before) drawn off too much of his Stock to spare any more; he therefore resolved to cut a bold Stroke, sell off all, and since he had a Family to maintain, turn Gentleman, and partake with them.

He did so accordingly, and all went on with wonderful Success; not a Day passed without some lucky Aspect; nay, QUIBUS himself was discovered to have a latent fanative Virtue. The Effluvias which proceeded from him, cured by Ray, but his stroaking and inaudible Prayer were infallible; at least so thought by the old Man and his Daughter, who worshipped him like a Semi-Deity.

What

What Pity is it we cannot do the same, and by dropping the Curtain here, leave them to their Ideal Enjoyments. But since a faithful Historian ought to relate the *Bad*, as well as the *Good*, be pleased, *Courteous Reader*, to take Notice, that just at almost the very critical Moment, when it wanted but one Minute and three Seconds of this *Child of Glory's* springing out of its Mother's Womb, and giving Light, Health and Strength to the Universe: All happened just as it did before, so that it would be tiresome to enter into the Detail; and since the Circumstances were exactly the same with the *two* former, we will only say, it was now a miserable Scene. The old Man's Eyes were opened too late, he found himself a Beggar, and his Child ruined; no Remedy left but Reproaches, which having plentifully given, he took pet and died.

QUIBUS had still remaining handsome Furniture with good Linen, and some Plate, a pretty Collection of Books, good Wearing-Apparel, and the *Iron* and *Copper* Utensils of the *Laboratory*; all which had he made a general Sale of, would have raised a considerable

Sum, which might have set them up in some pretty Shop for a future Living: But QUIBUS was not endued with so prudent a Conduct, still wrapt in future Grandeur, he must do nothing Mechanical, nothing Degratory, to the exalted Station of a Child of Wisdom; and thus lownged on his golden Dream, till all was imperceptably gone that would pawn or sell, even to the very last Book: This his poor Wife, almost frantick, took with one Child in her Arms, and another in her Belly, in hopes to procure a Loaf of Bread for the Day; but, alas! in vain, it proving of no Value: And what was yet worse, at her return home, she found her Husband *Poisoned by his own Hands*, and with so strong a *Corrosive*, that in a few Hours his Belly burst, and his Bowels gushed out.

Thus ended the Life of a poor Wretch, under the most excruciating Dolours, who had ruined many without Benefit to himself.

But to return to the Widow; she, like most high Spirits when they find themselves in the wrong, fretted inwardly to such a Degree,

Degree, that she really fell a silent Victim to *Æsculapius*, and for a long time after remained unactive and inconsolable.

But *Time* and *Patience*, which overcomes all things, at last relieved her : Health being returned, her projecting Brain began to work anew, and she took a little neat House in an airy reputable Neighbourhood *. She had still some Money left of the 4050*l.* good Furniture and Linen, a Gold Watch, and many small Jewels, with about 400 Ounces of Plate, in common Use, so that she made an Appearance pretty enough ; and tho' she did not aim at it, was supposed to be better in the World than she really was. She went then among her Spouse's Great Clients, who all received her like one *risen* from the *Dead*. They came to visit her, and promised their Interest to serve her, when they knew in what. At last said the late Duke of *Montagu*, (then only Earl) *You have a pretty House, why don't you put up a Bill, and let Lodgings ?* She replied, *She had not a Talent mercenary enough for a common Landlady, but if any Family she knew, desired such a Con-*
d 4 niency,

* In *Wya.'s-Court*, in *Great Russel-Street*, *Bloomsbury*.

niency, she would readily accommodate them. I take you at your Word, replied he, I'll double your Rent, and be your sole Tenant. Nay, don't smile, for I am in earnest, I love a little Freedom more than my Dowager allows at home, and I may come sometimes and eat a bit of Mutton with four or five honest Fellows, whose Company I delight in.

Well, the Bargain was bound, and proved Matter of Fact, tho' on a deeper View than cracking a Bottle; and his Lordship was to pass in the House for Mr. *Freeman* of *Hertfordshire*. In two or three Days he ordered a Dinner for his beloved Friends, *Jack* and *Tom*, *Will* and *Ned*, good honest Country Fellows, who loved a *Fox-Chace*, and a Bottle, as they loved their Lives. They came at the time appointed, but how surprized was the Widow, when she saw the Duke of *Devonshire*, the Lords *Buckingham*, *Dorset*, and a certain Viscount, with Sir *William Dutton* *Colt* enter, under those feigned Names. She took no notice, but after a few times coming (they knowing she was a Woman of Spirit, Integrity and Action) could not be ignorant of their true Titles, they generously intrusted

intrusted her with the whole Affair, which was no less than carrying on the *Revolution*, 1688, in which she was a very notable Assistant to them.

Sometimes it was given out in the Newspapers, that such and such Lords were retired to their Country-Seats, when they lay concealed at her House, from whence they made many a Visit to the *Hague*, without having been missed during their Absence. Sometimes one thing, and sometimes another; at last the Multitude of Post-Letters, both Foreign and Domestick, made it necessary to change the Direction; but this did not allay the Mistrust, there was many a Midnight-Visit from the King's Messenger, who, whether he knew any of the Lords, or were a Well-wisher to the *Cause*, or had received any pecuniary Favour from them (which is most likely) the same Gentleman always came, and always left his Myrmidons to guard the Door, while he made the Search by himself: So that to be short, they never had any real Interruption. They carried their *Glorious Cause*, and notwithstanding the PRINCE of Orange was

was crowned King of *England*, they still met sometimes at their old Cabal; but, as the *State* grew more settled, that was dropped altogether.

They paid their *Foy* in a little general Collation, and Thanks to their faithful Assistant, promising her all the Service which lay in their Power to obtain a *Pension*, or some *Place* in the *Household*, she having highly deserved it; and besides, she had a rightful Claim to some Consideration, having been ruined by the shutting up of the *Exchequer*. But alas! *Court-Promises* proved an *Ætherial Foundation*; and tho', without doubt, these noble Peers designed what they said at the Time, yet, *out of Sight, out of Mind*, nothing ever came of it.

The Earl of *Montagu* was indeed more generous, he said, *Come, Madam, setting aside distant Views, what can I do to put a ready Penny in your Pocket?* My Lord, said she, *if you please, as Captain of the Band of PENSIONERS, to admit a Friend of mine into such a Post**, I shall think my self amply requited by your Lordship. And what
will

* *Corinna's Mother* asked this Favour for *Pylades*.

will that be to you? added he. *Five hundred Pounds, my Lord,* returned she. *It shall be done,* said he, *but your Daughter shall ask me for it; I will call in two or three Days and make Miss a Present of it.*

The Widow thanked him, and not thinking any Harm, concluded her self sure of that Sum. But, good God! how surprized, how more than astonished was she, when she found the Girl (whom she had bred in the most *passive Subjection*) and who had never discovered the least Propensity to rebel, turn head all at once, and not only expostulate in the most submissive way, but tell her in the plainest Language, *Mamma,* “ You may do as you please, but I hum-
“ bly beg you will not render me guilty of
“ Disobedience; since, let the Injunction
“ be ever so strong, I will not lessen the
“ Dignity of my Sex, by asking a Favour
“ of any Man.” The *Whys* and the *Where-fores* were all in *vain*; Intreaties, Promises, and Threats moved her not; and her Mother, who could make no Impression, desisted with surprize from a vain Endeavour. It would have been doubly good in his Lord-
ship

ship had he done it for the Mother, without the Girl's asking; but he did not, and the Widow lost the Rewards of her Merit for a Trifle.

It is most certain, that she could not be pleased with this Obstinacy of the Girl, which occasioned many peevish Humours, which she patiently bore. But at last finding the *Assembly* so dispersed that they could not reasonably meet again, she one time accosted her *Mamma* in these *Terms*.

“MADAM, said she, I have had the Misfortune, and a very great one it has been to me, to lie under your heavy Displeasure, I beg leave that I may obtain your Pardon, or at least set my Fault in a true Light.” Well, said her Mother, *You may proceed, but I know nothing you can say to extenuate such a Crime; foolish Girl, Five hundred Pounds is lost for not asking for it. I am sure, said the Girl, when you know the Cause, you will not only forgive, but justify my Conduct, having done no more than practise what your own Prudence and Virtue had early taught me.* “Give me leave then to tell you what happened. As I was sitting at Work
“on

“ on my *Poynt* in the little Parlour, about a
“ Month ago, my Grandmother and you
“ both abroad, my Lord coming through out
“ of the Garden, sat down on the Couch by
“ me, which was no ways surprizing, he
“ frequently using, as you know, when a-
“ lone, to divert himself with his *little*
“ *News-Monger*. But I was extreamly
“ shocked when I found he began a new
“ Discourse, telling me I was very pretty,
“ how much he loved me, and if I would
“ *give* my *self* to *him*, he would settle an
“ Estate, should render me happy all my
“ Life. I heard him without Answer, when
“ he perceiving I was putting up my Work
“ to be gone, caught me suddenly in his
“ Arms, and attempted to throw me on
“ the Couch, but as frightened as I was, I
“ scratched and bruised his Face, at the
“ same time tearing off his fine Wig which
“ cost sixty Guineas, flung it on the Floor;
“ this indeed moved him to let me go, and
“ with a scornful Sneer, asked, if I did not
“ know what was due to his *Quality*? I re-
“ plied, Yes, my Lord, I know what is ow-
“ ing to your *Title*, but at the same time I
“ must

“ must not forget what is due to my *own*
 “ *Honour*. Merry enough, in Faith, cried he,
 “ I pray Miss, what *Title* do you bear in the
 “ World? That of a *Modest Girl*, said I,
 “ and I hope to *maintain* it; and so saying,
 “ paid my Respects and withdrew; nor
 “ have I ever come in his Way, or spoke to
 “ him since.” And now, *Mamma*, I am sure
 you cannot be angry with me. More than
 ever, said her Mother, how durst you conceal
 such an Attempt from me. I was very sure,
 Madam, said the Girl, you would have
 reproached him for it; and I had read, that
 a *Woman* who boasts of her *Chastity*, does but
 hang out a *Flag of Defiance* for a new Ad-
 venture. Nay, had your *Discretion* ordered
 it so, as to be sure it would, that I should
 have *asked the Favour of his Lordship before*
Company, yet still it was an *Asking*, which,
 as I knew his clandestine Design, could have
 been taken no otherwise by him, than as a
tacit Contract of a shameful Bargain.

Get out of my Sight, said her Mother,
 (who loved Money, and had not all the fine
 Taste her Daughter afterwards discovered) it
 makes me sick to hear a Girl of Thirteen
 talk

talk of *Womanhood*; and since your Books teach you *Disobedience*, I'll take care you shall not have so much Leisure to consult them. The poor Girl suffered many a bitter Frump, but having a long fit of Illness, she had more Leisure than *Madam* designed, and meeting with some better Authors than *Broome* and *Quarles*, she began to brighten up, and on perusing the polite Writings of SUCKLING, WALLER, DENHAM and DRYDEN, she made a notable and sudden Advance in Letters.

Such an extraordinary Advance had she indeed made, that, upon her sending some Poems to Mr. DRYDEN, intreating his Perusal and impartial Sentiments thereon, he was pleased to write her the following Letter.

Fair CORINNA,

“ I Have sent your two Poems * back
“ I again, after having kept them so long
“ from you : They were, I thought, too
“ good to be a *Woman's*; some of my
“ Friends to whom I read them were of the
“ same

* I. A Pastoral Elegy to the Memory of the Honourable Cecilia Bew. II. The Triple League: To Mrs. Susan Dove. See these Pieces in *Corinna's Poems*.

lxiv *The LIFE of CORINNA.*

“ same Opinion. It is not over Gallant;
“ I must confess, to say this of the Fair
“ Sex ; but, most certain it is, that they
“ generally write with more Softness than
“ Strength. On the contrary, you want
“ neither Vigour in your Thoughts, nor
“ Force in your Expressions, nor Harmony
“ in your Numbers ; and methinks I find
“ much of ORINDA in your Manner (to
“ whom I had the Honour to be Related,
“ and also to be known) but I am so taken
“ up with my own Studies, that I have not
“ Leisure to descend to Particulars; being,
“ in the mean time, the fair CORINNA’S

Most Humble, and

Nov. 12.
1699.

Most Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN

Here concludes the Memoirs, which CORINNA drew up of her self under the Character of a Female Friend, but she having proceeded no farther in the Detail of her Family (on her Mother’s side) than, in
Pag.

Pag. xxviii. of the foregoing Memoirs, to acquaint us, that her great Grandfather, Mr. RICHARD SHUTE, bestowed his only Daughter in Marriage with 3000 *l.* Fortune on WILLIAM OSBORNE, Esq; who had an Estate of 700 *l.* a Year near *Sittingbourn* in *Kent*. We shall here continue her Genealogical History from a Letter which she wrote to the Right Reverend Dr. TALBOT, Bishop of *Durham*, viz.

My LORD,

SINCE your Lordship has the Bounty to know the Detail of my *unfortunate Family*, and more *unfortunate self*; I humbly presume, to draw up a Narrative as short as I can, tho' I fear too long for your Lordship's Perusal.

WILLIAM OSBORNE, Esq; of *Sittingbourn* in *Kent*, who married my great Grandfather SHUTE's only Daughter, dying Young, left only one Son, an Infant in Arms, and my Mother unborn. My Grandmother being a very young Widow, and well jointured, her Father after some Years persuaded her to marry Mr. HALLETT, a *Leghorn*
c. Mer-

Merchant, then newly returned to *England* very rich. He entered into Articles to double her Jointure when he should have purchased an Estate, which he after did of one CARYL, to whom OLIVER CROMWELL had given it, on my Lord of *Bath's* Absence with King CHARLES the *Second* in his Exile. The Seat being very old, he pulled it down, and built a fine Stone House, still known by the Name of *Killigarth*, near *Forwey* in *Cornwall*; and has a Place in *Speed's* Map of the County. My Uncle being an Infant, Mr. HALLETT laid out the Profits of his Estate in the Building; which was scarce finished, when, the *Royal-Family* being Restored, the Mannor of *Killigarth* reverted to the right Owner; and Mr. HALLETT was obliged to purchase it anew of the Earl of *Bath*, which drained him of all his personal Estate, so that when my Uncle came of Age, Mr. HALLETT not being qualified to pay so many Thousands, and unwilling to charge the Estate with a Mortgage, (having only two Daughters) prevailed with his Wife to give up her Jointure to her Son, in lieu of seventeen Years Arrears, with a Promise, of
leaving

leaving Her his whole Estate for Life, instead of doubling her Jointure; which she did, but he dying before she had signed the Deed, entailed a Ruin on all the OSBORNE Family.

Mr. KENDALL, who married Mrs. HALLETT's eldest Daughter, taking Advantage of that Neglect, and my Grandmother's Absence in Town, took forcible Possession, which they have kept to this Day; notwithstanding a long Suit in Chancery, House of Lords, and an Appeal to King and Council, which cost my Parents some Thousands, and she was forced to be dependant on her Children ever after, for a Maintenance, which was above Thirty Years.

My Uncle RICHARD OSBORNE succeeded my Father in his Chambers and Practice in the King's-Bench-Walks, and when he died about Twelve Years since, was of a Bench-er's standing, had he claimed it: The Lord Chief-Justice PEMBERTON, and HE, married the two Sisters of Sir PAUL WHICHCOTT, late of *Qui* in *Cambridgeshire*; and tho' he had plentiful Fortunes with both his Wives, (the other being the eldest Sister of Great TROTTMAN of *Sysson* in *Gloucestershire*) and
e 2 his

his Practice valued at 1000*l.* a Year; yet he managed so badly, poor Man, that he lived to see the end of all, save his Wife's Jointure, which his worthless Son has, since his Death, finished also.

As for my Mother, she was married young, to EMMANUEL THOMAS, of the *Inner-Temple*, with a Gentlewoman's Fortune, tho' a small one, being but 1200*l.* which her Grandfather SHUTE, and Father-in-Law HALLETT, gave her. There was above Forty Years Disparity, but he being a Man of long and great Practice, was supposed to be vastly rich: He had a House in Town, another at *East-Ham* in *Essex*, kept his Chariot, and five Clerks; but his Estate being altogether personal, he put it into the BANK of *Amsterdam*, save 4000*l.* which he lent King CHARLES II. and was lost by the shutting up of the *Exchequer*; which failing, broke the BANK at *Amsterdam*, and both together (with my Grandmother's expensive Suit) broke his Heart. In this dismal Time I first saw Light (*I could, but dare not, say*) *would to God I never had.* My Mother having made up a Sum of about 800*l.* and

and with a small Annuity she had purchased of 40 *l. per Annum*, retired into the Country, took a pretty House of 12 *l.* a Year, where she lived privately, and frugally, in a genteel manner; till thro' an unhappy Accident, a Chimney took fire, and the House was burnt down, which she being obliged by an ill-worded Lease to build up again, cost her, with the loss of Goods, above 300 *l.* discouraged from saving Charges by a Country Life, she returned with me to Lodgings in *London*, where having 450 *l.* paid in, from a Mortgage which lay dead on her Hands nine Months, she was persuaded to lend it on good personal Security, but not being used to the World, she soon found enow to ease her of her Burden, tho' not one who had Justice sufficient to return a single Penny. She had now nothing to trust to, save the Annuity, which lasted not long, the Gentleman who granted it dying, had ungenerously charged it on an entailed Estate not liable. That sunk also, and she abandoned her self to Grief, which soon occasioned a Cancer in her Breast, under which she lay fourteen Years helpless on my

Hands. We still kept our Misfortunes to our selves, and as long as it would last, lived as sparingly as we could on what we sold off; one Year, a Damask Bed; another, a Gold Watch; a third, some Jewels; a fourth, a Chest of fine Linen; a fifth and sixth, the Plate; and last of all my Books, which I had been collecting my whole Life (with what Gifts I had from kind Godmothers, and Relations) to the Value of above 150*l.* with the utmost Regret, I pledged them for about 50*l.* and lost them: And when all was gone, I was obliged to subsist my Parent and self on Credit, it being well known to the Neighbourhood, that I had 600*l.* left me, charged on an Estate of 400*l.* a Year in *Gloucestershire*, and as God had given me that Foundation, (tho' a most melancholy one to me,) I thought my self bound in Duty, Conscience, and natural Affection, to impart it to my poor helpless Parent from whom I received my Being: Her Creditors being very severe, I took her Debts on my self, which was all they required; and I bless God she died in Peace, and at Liberty, *Jan. 28, 1718-19,*
tho'

tho' I was upon her Account and my own 333 *l.* in Debt when she lay dead by me. But I little imagined I could meet with such Delays and Loss as I found afterwards, the Occasion being thus:

Mr. RICHARD GWINNETT, of the *Middle-Temple*, whose Father, Mr. GEORGE GWINNETT of *Shurdington* in *Gloucestershire*, and my Uncle OSBORNE being intimate Friends, we could not be unacquainted with each other; and by Degrees contracted a mutual Esteem, which terminated in a sincere Friendship and Affection: Upon the Discovery of his Desire to me, I told him it could no ways be approved by his Relations, and with the utmost Sincerity dissuaded him from any View of that Nature, by acquainting him with the unhappy Circumstances of my Mother and self. To which he replied, Matters might be accommodated between our Parents, since a Post of 3 or 400 *l. per Ann.* would in a few Years become an Equivalent to 1500, or 2000 *l.* which his Father required; that he knew my Mother had Interest enough to obtain such a Favour for him, and therefore would not be denied Application

e 4

plication to my Mother for her Consent, who confirmed all I had told him, and advised him to desist: But finding him inflexible to all her Remonstrances, and being pleased with the uncommon good Character of the Man, for Piety, Learning, Temperance, &c. he having been seven Years under the Tutorage of Dr. *Gastrell*, at *Christ-Church College Oxon*, She at last yielded her Consent, promised her Interest, and gave leave that we should continue an Acquaintance, and wait the Decrees of Providence, without aiming at a nearer Union, till he was in some way of maintaining a Family; which not happening presently, he went down with his Father, she having first presented him to my Lord *Clarendon*, Lord *Granville*, Marchioness of *Worcester*, Duke of *Norfolk*, &c. who all highly approved of him, and promised their Favour as Opportunity should offer; and kept their Words, by sending for him on several advantageous Accounts: But he being thought inclining to a Consumption, his Father made him quit his Chambers in the *Temple*, and reside with him in the Country; so that he was
always

always absent when called for, and our Friends being balked in their generous Designs, would trouble themselves no farther. We continued at this Distance near sixteen Years; saving, that once in a Year, or two, he used to make a Journey to *London* for a Week or ten Days, to see me. At last his Father gave him Possession of the whole Estate, and leave to please himself: He immediately came up, claimed my Promise, and was very pressing for Marriage; but as Sir SAMUEL GARTH, and Mr. Serjeant-Surgeon RONJAT had declared my Mother could not live six Months, I told him I could not leave her in that weak Condition to die among Strangers, and as I had not thought sixteen Years long in waiting for him, he could not in Justice refuse me six Months to pay my last Duty to a dying Parent. He replied, with a deep Sigh, *Six Months, at this Time, is more than sixteen Years has been: You put it off now, and God will do it for ever.*—It proved as he too truly divined, he went down the next Day: made his Will, sickened and died, April 16, 1717, left me the Bequest of
six

six hundred Pounds above-mentioned, and *Sorrow* has been my *Food* ever since. Had I married him then, I had been secured from the Insults of Poverty, but I am better contented as it is, since it is certain I owed a Duty to my Parent, but I could not have any to a Husband before I had one: I had studied the Duty of a Wife with the most intense Application of Thought, and as I knew Mr. GWINNETT could not live in Town, I was sensible it was my Duty, when a Wife, to live where he pleased: I knew my Mother was too weak to be removed; or if she had not, she had so entirely disoblged him by some little peevish Humours (occasioned by her Distemper) that I durst not leave it to his Courtesy, tho' I must do this Justice to his Generosity, and Memory, that he was willing to pay for her Board and Attendance in *London*. After his Demise, I was barbarously used, his Brother stifled the *Will*, (which compelled me to have Recourse to Civil Law;) smothered the old Gentleman's *Conveyance-Deed*, by which he was enabled to make a Bequest,

Bequest, offered 1000 *l.* to any Body who could say any thing to blacken my Character; tho', through God's great Mercy, he found none wicked enough to perjure themselves for so great a Bribe. At last, to shew my Respect to the Dead, I consented to an Accommodation, *viz.* to receive 200 *l.* down, and 200 *l.* more at the Year's end; the *first* Payment I received, and paid away in three Days among her Creditors, and mine, without keeping a single Shilling to my own Use; but when the other became due, he bid me Defiance, stood Suit on his own Bond, and held me out four Terms (which by a *Bye-Law*, in the *City*, they call *a Subject's Right*.) This brought me from Chancery to Common-Law, and a Set of all new Lawyers, where having cast him at *Guild-Hall*, and recovered Costs, they took out a *Writ of Error*, and carried it to the Bar of the *House of Lords*, where it dangled another Year, and then they paid in the 248 *l.* without standing a Hearing: The Gentlemen of the long Robe had made me sign an Instrument, that they should receive the Money, and pay themselves; and truly, my Lord, when they had

had done that, tho' neither Mr. JODRELL nor his Son took any ; yet when all the respective Courts were paid, there was no more came into my Pocket out of the aforefaid Sum, than 13 *l.* 16 *s.* which at once broke all my Measures, and compelled me to abscond from all my Creditors, and starve in a Corner till last Winter ; when, betrayed by a false Friend, I was hurried to a Jail ; where, unless it shall please our Gracious Sovereign, and the Parliament to grant an Act of Insolvency, I must end my Days. This, my Lord, is the Truth, and the whole Truth of my unhappy Case, which I have drawn up with as much Integrity and Impartiality as if it were my dying Speech. And for a Confirmation of the Truth, I humbly presume to send the Original *Depositions*, which tho' they have a voluminous Look, yet as the third *Interrogatory* of each, is what is chiefly relating to my Character (which I have folded down) it will not take many Minutes in looking over ; if so be your Lordship will condescend to do me that Justice. I have added also two of Mr. GWINNETT'S Letters attested by Sir EDWARD NORTHEY.

This

The LIFE of CORINNA. lxxvii

This is a general View of the Source of my Calamities, without entering into particular Incidents and Casualties, which are almost innumerable, and I hope will be allowed by your Lordship as Authentick Credentials, since Sir EDMUND PROBYN (tho' Counsel against me) told me in *Westminster-Hall*, *My Case was as clear as the Sun, and like Silver purified by Fire.* More I have not to say, unless your Lordship will give me leave to add, that I have had the Honour of being well known to Bishop HOADLY, and his good Lady, above 25 Years; but Time wears out all things, and one must not, cannot hope, that the many and great Favours I have received from them, should be continued for Life.

My LORD,

I am exceedingly confused, and ashamed of the Length of this Narrative, but I entirely rely on your Lordship's Goodness, to pardon what my shallow Capacity could not reduce to a narrower Compass. I most humbly beg your Lordship's Blessing, who
am,

lxxviii *The LIFE of CORINNA.*

am, with the profoundest Veneration and Submission, my Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient, and

Humbly Devoted Servant,

Fleet-Prison,
Octob. 31,
1728.

ELIZABETH THOMAS.

P. S. My LORD,

My Uncle KENDALL left only one Daughter, who was sole Heiress to his Estate in *Barbadoes* and that in *Cornwall*, (the other Daughter of Mr. HALLETT dying without Children) my Cousin was reckoned a 30000*l.* Fortune, but dying unmarried, left all to Dr. KENDALL, Canon of *Exeter*, who still enjoys it. She died about 15 Years since, and has a fine Monument erected (as her Will ordered) by Lady CATHERINE JONES, within the Tombs in *Westminster-Abbey*.

We

We shall now conclude, with observing to the Reader, that the late Bishop of *Durham* greatly compassionated Mrs. THOMAS's Misfortunes; and, besides his many occasional charitable Donations, paid four Guineas a Year for her Chamber-Rent, and was pleased to recommend her to other Persons of Distinction by the following most Christian Testimonial, *viz.*

I believe Mrs. THOMAS to be a Gentlewoman in great Want; and have heard so worthy a Character of her, that I have several times assisted her my self; and am obliged in Justice to recommend her as a true Object of Charity.

W. DURESME.

Other Testimonials of the like Tenor were drawn up and signed by Archbishop WAKE, Bishop HOADLY, and Bishop SHERLOCK; the last worthy Prelate being very kind, when she was about obtaining her Discharge from the Bonds of Imprisonment through

lxxx *The* L I F E of C O R I N N A.

through the Clemency of His Majesty's Act of Insolvency.

After her Release (the Warrant for which bears Date, *June* 3, 1729.) she took a small Lodging in *Fleet-street*, where she died, on the 3d of *February*, 1730-31, (in the 56th Year of her Age) and was, two Days after, very decently Interred in the Church-Yard of *St. Bridget*, alias *Brides*, in *Fleet-Street*.



LETTERS

TO

CORINNA *from* PYLADES.

LETTER I.

*With a Copy of VERSES, on her Poem, to the Memory
of Mr. DRYDEN.*

I THOUGHT, Madam, it would be indecent to accost such a Favourite of the MUSES as yourself without something that pretended, at least, to be Poetical; and might however shew I was a well-wisher to the melodious NINE. If I have succeeded in my design of coming into your Presence (tho' a Stranger) without Rudeness I am satisfied, for I shall never fear APOLLO's Frowns so much as *Yours*. My Profession will not allow me to pay him much Service, and therefore I can expect no great Favour. *Law* and *Poetry* were never yet so good Friends, as to live together, and I am never like to reconcile such inveterate Enemies. Perhaps, Madam, you may

B be

2 LETTERS to CORINNA

be surprized at a Stranger's talking thus to you, since you did not think fit to let the World know to whom it was indebted for that incomparable Poem on the Death of the truly honoured *John Dryden* Esq; * But such Excellence, and such Accomplishments as you are Mistress of, cannot lie hid; and why should you refuse to receive, since it is universally owned you deserve, as great Honour, as you give. That I have seen you more than once, Madam, is due to good Fortune, and to be admitted into your Acquaintance (forgive me if I had almost said Friendship) I should think the greatest Happiness that could befall me. And if I have not surfeited you already with this trouble I will do my self the Honour to second my Letter with a Visit, and pay my Respects in Person to so great Merit. But if you are pleased to forbid any such Presumption, your fatal Commands shall be punctually obeyed, by, *Madam,*

Your unfeigned Admirer,

Middle-Temple,
June 29. 1700.

and most humble Servant,

PYLADES.

MADAM,

WHEN you Lament, who can forbear to
Weep?

When you are pleas'd to Call, what Muse can Sleep?

* See *Corinna's Poems*, 8vo. p. 87, &c.

Who

Who can in Silence mourn NEANDER* gone,
 BRITANNIA'S Glory, PHOEBUS' darling SON,
 When you *command* our grief to be exprest,
 And first have told the *Sorrows* of your *Breast*
 In such *pathetick Words*, as melt each Heart,
 And make all *sighing Readers* bear their part.
 Let my Obedience then at least excuse
 This worthless Off'ring of an Infant *Muse*,
 And humbly recommend a Tribute due
 Much to his *Memory*, but more to *you*.

Great POET should I strive to sing thy Praise
 With feeble Voice in artless humble Lays,
 And tell how ev'ry *Nymph* and ev'ry *Swain*
 Bemoan thy Loss and in deep Sighs complain:
 I should beneath the mighty Subject faint,
 (APELLES must an ALEXANDER paint)
 And like rash ICARUS attempt to fly,
 But melt my Wings by mounting up too high.

* MR. DRYDEN.

In vain should I endeavour to set forth
 Thy vast *Perfections* and *extensive Worth*,
Worth which has now exalted Thee to fit
 With just Applauses next the GOD of WIT,
 And *fix'd* Thee in an unmolested Place
 Beyond all *Flattery*, and above *Disgrace*:

For this is thy peculiar Happiness

PRAISE OR DISPRAISE have both the same
Success

One will not make Thee GREATER, nor *one* LESS.

Ah! happy DRYDEN both *Alive* and *Dead*,
Alive the *verdant Laurel* crown'd thy HEAD,
 And such harmonious Song adorns thy Hearse
 As nothing can *excell*, not thy OWN TUNEFUL VERSE.

O! couldst thou but behold with ravish'd Eyes
 The *beauteous Nymph* that sings thy Obsequies,
 In deathless Notes, in Numbers so DIVINE,
 So *Soft*, so *Sweet*, in all respects like *Thine*.

'Twould

'Twould add new Joys to thy *Elysian State*
 To know that charming SAPHO mourns thy Fate:
 'Twould there if possible thy Honour raise,
 And give new Lustre to thy *shining Bays*.
 But tho' *bright Nymph*, no heighth of Poetry
 Can reach him now, or change his Destiny;
 Yet here you have *enlarg'd* and *fix'd* his FAME,
 And taught us *how* to celebrate his *Name*.
 But while you claim our rev'rence justly due,
 Forgive us if we almost Envy too,
 And think those *mourning Lines* which you bestow
 Of higher Price than any thing we owe
 To his *great Merit*, who is now at last
 More than rewarded for all Troubles past.
 What you have *Writ* could he but first have *read*.
 With greater Joy his willing Soul had fled,
 For who would scruple to resign his Breath
 Would you so *Honour* and *Lament* his Death.

6 LETTERS to CORINNA

I who want, more than, *five* of thirty Years
And never felt the *pressing Weight* of Cares,
Could part with Life methinks content to dye,
Would you but condescend to write my Elegy.

L E T T E R I I.

*After HE had been permitted to pay CORINNA a
Visit, and declared his Passion.*

I HOPE, Madam, you will not accuse me of
Arrogance, if I confirm in writing what I
spoke last Night, and with all the Emphasis that
ever the Word was used in, assure you again that
I LOVE. After this what shall I say, or rather
what shall I not say? Tho' it is far beyond my
Power to express either your transcendent Charms,
or my most ardent Affection, yet I could for
ever dwell upon the delightful Subject, and be
lost in the Contemplation of your unparalleled
Perfections both of Mind and Body, which merit
something more than Love, and almost justify
Adoration. But I fear to offend with too long
a recital of your Praise and my Passion, tho'
they are both so copious, both so unfeignedly
true. I could with equal Facility and Truth
aver, that each single Grace, each Look, every
Word, every Motion of yours carries force
enough with it to lay me prostrate at your
Feet, and when with irresistible Harmony they
all combine to subdue my Soul, I am fettered
with

from P Y L A D E S. 7

with inviolable Chains, and thrown into so fast, and yet so sweet an Enchantment, that I neither can nor would I be released. But as you far surpass in every thing that is excellent all the rest of your Sex, that I had ever the Honour to know, nor do I ever expect or wish to find your Equal, so you are not to be courted at the common rate, and I am so fearful of giving Offence by saying what I should not, that I am under some concern, even when I declare with all the Sincerity of a dying Penitent, that I *admire* and *love* you as really, vehemently, and unchangeably, as you yourself would wish to be admired and loved by any Person (if there can be any so happy) for whom you might entertain a favourable Thought. Pardon my Presumption, for if I offend, it is *Love* that makes me do so, and if *Love* be a Crime, I must own my guilt is large indeed, and yet so daring a Sinner am I, that I would not have it less; and so great, so sincere, so constant is my Affection, that were it put to my Choice, I would sooner cease to *Live*, than I would cease to *Love*: Believe me, Madam, for my Heart and Hand go both together, and may all the Evils justly due to Falsehood be my Fate, and may your Ears be deaf to my Supplication, if I am not in the highest Degree of Truth and Passion,

Madam,

Wednesday
Afternoon,

Your most entirely
devoted Servant,

P Y L A D E S.

LETTER III.

*Sent to CORINNA, the Day after he had made his Address to her Mother for Leave to pursue his Passion. **

TRUE Love, Madam, like true Courage, grows but the more resolute for the Difficulties that oppose it, and I shall fear no hazard upon my own account, were it not that I must necessarily involve you in the same Calamity. I have Philosophy enough to live contented with a little, and to bear my own Afflictions with Patience; but I have too much Love, to think of doing any thing that may Occasion the least Inconvenience or Trouble to you. Nor should I in doing otherwise act consistently with Reason, or my own Happiness, which would so entirely depend on your Tranquility and Content, that my Soul could never admit the least Glimpse of Comfort, while you lay under any Disquiet: And I should never forgive my self, if I should so far indulge my own Inclinations, as to be the unhappy Cause of any the least Uneasiness (that might have been foreseen) to a Person whom (witness Heaven) I *so sincerely Love*. Forgive my Impertinence in writing thus, but I cannot avoid it; for my troubled Thoughts are too strong to be concealed within my own

** CORINNA's Mother, frankly advis'd him to desist from any Thoughts of her Daughter; her Circumstances being no ways suitable to his Father's Expectations.*

Breast,

from PYLADES. 9

Breast, and I have nothing to appease them with, but this Expectation, that Providence, or my own Endeavours, may in good time render my Fortune less precarious, than it is at present, and then my Happiness will be wholly at your Disposal. Permit me, in the mean time, O most amiable, most accomplished Creature, that ever my Eyes beheld, to flatter my self with this Hope, that if ever my Fate answers my Expectation, your Favour will not be wanting; without which, I despise all this World can give, and with it I should think my self happy in any Condition. As my first Correspondence began in Friendship, so shall I carefully preserve that sacred Flame never by me to be extinguished; and therefore, I have chosen a Name (unless you will please to oblige me with another) which tho' not very Poetical (I being no Candidate for the Bays) yet it has this Advantage, that it will call to my Mind an Example of the truest and most generous *Friendship* *. It is, what you shall always find me in *Nature* also,

Thursday
Afternoon.

The faithful

PYLADES.

* The sincere *Friendship* of PYLADES and ORESTES are well known.

LETTER IV.

*With some BOOKS, and his Sentiments of the
DOCTRINE of PREDESTINATION.*

Madam,

I Have sent Mr. LOCKE, * and the rest I promised you. The *Manuscript Epitome*, and Dr. MORE'S *Ethics* I will bring with me in the Afternoon. Ever since I understood my Books, I have loved them well enough, but now I quite envy them, and wish my self in their Place. If you please to send by the Bearer hereof those you did me the Favour to lay aside for me, they shall be carefully kept, and safely returned, by,

Madam,

Your most Affectionate,

PYLADES.

P. S. The *Narrative*, you lent me, is methinks so far from being an Argument for PREDESTINATION, that it rather concludes *against* it, and admonishes us not to tempt *Providence* by a supine Neglect of our Safety, when it seems to lie within our own reach; and to what purpose are our *Fears*, or any other of our Passions given us, but to excite our Endeavours for the avoiding of *Evil*, and Attainment of *Good*, by a reasonable Use of them.

* Mr. LOCKE'S *Essay on Human Understanding*, and some other Books he had promised to lend her.

As to the Point of PREDESTINATION in general, I think it is not positively and clearly to be determined, either on *one* Side or the *other*: Volumes have been written about it, *Pro* and *Con*, to little purpose; and if you will believe the Disputants *both* Parties have equal *Evidence*, and *Certainty* for them, *Obscurity* and *Falseness* against them. But after all, whoever shall be at the Pains of reading what they have written, or of consulting his own unprejudiced Thoughts upon the Subject (which perhaps may be more satisfactory) will find, that the Matter is as far from Perspicuity and Demonstration as ever. And the *Jansenists* and *Molinists* may contend about this Article to the End of the World, without ever convincing others or being the wiser themselves; for it is undoubtedly a Part of *Knowledge* above *Human Understanding*, and therefore not to be solicitously sought after by us, since we are before Hand sure, that our Enquiry must be in vain; and like gazing on the Sun we shall but blind our selves, without making any new Discovery in the Object. This must be the Result of all impartial Searches into this abstruse Theme; and if I remember right, is the Substance of your Thoughts in that concise but very rational Poem under this Title. * The Scriptures which are our only sure Guide in things of this Nature, being not full and express in the Point, have left us to Probabilities, and fallible Arguments, so that *both* Parties may have a great deal to

* See *Predestination*: Or, the *Resolution*, in CORINNAS Poems, 8vo. Page 47.

say for themselves, and yet both Parties may be mistaken ; which, if they are, it is their own Fault, since this is not a necessary Article of Faith, and we are not obliged to believe *either* Side, but may perhaps most safely, at least innocently, suspend our Judgments till a clearer Light (not to be obtained in this Life) shall give us full Conviction. However, if you desire my Opinion in this doubtful Point, according to my best Apprehension, and weighing the Reasons on both Sides, the greater Probability (which always ought to prevail) lies on the Negative, against the *Predestinarians*: At the same Time I do not think my self infallible, and require every Body else to be of the my Mind, but have all imaginable Charity for those who judge otherwise, and let them quietly enjoy their Sentiments, so long as they keep them to themselves ; but I cannot help having some Indignation, at the Ignorance and Arrogance of such as being positive and dogmatical in a Matter doubtful, as well as indifferent, shall magisterially impose their rash and groundless Surmises on others, as the only Standard of Truth and Certainty. But enough, if not too much of this.

Saturday Noon.



L E T.

from PYLADES. 13

LETTER V.

Upon his Arrival at his Father's House in Gloucestershire.

Madam,

I AM arrived safe at Home, and have nothing to complain of, but that I have left you behind me. The Country is (as it is wont) very agreeable to me, there is only CORINNA wanting to make it satisfactory in the highest Degree. Every Place where you are, is a Paradise in my Esteem; and every Place where you are not, is to me a Desert. If you think I Compliment, pray reprove me for it, and I will not commit the same Fault again: I do not wilfully offend, being in my own Thoughts, as far from Compliment, as from Court. I had rather transgress on the other Hand, in taking what innocent Freedom Friendship allows, and I have a great Mind to know how you would resent it, if I should sometimes presume to call you my *dear* CORINNA. Whether or no you would think me arrogant and saucy for it, or a friendly Plain-Dealer. I am sure if you should give some favourable Epithet to PYLADES, I should put it next my Heart in the Day, and under my Head to dream on at Night. You are already, the most pleasing, and most constant Subject of my waking Thoughts and nightly Dreams, and I believe it would be easy for you to make me think of nothing else. I heartily wish the Gimcrack Theory of conversing at a Distance, without the Help of slow internunciary Epistles, could be reduced to Practice, but I am afraid
you

you would be a Sufferer by it, for I should tire you with so much Impertinence, that you would have reason to think me a worse Persecuter, than the malicious Hag, who to verify your Dream, broke your Glass. O! may the Fates (if they have any Blessings for me in Store) hasten that happy Time after which I may seldom or never be absent from you. I would drive on the tardy Minutes, and with your Permission hasten it my self, if my Fortune or my Power to enlarge it were greater; but my Hands are tied; however, I will not wholly despair, that your Interest with some honourable Persons of your Acquaintance may when Opportunity serves do more for me, than I am able to do for my self; for who can be unsuccessful with such an Advocate? I am, and shall be, I fear, all the next Week so engaged in Company, that I shall be so long deprived of the more agreeable Entertainment and substantial Pleasure I promise my self in reading the Books you lent me. This Advantage I shall receive from it, that after long fasting I shall feed with the keener Appetite, and being tired with Company shall relish a Book the better. If you are not quite tired already, I will tell you what pleased me most of any thing since I came into the Country; (but if you are tired throw it away, and read no more) in *April*, when I was last at Home, I grafted a *Quince*-apple upon a *Crab*-stock. I had been reading *LANGFORD's Practical Planter*, and was willing to try if I could perform what he taught. After I had done it, I looked very often with

with longing Eyes to see if there were any Signs of Growth, but to my great Discouragement (this being the first Tree I ever *grafted*) I thought there rather appeared all the Symptoms of Decay, and when I went to *London* in *June*, I left my *Grafts* given over for dead. But walking this Morning in the Garden, I by chance cast my Eye upon the Tree I had despaired of, and could at first hardly believe my own Eye sight, when to my great Satisfaction and Surprize, I saw my *Grafts* shot out in Branches, above half a Yard long, in two Month's time, and are now in that flourishing Condition.

This you may justly say smells of the Country, and none but a Rustick would go to tell an ingenious Lady an idle Story of a *Graft's* growing. But Friendship must plead in my Behalf, which allows us, I think, to communicate our Delight, tho' it Springs from ever so inconsiderable an Object; and if I did believe Omens I should take it for a good one. You will not repent your reading this, if it Occasions your reviewing Mr. COWLEY's Poem, called the GARDEN, (To JOHN EVELYN Esq;) especially the last Stanza but one, with the same Pleasure that I have often done, where DAPHNE's *Blushing in her Fruit* is so prettily said of a *Cherry's* being *grafted* on a *Laurel*, that I hardly ever met with any single Thought that pleased me better. * I suppose
you

* Art does the Savage *Hawthorn* teach
To bear the *Medlar* and the *Pear*,
He bids the Rustick *Plumb* to rear
A noble *Trunk*, and be a *Peach*.
Ev'n *Daphne's* Coyness he does mock,
And weds the *Cherry* to her *Stock*;

Tho'

16 LETTERS to CORINNA

you are so surfeited with this long *first* Country-Letter, that you will not desire any more of them; and tho' I have right to the common Excuse, that I had not time to make it shorter, yet I will not insist on it, having another Reason, which is, that I never make long Visits, nor write long Letters to Persons I do not much care for. After this tedious Scrawl I will not conclude with a verbose Compliment, since all the Words I can heap up will not in my Esteem be half so comprehensive, as this succinct and true Subscription that I am

*Shurdington,
Aug. 10. 1700.*

Your

PYLADES.

P. S. My humble Service to your good Mother. If you will please to oblige me with a Letter at your Leisure, you may direct it to me at *Shurdington in Gloucestershire*.

LETTER VI.

On Rural Diversions.

I CANNOT express, Madam, with what Delight I received, and with what Satisfaction I read your Letter, I began to long exceedingly

Tho' She refus'd *Apollo's* Suit,
Ev'n She, that Chaste and Virgin-Tree
Now wonders at her self, to see
That she's a Mother made, and Blushes in her Fruit.

for

for it, and expectation made the blessing the dearer when it came. Which yet its own value raised higher than my Hopes, and I thought it no improper Emblem of yourself, who are the more lovely, the more you are looked on. But I must stop here, lest I should transgress my limits, and run into Compliment, and therefore to shew my Obedience, I will resist my Inclination. I thought our *Rural Diversions* beneath your notice, but if you are an admirer of DIANA, and can let your Fancy range sometimes in the open Fields, pray, have the Patience to hear that I have been twice a Hunting since I came Home. And both times was *Buck-hunting* in a Park of 'Squire Cook's (Uncle to the Cook, who was condemned for being in the *Assassination-Plot* with Sir John Friend, Fenwick, &c.) five Miles from my Father's House. I might have Hunting nearer home, but I like this better, because here I can Ride as I please without losing the Sport, and not venture the breaking my own Neck, or my Horse's Heart; and for a more weighty Reason too, because here is no hunting the *Fox*, when the *other* is over, as is usual among our Rattle-scall Country 'Squires. I was invited to Dinner both times by the 'Squire, who takes it as a great Compliment from any one, who will come to share the Diversion he so much delights in himself. And since the Chase afforded us nothing but what is common, which would be very dull in the Repetition, tho' pleasant enough in the Action; I will give you an Account of this noble hunting 'Squire, which for aught I know may be the best Encomium upon

C

Hunting

Hunting * that I can make. “ He is a little Gentleman of *Eighty* Years Old, and yet rides as briskly as a Boy of *Eighteen*. He was a puny sickly Child, but has hunted himself into Strength and long Life. He has had *seventeen* Children by one Woman, and one of his most famous Exploits is, that having rid Post from *London* to his own House, which is almost a Hundred Miles, he had the Company of his Wife but *one* Night: and, *nine* Months after she presented him with a brave Boy.” All this for the Honour of *Hunting*, Madam, which for the Riding sake I esteem as a good Recreation, especially as to my own part, being never better than when on Horseback. But I believe you have enough of it. I thank you heartily for both your Tragical and Comical Relations, they were all new to me, who am at present in a Corner of the World, where I hear no News, but what you

* The noble Recreation of *Buck-Hunting* is thus elegantly described by Mr. POPE in his *Windfor-Forest*, viz.

Now *Cancer* glows with *Phœbus*' fiery Car;
 The Youth rush eager to the Sylvan War.
 Swarm o'er the Lawns, the Forest-walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet *Hart*, and chear the op'ning *Hound*:
 Th' impatient *Courser* pants in ev'ry Vein,
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant Plain;
 Hills, Vales, and Floods appear already crost,
 And e'er he Starts, a thousand Steps are lost.
 See! the bold Youth strain up the threat'ning Steep,
 Rush thro' the Thickets, down the Vallies sweep,
 Hang o'er their *Courser*'s Heads with eager Speed,
 And *Earth* rolls back beneath the flying *Steed*.

send

send me; nor Noise, but the whooping of *Harvest-home*, which now resounds all over the Country. I fancy the *Elegiac-Beau* was willing to compliment the powdered Wigs, or else I know not where he will find many fair *Britannic Swains*.

I am wonderfully pleased with your Story of the *Horn-book*. *Nosce teipsum* I always understood in a moral Sense, as you do, and in that only think it deserves any Man's Thoughts. The *material part* is so little worth the *knowing*, if it could be *perfectly known*, that I scarce think it worth the *having*, unless it were in order to a *better State*. I am exactly of your Opinion concerning *Natural Philosophy*, and reckon it all mere Tittle-tattle and Conjecture.

We have here, as a Visitor, a huge tunbellied Uncle of mine, who can do nothing but *Eat* and *Drink*, and *Smoke* and *Sleep*, and *play* at *Crambo*. My Father being Abroad, I am sole Entertainer, so that I am forced to steal time from my Sleep to get this ready for the Post to Morrow, when I intend to go to *Gloucester*. However, I will take leave of *Somnus*, to tell you, that I have read over Capt. AYLOFFE's *Government of the Passions*, which, is a Book I think you desired my Opinion of, or else I would never have mentioned it; for I am very unwilling to dislike any Book that you have given a place among your choice Collection. But really, Madam, I cannot strain a Compliment so far as to contradict my Judgement, and I must do so, if I should approve this Book, which I think in general to be very poorly written. " He seems
" to me rather like a School-boy Declaiming,
C 2 " than

“ than a Philosopher Discoursing of so profound
 “ a Subject as *The Passions*, and forgive me if I
 “ can hardly forbear to think he made use of the
 “ common School-boy Trick, and borrowed from
 “ a silly Book called, *Wit's Common-Wealth*, the
 “ way of writing is so very much like that cele-
 “ brated Author. As to the *Religious Part*, I shall
 “ say no more, than that it is what every Body
 “ knows, that knows any thing, and not much
 “ embellished with any delicacy of Expression.
 “ But the *Philosophical*, is so jejune and insipid,
 “ that after *Aristotle*, *Des Cartes*, and *De la Cham-*
 “ *bre*, after our own Countrymen *Reynolds* and
 “ *Charleton*, for a Man to write (in his own new-
 “ coined Word) such a *futiles Treatise* of the
 “ *Passions* will not I believe make him a Captain
 “ in the *Schools*, whatever his *Sword* may do in
 “ the *Field*. To particularise Faults would be
 “ tedious, where they lie so very thick. Were I to
 “ be Corrector, I should make use of the Poet
 “ MARTIAL's witty Castigation, *Una litura potest*.
 “ And I am the more displeased with him, be-
 “ cause he is against *Friendship* between *different*
 “ *Sexes*. Mrs. PHILIPS,* who had more Sense
 “ and Judgment, was of a contrary Opinion,
 “ and I am clearly of her Persuasion. I do not
 “ think it ought *rashly* to be *contracted*; but be-
 “ tween virtuous Persons, (who are only fit to
 “ be *Friends* of the *same Sex*) it may undoubted-
 “ ly be maintained with as much *Innocence*, and
 “ perhaps with more *Delight*, than where *Nature*

* See Letters from *Orinda* to *Peliarchus*, i. e. from Mrs. Catherine Philips to Sir Clement Cotterel.

“ has made *no* Distinction. If I differ from you
 “ in my Opinion of this Book, I desire you would
 “ give me an Opportunity of shewing my Sub-
 “ mission to your better Judgment.” As with
 Freedom and Sincerity I have given my Cen-
 sure of this; so I as freely and sincerely give
 you my Thanks for the agreeable Entertain-
 ment which Mrs. ASTELL has afforded me. I
 am pleased with her Project, * but do not think
 it likely to succeed, for I hardly ever knew a
 Multitude chuse the same *End*, and the same
Means of attaining it, where there was no world-
 ly Advantage to be gained thereby. I am glad
 to hear your Family is pretty well again, but I
 am much more concerned for your Head-ach. Let
 me beg of you to take care of your self, and not be
 denied upon any Account your due Sleep, which
 I believe will be the best Cure for your Pain.
 I will not believe *your not intending to trouble me*
again a great while, is as much as to say, *you would*
not be troubled yourself, unless you tell me so in
plain Terms, for I am like the rest of the World
 hard to *believe* what I would not have to be *true*.
 But I will not persecute you so often for the future.
 If the Lady at the Bath † takes as much Pleasure
 in the perusal of *your Poems*, as I did, she will ne-
 ver repent her Importunity. Pray send me
 Word by the next Post, whether you or your Mo-
 ther love preserved *Damascens* or *Mulberries*.
 If you do, I will get some done for you,
 and bring them up with me, when I come to

* A Proposal to the Ladies, for laying a Plan of a Protestant
 Nunnery.

† Lady Chudleigh.

22 LETTERS to CORINNA

Town. We have great Plenty of these sorts of Fruit, and now I think they are in Season for Preserving. Fruit is the only thing the Country affords fit for your Acceptance, and in my Power to give, unless you will be troubled with a more worthless Present, and accept of, your sincere

Shurdington,
Sept. 3. 1700.

PYLADES.

P. S. What you said upon Occasion of reciprocal *Friendship*, (if I may be allowed to flatter myself with being one of those to whom it was Dedicated) fills my Heart with such transports of Love and Gratitude, and every other generous Affection, that if my Life and Fortune, if all that I *am*, or ever *shall be*, could in the least promote your Happiness, I would willingly Sacrifice all in so good a Cause.

LETTER VII.

A Friendly Expostulation, &c.

I Believe CORINNA, you never do any thing without a Reason, tho' you do not always declare it. You tell me, you think, I am under some pressure of *Mind*, as well as *Body*, but you do not tell me what Reason you have to think so. Let me beg you to inform me what it was that occasioned your surmise, and upon the Sincerity of a faithful Friend I will never conceal
any

from PYLADES.

23

any thing from you that you desire to know. If my Request seems unreasonable, I hope you will forgive it, but it is what will very much contribute to my Satisfaction. I do not remember I ever commanded you to take all I write for *Compliments*; I am sure you will be very unkind and injurious to my Intentions, if you do so. My Words I hope are so plain, and I know they are so sincere, as not to be afraid of any such Imputation. I have been all this Week at an Uncle's in *Wiltshire* o' *Coursing* and *Fishing*, and such like rural Diversions; I returned home Yesterday, and received yours just now. I would write more, but I have not time, being forced to steal an Opportunity for this, while my Cousin, who came with me out of *Wiltshire* is gone a *Partridging*, where I should have been my self, but I am better employed. I thank you abundantly for all your News, but I am displeased that you should put your self to the Trouble of writing so much, when it may be to the Prejudice of your Eyes. Pray excuse my present haste, and believe me, what I am always,

Your most Affectionate,

Shurdington,
Sept. 21. 1700.

PYLADES.

P. S. I have very well recovered my Indisposition, and shall be only under some Uneasiness, till I hear from you, and write to you again. My Service to your Mother, *Adieu*.

I thought to have sent you a tedious dull thing in Rhime, which I writ since I came

C 4

into

into the Country, called *The * WISH* But if ever you should see it, I fear you would *wish* it had lain still in the Retirement where it was born. *Country Muses*, like *Country Lasses*, make most awkward Figures when they come to *Town*. However, if you have any *Spleen*, and are willing to have it *raised*, you may command me to *do it*, and I that am so *splenetic* my self shall not fail of *Success*, I believe, in that Attempt.

L E T T E R V I I I .

A Congratulation on her BIRTH-DAY.

THE Remembrance of *your BIRTH-DAY*, † lays such an everlasting Obligation upon me, that I cannot but in Justice, as well as Inclination, return you the Service of *mine*, as an earnest of all the Days of my Life. I am now twenty-five Years *old*, and tho' I cannot call my self *Young*, yet methinks my Life has been but very short; no *longer* in my Account, than my Acquaintance with *you*. All the rest hardly deserves the Name of Living, especially when compared with the sincere Delight, and solid Satisfaction, which your *Correspondence* has afford-

* This Poem, entitled, *The WISH*, written by *Pylades*, was published by *Corinna* in the Year 1727, among some Miscellanies of *His*, and of the late Bishop of *Rocheſter*, under the Title of *ATTERBURYANA*. Printed for *E. Curll* in the *Strand*.

† *CORINNA's Birth-Day* was the last Day of *Auguſt*.

ed me. There is, I perceive, an Art of refining and exalting Pleasure, which only generous *Friendship* and virtuous *Love* can teach or understand. And tho' my *Delight* is already greater than my *Rhetoric* is able to express, yet it is in your Power to double it, by letting me know, that you also have not been without your Share of Satisfaction. I always think any Enjoyment imperfect wherein I have no Partner, and if the utmost of my Ability can in the least contribute to your Gratification, I have found out the very Quintessence of EPICURISM, can give the highest Completion to Delight, and cannot better describe the Extent of my Joy, than by saying it is almost equal to *your Merit*. If there be any particular Distinction due to the Day of one's *Nativity*, This shall be marked with the fairest Character in my *Kalendar*, and be always remembered by me with a more than ordinary Esteem, because it is the *first* of this sort I ever devoted to you. And if I would complain of any thing at such a time as this, it should be, that it is the *First*, and that I had not the Happiness of knowing you sooner. But this is my Comfort, that what is wanting in *length of Time*, will be supplied by the Ardour of my *Affection*, and that my *Love*, tho' yet of no very long Continuance, will be without end, for nothing sure can ever be able to violate the *immutable Friendship* of CORINNA, and

Shurdington,
Oct. 16. 1700.

Her PYLADES.

LETTER IX.

Reciting the State of his Circumstances.

I AM not able to describe, nor can you imagine, my dear CORINNA, how sensibly I am touched with the VERSES you wrote in your Sleep. They have raised a Passion in me to a high Degree, for which I have no Name, viz. a Complication of Joy and Grief, Hope and Fear; and tho' I did not rise in the Night to answer them, yet the next Morning before I was up, this offered it self,

No more CORINNA me dissuade

From what I can't resist;

For never better Choice was made,

Nor would I be more blest.

Then let me, charming Maid, my Flame pursue,
And Life and Love together bid *Adieu*.

Tho' I am no observer of Dreams or Omens, yet there is something in yours has strangely affected me, and I cannot tell for what Reason. But I scorn to despair, especially since you have given me such Comfort in the Conclusion of your NEFARIO, and ARMIDA. The Character there, is such, as I would chuse, if I could always express in *Action*, what I conceive.

ceive in *Idea*; but who can do that? However, I shall be well enough satisfied, if by the utmost of my endeavour I can continue in your Esteem. I thank you for your Acceptance of my WISH *, and am exceedingly pleased with what you tell me, *viz.* that it expresses your Mind also. I shall think it of some Value upon that account, how mean soever my Opinion of it was before. And since I am satisfied our Desires agree in the main, and *Eadem velle & nolle est firmissimum amicitie vinculum* (I need not translate it) why should not I with the same Freedom give you an account of my external Circumstances, as I have of the most internal Thoughts of my Heart. Estate I have none at present, but what my Father allows me, and when I shall have any at my own Command is very uncertain, my Father and Mother being as likely to live, I think, as my self. I am the eldest of Two Sons and Three Daughters, who being all to be provided for out of about 300 l. per Annum, how much will come to my Share, more than my Mother's Jointure, which I suppose is about half of it, must be determined by future Contingencies. This is my Condition, CORINNA, and I would not call my Fortune too narrow, if I could enjoy that Constancy of Health in London which some Men do; for then I would not doubt but by my honest Care and Industry, I might procure an honourable Subsistence, as for heaping up a great

* This Poem is printed; see the last Letter. It is an excellent Piece.

Estate right or wrong, that I shall never aim at. But I have found by repeated Experience, that long Continuance in *London* is inconsistent with my Health, and therefore the Scene of my Life must be laid in the Country. This perhaps may tempt you to imagine, that it is *Necessity* more than *Inclination*, which makes me prefer a *Country* to a *City-Life*. But if I had ever so perfect a state of Health in the Town, I should have the same Opinion of things, and if my Course of living were different from what it is like to be now, it should not be for my own sake, but for yours. For you I would endure any thing, that was likely to promote your Welfare, and I wish I could obtain some reputable Employment in the Country, that I might convince you of the Sincerity of my Heart by making you a Present of it. I must confess you are in the right in comparing my Case with ADAM'S. For I must leave my *Paradise*, || at least for a time, if I should admit of a Partener. If it were not by Compulsion, as perhaps it might, yet it should be by Choice. For if I had any *sincere Kindness* for a *Woman* (and I would sooner dye, than *marry* if I *had not*) I would never bring her under the Government of a *Mother*, and into the Society of *Sisters-in-Law*. I suffer too much for that Folly ever to be guilty of it my self. And tho' my Sisters are good-humoured Country Girls, yet where there are really, or are supposed to be, different Interests in the same Family, I would not run the

|| The Name he gave his Summer-House at *Shurdington*.

Hazard

Hazard of the Dissention and Discontent, that is generally found in such Houses. But I would forsake my *Paradise* with the greatest Willingness for you, if I could find any other Habitation worthy of your Acceptance. And till I can do so, I should be injurious to you, if I should desire you to alter your Condition. Let me intreat you not to execute the severe Judgment you have denounced against your Papers. The best things of this kind, are, I think, most subject to Condemnation by those who gave them Life, and VIRGIL himself would have burnt his own *divine Work*, but better Fate preserved it, and so I hope it will yours. I will not despair of saving your Name from being exposed with such ill Company, as is threatened, * for I shall do my utmost endeavour to prevent an Evil, wherein I bear an equal Share, as I do in every thing that troubles you; and I shall be more afflicted than you can imagine, if they should (let me say) *profane your Name after such an odious Manner*. I long to know the Substance of Mrs. ASTEL's† *Conversation with you*, but for *that* when I come to Town. On *Friday*, next, I shall be at your

* Some of CORINNA's *Poems*, being surreptitiously obtained, had like to have been sent to the Press among some very mean Performances.

† Author of *The PROPOSAL to the LADIES*, &c.

N. B. The Reader may be pleased here to observe that CORINNA and this GENTLEWOMAN, differed greatly in their POLITICAL PRINCIPLES. Mrs. NORRIS, in a Letter to CORINNA, thus delivers her self. — “As far as I can perceive, your greatest Crime with Mrs. ASTELL, is, you are too much a WILLIAMITE; “I know where she has slighted some of her best Friends upon “that Account.”

House

30 LETTERS to CORINNA

House if Fortune complies with my Wishes and Designs. I am now at *Gloucester* taking Leave of my Friends here, and am glad I wrote this before I came hither, otherwise I should not have had an Opportunity of answering the Request you made in the Postscript of your last, (which I have just received.) I am pleased that my Readiness to serve you fore-runs your Desires, and that in this particular, I am not wanting to shew how much I am,

Gloucester,
Oct. 26. 1700.

Your sincerely Affectionate,

P Y L A D E S.

N. B. Among CORINNA's Papers I found the following Characters, of NEFARIO and ARMIDA, referred to in this Letter. The former, is that of a certain debauched Country Baronet; who being brought Home, brimfull of Liquor, is thus represented upon an Interview with his Lady, as remarkable for her Virtue and polite Accomplishments.

Then, *He*, the lovely, pensive *Fair* doth spy,
Nor can *she* scape the sordid *Tyranny*;
A thousand *Brutish* Names to *Her* he gives,
Which *she* poor Lady patiently receives.
A thousand Imprecations doth bestow,
And scarcely can refrain to give th' impending
Blow.

Quite

Quite spent with Rage, and overcome with Wine,
Dead drunk, he *falls* and snoring *lies* supine.
Wretched NEFARIO no Repentance shows,
But mocks those Ills ARMIDA undergoes.
Ruin'd by *Him*, with Pain *She* draws *Her* Breath,
And still survives an Evil worse than Death.

Ah *Friend* in these debauch'd unhappy Times,
When *Vice* makes barefac'd *Virtues* pass for *Crimes*,
Many NEFARIOS must we think to find,
Tho' not so great as *this*, yet Villains in their *Kind*;
Hard is the *Venture* where our *All* we lose,
And harder yet, a *happy Choice*, to chuse.
But since you think I villify my Birth,
And Satyrize the *perfect'st* State on Earth.
Without the least Reserve my Thoughts I'll shew,
And still disclose my naked Heart to you.

Should Providence present a Man of Parts,
Not learn'dly vain, yet skill'd in lib'ral Arts;
Whose

Whose Principles are solid, Pious too,
 Just to himself, and to his Monarch True,
 In Conversation grave, but not precise,
 Unmov'd in Dangers, yet in Counsel wise ;
 His Carriage humble, mixt with decent Pride,
 Instruct by Actions, and as calmly chide,
 Who hates all Flatt'ry, and does Truth revere,
 Deeds prove his Words, and ev'ry Act sincere ;
 One who the World's Temptations can withstand,
 And all his Passions equally command ;
 If this uncommon Creature should agree,
 To like an honest, dull, Sincerity,
 (For Wit and Beautÿ ne'er belong'd to me)
 I could contentedly accept the Bliss,
 And with a Pleasure know no Will but His.



LETTER X.

With a Poem in Praise of PHYSIC, &c.

I HAVE sent you, CORINNA, the *Translation* I promised, sooner than you desired; for I never think I can do enough to shew how ready I am to serve you. And I have taken the Pains to put it into *Rhime*, that I might verify St. AUSTIN's Observation, in the literal Sense, *Ubi amatur non laboratur*, &c. I chose an irregular kind of Verse, not because it is easier, or more proper, than any other; but because it allows a greater Liberty of Expression, and that I might take what Advantage I could of doing Justice to the *Original*. But after all, I fear, I have very much failed in that Point; and yet, I am not much dissatisfied, since I shall at any time very willingly do more than spoil a good *Poem*, whenever you command. I would not mention my not having received an Answer to my last, were it not that there is a *particular* Request in it, which I must again intreat *you* to grant. If my *Spirits* are *low* at any time, there is nothing *revives* me so much as a *Letter* from *you*, nor can *you* contribute more at present to my Satisfaction, than by writing to me often, tho' you write ever so little, for the next Happiness to *seeing* you, is frequently to *receive* your *missive Visits*.

D .

D:

Dr. *Hannes's* ODE to Dr. SYDENHAM.

Translated from the *Musa Anglicana*.

Inscribed to Dr. GARTH.

I.

O Noble *Artist*, whose unerring Hand
Can DEATH's invading Darts withstand,
Whose mighty Power to save
Eludes the gaping Grave.

Whither, O whither yet we all must come
Who have been bury'd first in mortal Parents
womb.

O Thou who canst *departing* LIFE recall,
And far remove the near approaching Funeral;
How shall we sing thy Praise?

To thee, what Statues shall we raise,
Whom only PHOEBUS may a Rival fear
Who else unequall'd canst with PHOEBUS self
compare.

II. If

II.

If *Fevers* with malignant Power
Poor helpless Victims all around Devour,
Of Thee each tender Mother, loving Wife,
Implore their Sons, or Husband's Life.
Or if *Small-Pox* invade
And almost kill with fear the beauteous Maid,
Thou sav'st the charming Face from ill,
The Face that shall itself hereafter kill.
All do applaud and love thy Art,
But the young lavish Heir, who glad at Heart
Hopes soon to see his Father under Ground,
By *Fever* burnt, or *Dropsy* drown'd.
But the Old Man by thy all-healing Care,
Does long the fatal Hour defer;
Long Lives to great APOLLO's, and *thy* Praise,
Who could'st a proud Disease, unus'd to spare,
Repel, and the expiring Carcase raise.

III.

To *Books* thy wond'rous *Knowledge* is not due,
Or to *Opinions* quaint and new,
But, wise *Experience*, a *sagacious Mind*,
Thy *Art* has either *taught* or else *refin'd*.

Not ev'ry *Herb* that is,
Not *Chymic Fires*, or plausible *Hypothesis*,
Do the *Physician*, or the *Patient* good,
Can *heat* the *cold*, or *cool* the *boiling Blood*;
Unless there be a *Mind* well stock'd with *Sense*,
And well improv'd with long *Experience*,
Which *Nature's Secrets* nicely views,
And all *her* wand'ring Steps, as carefully pursues.

IV.

This *Practice* did in ancient Times impart
Immortal Honour to the sacred *Art*;
Thus our great Predecessors built their Fame,
Thus gain'd HIPPOCRATES a deathless Name.

But

But not with like Success,
Nor the same way did GALEN take,
Nor the *Arabians*, who so closely press
His Steps, nor PARACELsus, who would make
Insulting Boasts how he could conquer fate,
When potent BACCHUS did his swelling Veins
dilate.

V.

Thou art the First, who dost restore
The safe Old unfallacious way:
Now Health exults, and *Youth* securely gay
Fears baffled *Death* no more.
Since *Thou* the erring World hast deign'd to Guide,
And Mankind with the wisest Rules supply'd,
Long the distemper'd Live,
And *Thou* to endless Ages shalt thy self survive.

VI.

If *Thou* hast yet Remains in store,
O give the rest we earnestly implore;

We *Young Physicians* shall receive
With greedy Ears whatever *Thou* wilt give.
Perhaps in Times far distant hence
Some Poet blest with sacred Influence
May lift *Thee* to the Skies, and fix *Thee* there
A Glorious wholesome STAR,
And in the *Crisis* kind, when Danger threatens
near.
My *Muse* in this Attempt her Voice should
Strain
But *Chymic-Cares* * recall me back again,
And *Hopes*, that will no time allow
To Drink the Streams which from *Parnassus*
flow.

* DR. HANNES, at the Time of writing this ODE, was *Chymistry*-
Professor to the University of Oxford.



ANSWER to CORINNA'S *Defiance* *.

O CUPID, where's thy *Deity*,
 If thus untouch'd *She* may defy?
 If thus *She* may thy Darts despise,
 Yet *Shoot* them from her killing Eyes?
 Convince her *Thou* canst please or grieve,
 For when *She* feels *she'll* sure believe,
 And like her prostrate Slaves adore
 The awful Power *She* scorn'd before.
 Tell her *thy* just and gentle Sway
 Requires but Nature to obey,
 And that *her* Muses ne'er shall be
 Able to keep *her* safe from *Thee*.
Thou GOD with never-erring Bow,
 Whose Power *We* by Experience know,
 Make *her* at least in Pity feel
 The wounds *She* gives, and *She* alone can heal.

* See in CORINNA'S Poems, p. 86. A short one intitled, *The* DEFIANCE, beginning thus :

Vain Love! thy Power I defy!
 With all thy strong Artillery, &c.

LETTER XI.

*With a Relation of the Frauds of a Gang of
'GYPSIES, &c.*

BEFORE I relate my *Gloucester-News*, I will tell you an Adventure which happened lately near us, and which made many People smile, tho' I think the Persons concern'd in it have no great cause to rejoice. You must know then that a Sister of Mr. BRERETON, my Fellow-Traveller from *London*, has been married sometime to one WEBB, a Clothier near *Stromde*, and being a Woman addicted to Vagaries, she has lain under the Scandal of taking greater freedom oftentimes than is consistent either with her Husband's Honour, or her Own, in giving too liberal a Reception to wandering *Scotchmen*, and other kind of Vagabonds. Not long ago, whilst her Husband was at *London*, she was left with only a Maid in the House, there came a Company of 'Gypsies to the Door, and in their usual Cant began to tell Her good Fortune, if she would cross their Hands with a piece of Silver. Among the rest of their Gibberish (perhaps knowing her Grievance) they told her she should bury her Husband, and marry another who kept his Coach and Six, have her desire in Children, (which by the way she now wants) and live in the greatest Splendor and Happiness. This good News pleased her so exceedingly, that she could do no less than invite the welcome Messengers into her House, where she entertained them with what
the

the Cellar and Pantry would afford; but there arising a doubt among them, whether it should be a Coach and Six, or a Coach and Four, one of the Gang desired to see her *Coat of Arms*, and then they could certainly tell her all she desired to know. Whereupon she leads them up into her Chamber, and there began to display all her Treasure to these *Angels of Light* so fortunately sent to foretell her Felicity. The Cabinet of Rings and Jewels was laid open to their View, the Chest of Drawers unlocked, and the Cash itself not concealed, which was a very welcome Sight to these dextrous Juglers, for while one of them entertained her with agreeable Discourse, the rest pilfered all they could lay Hands on; at length the great Silver Tankard with the *Coat of Arms* engraven in front was produced, and highly approved of, as manifestly confirming their former Prediction of a new Husband and a Coach; but how many Horses could not be positively determined without dipping the Tankard in Water, which presently one of them carried down in order to perform, but you may be sure never brought it up again. In fine, when they had stolen as much as they could, one after another they slipped off, and away they marched. When the poor deluded, LADY, in *Imagination*, saw the *Spectres* were vanished, and began to miss almost every thing that she had shewn them, you may easily guess at her Consternation: However to redeem her lost Riches, if possible, she mounts a poor DON QUIXOT-Day-Labourer, on Horseback in pursuit of these theivish Rogues; who, being
soon

soon overtaken, the valiant DON, without any Preface or ceremonious Address, boldly charges them with Robbery; and demands Restitution of what they had stolen from Mrs. WEBB. To which they returned a very mild Answer, that indeed they thought Mrs. WEBB had given them what they had, for telling her good Fortune; but however if she desired it again, they were ready to restore it, and intreated him to alight off his Horse (in order to receive it) which he had no sooner done, but they fell a beating of him so cruelly, that they left him for Dead in the Place, and some of them were so barbarous, as to Vote for killing him outright; but being not quite so unmerciful, they contented themselves with cutting the Bridle and Saddle to Pieces, turning the Horse loose, and leaving the poor-bruised Rider in that forlorn Condition; who, not long after, being found by an accidental Passenger, and with much Difficulty brought to Life by Cordials, and other Means, when he came to his Senses again he gave this Account of his Misfortune. In the mean time the *Gypsies* escaped, and the *Lady* lost to the value of 100 *l.* or upwards, which she will never see again, it is to be feared, till her *Coach* and *Six* comes. If you ask how the good Husband behaved himself under this ill Conduct, more than Ill-Fortune, of his dear DULCINEA, why truly being informed upon the Road in his return from *London*, what had happened at Home, when he arrived there with all the mildness imaginable, he told his loving Spouse, that having no Children, nor being ever likely to have any, he could see
no

no Reason, why he should take Pains for those who perhaps would never thank him for it; and therefore he would for the future leave off Business, live upon his Estate, and look more carefully after the concerns of the Family, which he has accordingly done. This *Would-be-Lady*, they say, is sometimes a little distempered in her Head, which perhaps you may be apt to believe from what follows. She rode once upon a Panier in a high Head-dress, with a Nightrail on, and her Maid behind her, to visit my Lady HICKES, whom she had never seen in her Life before, from whence she came to Mrs LAWRENCE's in the same Equipage. Another time going to *Chichester* on Foot in frosty Weather, with none but a poor lousy *Spinner* to attend her, it happened to Thaw in the midst of their Journey, and so became very dirty; to avoid which Inconvenience, she found out this pretty Device, to get astride the *Spinner's* Neck, and so rode upon his Shoulders quite through the Town, which caused Laughter enough to the Spectators. But I fear I have quite tired you with this *Lady-Errant*; it is now time to tell you that while I was in *Gloucester* last Week, I saw Sir JOHN GUISE frequently, in whose Conversation the Hours passed away agreeably enough. He shewed me one Morning a new Ballad just come to his Hands, upon the *Down-fall of Conformity*, to the Tune of the *Ladies Fall*. And a Catalogue of Books to be sold by Auction at the Dutchess of *Marlborough's*. (A Comical Banter!) Among which one was, *The Art*

44 LETTERS to CORINNA

Art of Encamping, Retreating, and Running away, by the Duke of Marlborough and General Opdam, in Folio. And an Essay, on this Subject, that *Truth is not to be spoke at all Times*, dedicated to Mr. Pulteney: The Reason of which you shall know when I come to Town next Week, but the Day is not yet fixed. If the present Resolution continues of my passing through Oxen, I hope to be in London by Wednesday Night. However, (my dear CORINNA) you shall have timely notice of what I so much desire. Since I am in the Humour of telling Stories, I must not omit one *pleasant Mistake*, which made the Ladies laugh heartily at Sir JOHN GUISE in a Visit they paid there. Sir JOHN calling to a *Frenchman*, who belongs to the Family, desired him to order some *Chocolate* for the Ladies. *Monsieur* not well hearing what was said, runs out very officiously to the Cook, and bid him make *de Po-set* for *de Ladies*. The nimble *Cocus* hereupon searches all over the Town for Cream, but being unsuccessful in his Enquiry, after a long Expectation of the *Chocolate*, he comes puffing and out of Breath in to his Master, to acquaint him, that there was no Cream to be got. Cream, quoth Sir JOHN, what to do. Why, replied he, *Monsieur* ordered me to make a *Posset* for the Ladies; which being related to the *Fair Company*, they thought themselves sufficiently requited for their want of the *Chocolate* by this Dish of Laughter, which *Monsieur* caused; who is since dignified with the Title of *Monsieur Po-set*. I have had but little agreeable Conversation; and I have taken a
Surfeit

from PYLADES. 45

Surfeit of *Gloucester*, since the Humour of the Place is now wholly turned to Eating, Drinking, and Card-playing; all which may be tolerable in Moderation, but excess in either is insufferably burthensome. It is now past Twelve at Night, and this must be sent away early To-morrow, wherefore in hopes of seeing you suddenly, I must at present rest,

Your faithfully Affectionate,

Shurdington,
Jan. 21. 1703-4.

PYLADES.

LETTER XII.

An Account of the Gloucester Assizes, with Two remarkable Stories.

THE Performance of my Promise obliges me to begin with the News of our *Assizes*, which afforded a great Number of *Civil Causes*, but all very frivolous and inconsiderable; however, they brought a great deal more Company to Town than usual on this Occasion. Among the *Criminals* there were four condemned for Burglary and Horse-stealing; but it is supposed the present Want of Soldiers will prevent their Execution. This is all that relates meerly to the Distribution of Justice in our County, unless you will accept of a Story which I heard at *Gloucester* from Mr. Justice POWELL's Sister, and which being *a propos*, and pretty remarkable, take as follows, viz.

“ Once

“ Once on a Time, when the *Judge* aforesaid
 “ went the *Northern Circuit*, At *York*, there were
 “ fourteen or fifteen condemned, among which
 “ there was a Boy about sixteen Years of Age,
 “ who after the Sentence passed, was observed
 “ to be not at all dismayed like the rest of
 “ his Companions, but while they were in
 “ Tears and Dread of their approaching Fate,
 “ he continued his usual Mirth and Jollity.
 “ Whereupon the Jaylor asked him the Reason
 “ of his Unconcernedness, and (as he thought)
 “ unseasonable Gaiety of Humour; to which
 “ the Youth chearfully replied; *Let them grieve*
 “ *who are to suffer; I am sure I shall not be hang-*
 “ *ed now.* Say you so, returned the Jaylor; I
 “ would not be in your Coat for the best Estate
 “ in the County. But pray what reason have
 “ you to think so? for I am satisfied there will be
 “ no Reprieve granted. Why, to tell you the Truth,
 “ said the Boy; I was told my Fortune, that I
 “ should not be hanged till I was One and Twenty,
 “ and now I am but Sixteen, therefore I am cer-
 “ tain my Time is not yet come, and I shall escape
 “ this Sentence. The Jaylor smiling at his Cre-
 “ dulity and rash Confidence, the Discourse end-
 “ ed. Now you must know in *Yorkshire*, they
 “ have no Hangman prepared by the Sheriff as
 “ in other Places, but one of the condemned
 “ Malefactors hangs all the rest, for the doing
 “ of which, he gains his own Pardon. The
 “ Executioner is chosen after this manner. All
 “ the Criminals Names are written in a Book;
 “ the *Judge*, with a Pin, pricks into it,
 “ and

“ and the Person, whose Name the Pin goes
 “ through, is allotted to dispatch all the rest.
 “ According to this Custom, the Pin was struck
 “ through the Book with a careless Hand by
 “ Judge POWELL, who knew nothing of what
 “ had passed before, when, the Jaylor opening
 “ the Book, found it accidentally in this Boy’s
 “ Name. Whereat being very much surpris’d,
 “ he gave the Judge a full Relation of the Mat-
 “ ter, who no less wondered at the Event.”
 This Story was told in Confirmation of the Pro-
 verb, *That hanging, &c. goes by Destiny.* But what
 became of the Boy afterwards does not appear,
 which I take to be a considerable Circumstance.
 To this Relation I will subjoin another of what
 happened during our *Affizes*, where hanging is
 like to be the end on it also, and then I believe
 I shall have quite surfeited you with these
Tyburn Tales.

“ A Maid Servant, down towards *Thornbury*,
 “ in this County, going homewards from her
 “ Service with her Cloaths upon her Head, over-
 “ took a Vagabond and his Trull, who were
 “ strolling about the Country, and being not
 “ very well acquainted with the way, she told
 “ them how glad she was to meet with Com-
 “ pany that might direct her. They had not
 “ travelled far together, but (to make short of
 “ the Story) these two Vagabonds robbed the
 “ poor Maid of the Cloaths that she carried,
 “ and those which she wore likewise, and hav-
 “ ing stripped her stark naked, bound her to a
 “ Tree, where she might have perished, if some
 “ acci-

“ accidental Passenger had not come to her
 “ rescue. *Vice is most commonly its own Ruin*; for
 “ not contented with this Booty, which per-
 “ haps they might have carried off securely,
 “ these Footpads soon after attempted to rob a
 “ Butcher’s Boy, who being on Horseback, made
 “ his escape, and raising the Country upon them,
 “ they were quickly apprehended, and brought
 “ to Gloucester Jail, while the Judges were in
 “ the Town.” Perhaps I might have picked up
 another Story or two for you, but I must now
 conduct you back again into the Country for
 more News; where it is observed by our Neigh-
 bours, that there have this Spring been a vast
 Number of *mad Dogs* running about, biting the
 Cattle, and infesting the Country. The same
 thing is said by some ancient People to have
 happened before the *last PLAGUE*. But I que-
 stion whether it be so in other Places, and then
 the Remark can be of no Force. And yet,
 if *strange Inconstancy* of Weather, and (as I
 may call it) *preposterous Seasons* are fore-runners
 of *future Calamities*, we have certainly Reason
 enough to be afraid. For *Saturday* last, was
 more like *Mid-summer* than *March*. On *Sunday*
Night it *froze* very hard, and on *Monday* and
Tuesday it *snowed* very much. *Wednesday* we had
 more *Snow*, and on *Thursday* such a *high Wind*
 (with violent Rain) as terribly renewed the
 Memory of the late dreadful Tempest. * And
 now

* Which happened in the Month of *November 1703*. Mr. Add-
 son, in his CAMPAIGN, alluding to the Duke of *Marlborough’s*
 Victories, has this fine Simile on that Occasion, viz.

from PYLADES.

49

now having, I believe, quite tired my dear CORINNA, with CANTERBURY Tales, it is time for me to subscribe my self,

Shurdington,
Lady-Day, 1704.

Your most Faithful
and Affectionate,

PYLADES.

LETTER XIII.

Of their Agreement in AFFECTION, &c.

NOW would I willingly fill up this Paper with the kindest Things, to my dear CORINNA, that *Love* could invent; but I have not *Words* sufficient to express the *Sentiments* of my *Heart* on that Subject. However I cannot chuse but observe with Pleasure, that we should *both* use—ONLY LOVE—at the *same time*, without any *previous Hint*, or any other than *Mental Agreement*.

If we are governed by *Planetary Influence* to move *Uniformly*, and with *equal Pace* in *Affection*, (for I cannot be outdone in that particular) it is

So, when an *Angel* by *Divine Command*
With rising *Tempests* shakes a guilty Land;
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past,
Calm and Serene he drives the furious Blast;
And pleas'd, th' *Almighty's* Orders to perform,
Rides in the *Whirl-wind*, and directs the *Storm*.

E

a Hay.

a *Happiness* for which I shall always thank my *favourable Stars*, since I can ask no greater *Blessing*, of Heaven in this World, than the entire Possession of my *dearest* CORINNA, in hopes of which I shall inviolably remain your *only Love*.

Nothing certainly could be more welcome to me than your *two* last Letters which came together, not only for their Length and Duplicity, but because they bring me the most desirable News of the Recovery of your Health, which I pray God continue; and, I think it my Duty to express my Joy on this Occasion; being, to the End of my Days,

*Paradise, i. e. The Summer-
House in his Garden.*

May 5. 1704.

Your only

PYLADES.

P. S. Of all the Scenes of *Impertinence*, I know none so bad as that of a reciting Poetafter; and I heartily pity the Penance you have undergone from *Fowler* (or as your Maid more properly Naturalizes him, *Howler*.) When you see him next, advise him to mount a three-legged-Stool, and Chaunt out his Ballads to the gaping Mob, whose Understandings, perhaps, may be well suited to his Works. Your Correction of *Adorn* was very just, *Adore* is certainly much more *proper*.

Sir Robert Atkins's Lady is within a Month of her Time, after having been married 35 Years, without any Child.

To give you a full Account of Dr. GREW's *Cosmologia Sacra*, would be too long for the compass

from PYLADES.

51

pass of this Letter. The Book, in short, is wrote with good Reason, great Extent of Thought, and Strength of Judgment; his Arguments are for the most part Solid and Conclusive, his Style indeed is very Laconic, much like *Seneca's* in Latin, and not always free from Obscurity. The Author, being a Fellow of the Royal Society, has by the way interspersed a pretty deal of *Greshamitish*-Lore in his Work; the Design of which is, from a due Survey of the *Corporeal* and *Intellectual* World, to evince the Truth and Excellency of the *Holy Scriptures*; and consequently of the *Christian Religion*. And indeed his Description of the *Intellectual* World, or *Celestial Life*, as he calls it, is, very surprising; and if it be not *True*, at least carries *Probability* along with it, and not only declares the *Certainty* of *future Happiness*, but in a great measure the Manner of it also, after another and more particular sort, than ever I met with in any other Author. Mr. WHEELER has wrote *Remarks* on the *Book*, which you shall see when I come to Town; in the mean Time, for a Taste, take his Verses on the Frontispiece.

Such *Learning*, season'd with such *Piety*,
Adorns this Volume of *Philosophy*;
As may *Physicians* into *Christians* turn,
And make *Divines* their former Sermons burn.
Whoe'er with careful Thought shall read it o'er
This World will *less* esteem, and Heaven *more*.

And certainly, if Dr. Coward had perused it with Attention, he would not have exposed his Crudities, called *Second Thoughts*, &c. * and made Fuel for the Flames.

On a MEDAL with the QUEEN on One Side, and the General on a prancing Horse on the Other, with this Motto. SINE CLADE VICTOR. 1704.

The Glory of our *English* Arms retriev'd,
 Shall scarce in After-ages be Believ'd.
 For if we take the trusty *Medal's* word,
 These *Conquests* were not owing to the *Sword*.
 In good Queen BESS's Days, her *Gen'als* Fought,
 And not from Bloodless Fields their Laurels
 brought.

Queen BESS herself on Horseback us'd to ride,
 And would not let her Subjects get astride.
 Then did the *Treasurer* inspire the *Queen*,
 And taught her how to Conquer, and to Reign :
 Nor durst attempt so daring a Design,
 To stamp his *Queen* and *Cuckold* on one Coin.

* See *Second Thoughts* concerning *Human Soul*, &c. 8vo.

CORINNA'S *Account of the Poet* after mentioned in the foregoing LETTER.

AS I was sitting very seriously at Work the other Day, *Mary* told me one Mr. *Howler** desired to speak with me. I knew not whether I had more reason to laugh at her pertinent Mistake, or to be vex'd at my own Misfortune; for he is a Visitor more tedious than an Owl, and not half so entertaining. However, since he had been so civil as to give me a Cessation of Torment for the last two Years, I whetted my Patience and went into the Parlour, where I found the courteous Animal, and according to Custom, both Pockets stuffed out with Poetry like an Attorney's Term-bag, and all for the unfortunate *Corinna* to correct, or at least to hear read. In vain I pleaded want of *Ability* and *Time*: Bard was Proof against all Denials, and cried; he had experienced the *first*, and as for the *second* he would take a more convenient Opportunity: then with a Bow and a Scrape he departed. But in less than an Hour he returned with a fresh Cargo; so that I was even forced to submit to Destiny, and make the best of a bad Chance, by chusing my Task, and confining his Desires to my Choice. The first of which was some Verses to be speedily engraved under *Bastons*'s Naval Print, Dedicated to the *Queen*. I said little to the first Part; but the last twelve Lines I desired might be wholly omitted;

* *Fowler* the Maid should have said.

the Thought being entirely Mr. *Waller's*, and so elegantly expressed by him, that it was pity it should be mangled by a Change of the Words; and it was so generally known, that he would gain no Credit by defacing one of the chiefest Beauties of that celebrated Author. Do not you think now that the poor Poet was dashed out of Countenance by my Freedom; for I will assure you he defended his Rhymes more strenuously than ever, and challenged me to compare *Waller* with his Verses, which in Respect to the Deceased, I willingly did, and found he had copied that great Man so very servilely, that most of his Terminations chimed to the same Tune with *Waller's*. Look you here, cried he, with a poetic Glin;

And Gold the heaviest Metal, hither swims.

What a quaint Jingle he has got; but alas poor Man, that is to be excused by the Humour of those Times! Do not you think I have improved the Expression by turning it thus?

For Gold we Dig not with laborious Toil?

O mightily, quoth I, (for I found he was incorrigible, and I had no mind to tire myself with Labour-in-vain) but the Humour of the Times now, will not excuse such Points of Wit in a modern Writer: and do not you think, added I, there is as quaint a Jingle in yours?

And Balm to us from Gilead hither flows?

By no means returned he, it is natural for *Balm* to flow, but not for *Gold* to swim. Had it not been for that Consideration, I should, for enlarging the Idea of Plenty in this Island, have expressed it thus:

Both

Both Gold and Silver flow like Rivers here.

Or thus :

Wealth flows like *Milk* and *Honey* in our Isle.

You know, continued he, the colours of those Metals are not unsuitable to *Milk* and *Honey*, the Scriptural Emblems of Plenty. Ah! said I, interrupting him, what Diversion have you robbed us of? Had you but let it have gone so, you had exceeded even the dying Quibble of *Montezuma*.

————— Now stiff I grow,

Just as the Cooling Metals flow.

Which put Bard in such a Fit of Laughter, that I had Opportunity to leave that Subject and proceed to A Paraphrase on the 148 Psalm, which went down but very dully, after a long Acquaintance with *Roscommon's* Version. However to save the Charges of Talk, I gave it a slight Commendation in general; but Bard not being satisfied without some Corrections I pitched on his Apostrophe to Light.

Praise, and *Adorn* your great Creator, &c. which, second, I thought an unsuitable Word for the Dignity of the Subject, and might be better expressed by *Praise* and *Adore*. Why, said he, is not God said to Cloath himself with Light as with a Garment, and are not Garments held to be Ornamental? We are too apt, replied I, to take Pride in those Badges of our Shame; but I should rather think Ornament implied some Deficiency in the Wearer, and God forbid we should have such mean Conceptions of the Deity, who being perfectly Glorious, and Beautiful in himself, can receive no Addition from his Creature. You

have almost satisfied me, said he, in the Necessity of changing that Word; but Praise and Adore is repeating the same Thing in different Terms. No, returned I, I will prove them distinct Acts; for I may Praise your Verses without being suspected to Adore them. Ay now, said he, you have given Demonstration for their Argument, and I am convinced it must be as you say: upon which out came the lustrating Pencil, and such an Encomium of your humble Servant's Criticism as was enough to have made her Vain, if she had but had as good an Opinion of his Judgment as he pretended to have of hers. He has given us one or two Visits since, and such Drenches of Poetry each time, that I think I shall hardly be reconciled to the Muses this Twelvemonth. And tho' he had let a pretty Estate go to Ruin, while he was rubbing his Sutures, and counting his Fingers, yet had he the Vanity to tell me, that *he could have married a Lady whom I knew.*

L E T T E R . XIV.

Concerning Counsellor Weedon, George Psalmanazaar, &c. With a Conversation between Him, CORINNA, and some other Ladies and Gentlemen.

I WILL say no more of *Nothing*, because you have summoned it to Testify against me, when I write *nothing*, and therefore I ought not to provoke the formidable Witness; but skipping those Matters

Matters which look like *something*, till I come to Town; I pass to what is downright emphatical *nothing*, viz. NEMO WEEDON'S * *Projects*. Is it possible that the PILLAR of *Lincolns-Inn* should ever hope to be transformed into a PILLAR of the *Church*? Certainly the very Materials are so seasoned, not to say corrupted, with the *Law*, that it would not be in the Power of *Holy Water*, or *Episcopal Consecration*, to wash out the tenacious *Stains*, or make them fit for the Sacred *Edifice*. LAW and GOSPEL do not usually so well accord, especially *now a Days*, as to cohabit in *one House*; and I believe he might have boxed the Cushion about, to as little Purpose, as he has hitherto sung *Te Deum*. But it seems the good *Governante* has an utter Aversion to a *Cassock*; she has crushed this most egregious *Maggot* in the *Embryo*; the PILLAR must stand where it does, and the *Builder of Castles in the Air* remain in *Statu quo* †.

I concur in your Sentiments of Travellers, Surely these Men take more Delight in making *Romances*, when they come Home, than ever they did in visiting remarkable Countries Abroad; else they would not so many of them fall into the same Indiscretion, of telling such *Stories* as no Body can believe. I dined, last *Saturday*, with Sir JOHN GUISE, at *Gloucester*, who gave me some

* His Name was *Christopher Weedon*. † Counsellor *Weedon* was Treasurer of *Lincolns-Inn*. He was inclined to take *Holy Orders*, some of his Friends nicknamed him *Nemo*, from his Fruitless *Projects*. This unhappy Gentleman fell into a kind of Religious Melancholic-Delirium, and Hanged himself.

Account of the famous *Formosan* PSALMANAAZAAR, whom he had seen lately at *London*. As to his Person, he is, it seems, a middle sized, well shaped Man, of a fair Complexion, as all the Inhabitants of that Island are, from whence the *Portuguese*, who were the first Discoverers, gave it the Name of *FOREOSA* *. He is an ingenious Man, and a good Scholar; he understands *Greek* and *Latin*, besides what *other Languages* he has pickt up in his Way hither. But he is thought by some to be a Counterfeit, and a *Jesuit* under the Character of a *Japonese*; the Truth or Falshood of which Supposition, time will discover. Cannot *BASSINA* tell you the Reason why Mr. *Hinton* should make such a particular Exception to Mrs. *Astell*? Surely there must be something more than ordinary in it. And now I come to the last and most surprising Part of your Letter, which frightened me almost as much in the reading, as the Misfortune itself terrified you in the Action; for till I came to the Conclusion, and was assured that the Flames were happily extinguished, I could hardly think otherwise, than that your House was burnt down. But blessed be God for the Preservation, particularly for your Safety in such imminent Danger. Certainly your frequent Deliverances from the most threatning Hazards are an undeniable Evidence of the Divine Protection, which sets Bounds to the Fury of the most raging Element, and would not suffer the Evil to hurt, tho' it approached so near you. May the same

* He published An Account of FORMOSA. 8vo. 1703, and now resides in *London*.

from PYLADES.

59

good Providence be your constant Guard and Support, which has hitherto been your propitious Detence, shall be the constant Prayer of,

Your most faithfully Affectionate

PYLADES.

A Conversation PIECE.

MR. GEORGE * gave us, upon our Request, an Account of their *Diabolical* Sacrifices, much more ample than he has inserted in his Book; for on a Scarcity of Boys they take *Girls* under the Age of Nine, whom they purify with much Ceremony, that is twelve Times through each of the four Elements, before they are held fit for Sacrifice. I asked if their Parents were willing to resign their Children? He said, no, but if they refused, it was Death by Law, and not save the Children neither; and on such Occasions their Priests used to expostulate after this Manner. Have you any thing but what is given you by God? Does not he Bless you with the Fruit of the Womb as well as the Fruits of the Earth? Why then should you scruple to part with one more than the other, when he is pleased to require it? No, no, assure your selves it is not only the Penalty

* *Psalmanaazzar.*

of Death that you shall undergo, if you shall persist in your Refusal, but dreadful Torments afterwards, so that they had but few Instances of Parents punished for Disobedience. I asked if they beheld the Slaughter of their Children, he said, no, the Temple was shut up while they performed the Sacrifice. The Chief Priest cut off their Heads, the Sacrificator ript up their Bellies, and their Bodies were thrown into a Pit in the Sanctuary where they were killed. I was more than ordinarily curious to enquire what came of the dead Bodies (for *Musidora* had a Fancy they eat them) he said the People he was sure did not, but he could not answer for the Priests, it was against the Law to do so. I said, so vast a Number drawn out every Year was enough to unpeople a Country. He replied with us it might, but in his Country the poorest Men had Two or Three, and the Nobles Twelve or Fifteen Wives each. For suppose, said he, one of the Ordinary Sort, with Two or Three Wives, should have Four Sons (which rarely happens) and out of these Four, Three should be taken, might not the surviving Boy, with the like Number, of Wives supply the Loss? He said also, they had an absolute Power over them, and when they grew weary, it was but saying they suspected her of Adultery, and without more Ceremony cut off her Head and eat her, which he said was so frequently done without any other Occasion than meer Dislike and Weariness, and the same by their Slaves. *Musidora* was shocked at that part
of

of the Story, and cried Barbarous ! I must own, said he, it is Barbarous to accule them wrongfully, and I wish that Custom were abolished. But as for eating the dead Bodies it is another thing ; we do not kill Men for their Riches, but if they forfeit their Estates to the Law, I hope it is no Offence to possess the Forfeit ; so neither do we kill Men to eat them : But if any suffer Death for breaking the Laws of the Land, I know not why we may not dispose of the dead Bodies as we see fitting. I think it no Sin, continued he, to eat human Flesh ; but I must own it is a little unmannerly. *Musidora* said, she supposed their Slaves were all Blacks, and asked if they eat well ? He replied ; they had some from *Africa*, but they had more White Slaves ; and that he once eat part of a Black : But as they were always kept to hard Work and Meat, so their Flesh was tough and unfavoury. *Bassina* asked ; how long Men usually lived in *Formosa* ? He said ; many times to 120, but 100 Years was counted very moderate. His Grandfather, he said, was 117, and as fresh, plump and vigorous as a young Man, which he said was occasioned by his sucking the Blood of a Viper warm every Morning, and that, in all Probability, he might have lived many Years if they had not been forced to kill him. How, said the Lady, kill him ! Yes, returned he ; it is a Custom with us, when our Friends are in Pain, and desire that Remedy, to stab them with a poisoned Dagger, which was his Case in a violent Fit of the Cholick. You tell us, said I, your Country-

Countrymen are born Poets, pray what Subjects do they chuse for their Wit? Devotion, replied he, our Service is performed in Verse. Have you Sermons in Verse, said Mr. *Hinton*? Yes, said he. What Sort is yours, said I, Blank Verse or Rhime? The Measure, returned he, is not altogether the same with yours, but we number the Syllables, we are careful in placing the Accent, and the End of one Line clicks to that of another, like your Poetry. Do you never use it for any thing but Religion, said Mr. *Hayes*? Quoth the Stranger, for History. Ay, but says he, do not you court your Wives in Rhime? No, no, quoth the other, we never do that, but we write Verses sometimes in Praise of Ladies, that is when we meet with some that are deserving and exemplary. As for Instance, the Governour of a certain Province had a very beautiful young Lady, for one of his Wives, which the King hearing of, sent to desire her of her Husband; who being unwilling to disoblige his Sovereign, told her, he was sorry to part, but she must go. She replied, he might resign his Right if he pleased, but it was not in his Power to transfer her Fidelity; however, she did obey his Commands and go. She came to the King, he received her very graciously, and bid her ask any thing that was in his Power. She thanked him for the Favour, and only begged Four Days to prepare her self for the Honour of his Embraces, and that she might have Food and Plenty of Tobacco sent her every Day to the Door, and not be forced
to

to admit of any Company or Attendants till that time was expired. Which the King readily granting, she had the best of the Womens Apartments given her, and he took great Care in sending her daily from his own Table the choicest Meat and strongest Tobacco (for you must know the Ladies there smoak perpetually, and one of Mr. George's Mothers smoaks six Pound every Day, the Bole of their Pipes holds a Pound at once, and the Shank is some Yards in length) which she received from the Slaves at the Door with a chearful Countenance till the third Day, when not coming as usual, they forced in, and found her dead on the Floor, and all the Diamonds in one Corner of the Room untouched. The King was much moved with Compassion at this deplorable Object, and commanded the most famous Poets to celebrate the Memory of so rare a Virtue: And thus, Madam, quoth he, you may see we know how to commend Ladies when they deserve it. Very generous and pretty said I, your exemplary Ladies must hang or starve themselves before you will allow them a Panegyrick. Such is our Custom, said he, we seldom flatter them to their Faces. I begged for a Sight of his Bosom Snake, but he assured me he had none, the *English* Snakes would not live above two or three Days, and he was at a great Loss for one of those sweet Beasts. They breed Them and Serpents tame in *Formosa*, and have them of such a Length, that they will twine themselves several times round their Waists, are very loving and grateful to
their

their Benefactors, and of such Fidelity that they will suffer no body to offer Violence to their Owners, and are of more Service than Mastives, and besides, said he, they keep their Masters fresh and cool in Travelling, and wonderfully revive them. They also, breed up *Toads* tame in their Houses, to draw away any Infection, and think it very wholesome to put a Toad for some time in a Pot before they use it for Victuals. He is at a great Loss for Snakes; and *Bassina* had the Generosity to send to *Twickenham* to my Lord Bishop's, for a Basket of them. He whips them till the Venom flies into the Head, and then cuts it off, and eats the rest, which he said was rare Food; I asked, if they did not taste like Eels, he said there was no Comparison. Take Care, said Mr. *Hayes*, you will affront my Friend by comparing a Mud-bred Eel to that sweet Beast a Snake. And so it is a sweet Beast, said Mr. *George*, would I know where to get one. I asked if he was not reconciled to our Diet? He said, no, nor he believed never should, for raw Flesh was certainly most wholesome. He seems positively bent to return into his own Country, and if he can but get to his Father's House before his Conversion is known in the Island, his Father is a Man of such good Sense, that if he will but give him the Hearing from the Beginning to the End, he does not question but to convince Him of the Truth of the Christian Religion, and with God's Blessing many Others. Who knows, continued he, what Providence there was in my being trepanned into *Europe*,
and

and whether it may not be a Means of abolishing their devilish Sacrifice; natural Affection works strongly in me, and since by God's Mercy, I am brought to the Knowledge of the Truth, I ought to do my best to convince my Parents who remain yet in Error. I urged to him the Hazard and the Cruelties they uled to all Christians, but he seemed nothing affected with it, and said, if it were his Fate to suffer for his Religion, he could not die in a better Cause. If he be real (and as *Musidora* says, there is an Air of Sincerity accompanies all he says, as well as what he writes) who knows the Design of Providence; for, setting aside Inspiration, the Apostles were more unlikely to convert Nations than this Man. He is allowed by all to have good Parts, both natural and acquired; he is Master of six Languages, has an acute Apprehension, tenacious Memory, and considering how he was educated in Pagan-Superstition, it is methinks little less than a Miracle to hear him already Discourse with such Clearness and Strength of Argument on the sublimest Articles of our Faith, as might shame Christians, who tho' baptized into this Church in their Infancy, and have all their Lives professed its Doctrine, are yet, nevertheless, more ignorant of the Fundamentals than this poor Pagan, who was so lately admitted a Member of it. *Psalmanaazar* is thought to be a fictitious Name, which he has chosen for a Disguise, and seems aground for Belief what the *Jesuit* (who kidnapped him from his Father) gave out, viz. that he was the
F King's

King's Son; certain it is, he makes no Brags of his Family, and is not very easy in being examined much about it. He was one Day with Dr. *Burnet*, Bishop of *Sarum*, who after his warm manner, cried, ay, you say so, but what Proof can you give, that you are not of *China*, *Japan*, or any other Country. The Manner of my flight, replied he, did not allow me to bring Credentials, but suppose your Lordship were at *Formosa*, and should say you were an *Englishman*, might not the *Formosan* as justly reply, you say you are an *Englishman*; but what Proof can you give that you are not of any other Country, for you look as like a *Dutchman* as any that ever traded to *Formosa*. This silenced his Lordship, and you see our Asiatick is an apt Scholar in Raillery; he has the Bole of a Pipe, with about an Inch and half of Shank, which he constantly carries in his Pocket, and is black and shining like Jet, not only the in and out-side, but quite through, tho' it is an ordinary Clay-Pipe. This you must know is as good as Tobacco, and better Husbandry, for this will relish his Mouth in Company, where smoaking would be thought indecent; and when his Pockets are low, he can with a live Coal put into it, give himself the Satisfaction of his beloved Odour without the Expence. This, I think, was the most remarkable that occurs to my Memory, either of what he told us, or of what I hear from *Musidora*, which, to avoid tautology I have joined to our personal Conference.

I was

I was asked if I had seen the young Dutchess of *Devonshire's* Equipage ; why, said I, is the Duke dead, no, quoth *Bassina*, but he has taken a new Wife, Miss *Campion* of the Play-house. A Gentlewoman, continued she, who used to visit her Mother ; coming in one Day, the old Woman shewed her, her Daughter's Apartment, very magnificently furnished with a Set of all Plate for her Toilet, the Lady seemed surpris'd at the sudden Change, which the other perceiving, said, I believe, Madam, you wonder to see my Daughter have all these fine Things ? Yes, truly, said she, and well I may ; she is married, said *Campion*, and these are her Husband's Gifts. To whom, quoth the Lady, to the Duke of *Devonshire*, said she ; why said the Gentlewoman, my Lady Dutchess is yet living. That is true, said old *Campion*, and therefore my Daughter is but a Wife of the Left-hand, and does not pretend to take Place while the Dutchess lives. I am not certain whether she gives the Duke's Livery, but it is said, her Equipage is equal to the Dutchess's, and that she assumes the State of a Dutchess with as much Assurance, as she acted that of a Queen on the Stage. There is a comical Report also of one Mrs. *Pym*, whom, it is said, Sir *Thomas Skipwith* keeps ; she is a married Woman, and tho' the Town has taken Notice of their Familiarity for some Years, yet poor Spouse belike was ignorant of his Antlers, till the other Day some of his Neighbours sent him home in great Wrath. He told his Wife he heard such a Rumour, and he would know the

Truth of it; you may be sure she asserted her Innocence, and having denied it with many Vows, he cried, that would not do, he must have Demonstration of her Chastity: Alas! said she, what can I do to content you, if you require Impossibilities. Name your own way, and if be in my Power you shall be satisfied. Why then, said he, you must take the Sacrament upon it, that you never had any criminal Familiarity with Sir *Thomas*. She promised fair, but on second Thoughts held it requisite to consult her Spiritual Director privately. So away she trips to a certain Clergyman, with her Case, desiring his Opinion, whether she ought to Receive on such an Account? He enquired whether she held any suspicious Familiarity with that Person, she replied, they had held a Correspondence for seven Years, and that Sir *Thomas* allowed her 300 *l.* a Year for the Sake of her Conversation. And is that all, said the Priest? Yes, replied she, saving, that Sir *Thomas* came to Bed to me once or twice in a Week, but for Conversation only. I did not hear whether the Parson approved of her going to Bed for Conversation; but I suppose not, because he reported the Confession. The Jest has flown round, and Mrs. *Pym's* Conversation, and Mrs. *Pym's* Confessor, are grown equally Proverbial.

Should I tell my BASSINA what Luck I have had,
She'd conclude I was either Romantic, or Mad;

For

For surely such Loads of impertinent Ware
Don't usually fall to one Animal's Share,
Both the Subject and Style are dull I declare it,
Yet as you're my Friend you must patiently
bear it.

For why should I silently cherish my Grief,
When you are oblig'd to contribute Relief,
To begin then in Mood, my Troubles to shew,
I'll wave the Prime Visit for Precedence due,
And begin with a wonderful, scribbling Blade,
Who tho' noble by Birth, yet writes for a Trade;
He dresses in Print, and his Features are fine,
Which by help of Cosmetics most radiantly
shine;

Yet he scorns all Perfumes except Essence of
Toes,

And diffuses a Sicknes wherever he goes.

But not to torment you with more of this
Creature,

Whose languishing Eyes express his good Na-
ture;

I'll give you his Picture in Miniature drawn,
Exact to the *Life*, tho' before he was *born*.

SUFFENUS, whom you know, the Witty,
The Gay, the Talkative, the Pretty;
And all his Wonders to rehearse,
The Thing that makes a World of Verse:
I'm certain I should not belye him,
To say, he has some Thousands by him;
Yet none deform'd with critic Blot,
Or wrote on Vellum to rub out.
Royal Paper, Scarlet Strings,
Gilded Backs, and such like Things.
But when you read 'em, than the witty,
The gay SUFFENUS, and the pretty,

Is the arrant'st heaviest Clown
So alter'd, he can scarce be known.

This Mirrour of Peers, you must know by
the Way,

After seventy Moons came a Visit to pay;
But I found it was more to my Books than my
self,

For he wanted to borrow the best on the Shelf:
I said, I'd not venture one Book out of Sight,
But I'd lend him a Pen, if he pleas'd for to
write;

My Motion accepted, the Poet sat down,
And instead of transcribing, commended his own.
Look Madam, quoth he, what a Damn'd dull

Translation!

Old JACK was the tediousst Dog in the Nation.
Here's two Lines of *Virgil* spun out into seven,
And five of the *Latin* drawn into eleven.

Ah *Phæbus* ! ah *Muses* ! what fustian is here,
 I'll have Patience no longer, no longer forbear ;
 But Print my own Works to confute this
 damn'd Vice,

My Version's exact, and Expression concise ;
 My Poem's Heroic, and yet is so large,
 It requires some Hundreds the Press to discharge.
 Seven Years have I toiled, to make the Piece
 fine,

And labour'd more hard than a Slave in a Mine;
 But now it is Perfect. — I'll bring it To-
 morrow,

And read it you all — Thought I to my Sor-
 row :

To escape this sad Judgment no way cou'd I
 find,

Had n't Fortune prov'd more than expectedly
 kind ;

For before the dread Hour he did me the
Favour,

T' acquaint me his Worship was ill of a Fever.
This News had scarce banish'd my former
affright,

Before I beheld a more terrible Spright,
With Countenance meagre, and amorous Eyes,
A dismal Complexion, and half a Disguise;
Who sitting down by me with languishing Air,
And Sighs which discover'd both Love and
Despair;

Began a long Chat, and in spite of the Weather,
Held uninterrupted five Hours together.

The Subject in chief was her own Panegyric,
Both in highflown Bombast and in doggrel Lyric,
Which was larded with Pranks she committed
at School,

As stealing a Cock, and then roasting him whole,

Of

74 L E T T E R S t o C O R I N N A

Of cheating their Mistress of Bottles of Sherry,
And many such Whimsies as made themselves
merry.

All which she compriz'd in a Fable so rare,
Not *Mully* of *Mountown* with hers could compare,
I nodded and fretted, seem'd tir'd enough,
But the Nymph being Proof against any rebuff;
From my Chair to the Window I carlesly flung,
In hopes to be free from the Shot of her
Tongue;
Yet her shrill second Treble still merrily rung.
She complain'd she was deaf, I had wish'd my
self such,

But that I concluded the Ransom too much;
So I patiently bore what I could not avoid,
Till one Story, my Faculty passive, destroy'd.

L E T T E R X V .

IF it were possible to return you more ample
Thanks for your two dear Letters, which I
received on *Saturday* last, than I have done already,
my

my most beloved CORINNA, or if I could tell how to requite the diverting Relation of your *Conference* with PSALMANAAZAAR, and the rest of your entertaining News, my Expressions of Gratitude should be as copious as my numberless Obligations, and I would send you a longer scrawl than you could have patience to read. But I am sure you will not insist on a multitude of Words where you know the Heart to be sincere, and instead of making you a suitable Recompence for your pleasant Narrations, I can seldom remit any thing but a few jejune Remarks upon them. And perhaps it is the greatest Inconvenience (at least it is all that I find) of a narrow Acquaintance, and a retired Life, that it is subject to an Indigence of News, and Scarcity of uncommon Occurrences for the Entertainment of ones Friends. And, if you will forgive the Allusion, it seems like a fruitful Island, which abounding with all Necessaries of its own Product, neither needs nor cares for any Commerce from Abroad, and wherein is verified what was formerly said of *Albion*,

Rich in Herself, She seeks no Foreign Aid.

But, I shall really grow *Romantic* instead of *Poetical*, if I run on at this rate. Your Description of Mr. GEORGE (as he loves to be called) has given me such a just *Idea* of him as quite satisfies my Curiosity, and I have *seen* him as well with your *Eyes*, as I could have done with my *Own*. There are a great many Things in his Story very surprising, and if he be in *reality* what he *pretends* to,

to, great Conversion may be wrought in the Infidel World by an Instrument so well qualified for the Undertaking. I fear Miss CAMPION will make but a sorry Bargain in the Conclusion, notwithstanding her splendid Furniture, and flaming Equipage *. And for Mrs. PYM, it is ten to one but she has spoiled a good Word, and the very Term *Conversation*, if this be the meaning of it, will in a little time become *Infamous*. Oh! the happy case of those Husbands, who Marry convertible Wives. But to recompence as far as I am able your two Instances of *Female UNCHASTITY*, I will return you two more of *Feminine FRAUD*, which I heard this Week. They are of City Extraction, whereby you may perceive what shifts I am forced to make that must go to *London* for News, to send you back thither again. However, I must desire you to accept of them as they are for want of better.

I. An *Abigail* †, who had lately eloped from her Mistress, comes to a *Linen-Draper's Shop* in *Cheapside*, where her Lady was formerly used to buy all her Linen, but upon some dislike had left the Shop for a considerable Time; and with great Joy tells Mr. *Draper*, that as she was always mightily concerned that so good a Customer as her Lady was, should deal with any one else besides himself, so she had with much difficulty pre-

* Her Period was but short, for she died in about a Year, and the Duke survived not long after Her. His Grace erected a fine Monument to her Memory at *Latimers* in *Buckinghamshire*, the Inscription on it may be seen in Mrs. *Oldfield's* Life.

† The usual Appellation of a Chamber-Maid.

vailed with her to try him once more, and therefore desired he would look her out some of the best Goods in his Shop, if he had any regard to her Kindness, or the future Advantages of her Lady's Custom. This was done accordingly to the value of 100 *l.* or upwards, which when she came to pay, the Cloth being packed up ready to be sent with her, Mrs. *Abigail* said she had not Money about her, for her Mistress desired to see the Goods before she would pay for them; but two Guineas she had in her Pocket, she would leave as Earnest, and requested the *Draper* to make her a Bill, and send his 'Prentice along with her to receive the Money. So up mounted Mr. *Cropear* into a Hackney-Coach with *Abigail* and the Linen, and as they were driving along she stops at an *Apothecary's* Shop, where finding *Paracelsus* present, she steps out of the Coach, and taking him aside to speak two or three Words with him in private, she tells him that the Party in the Coach was her Husband, who had lately taken some Infection by his too free *Conversation* with the Women of the Town; that he was very shy, and unwilling to own his Distemper, but with much Persuasion she had prevailed with him to resign himself wholly to his Regimen, and therefore desired him to use all possible Diligence in expediting the Cure, for which he should be well paid; and having put two Guineas into his Hands as a Security for his future Reward, she returns to the Coach, and asks the 'Prentice to walk into a little Room within the Shop, and receive his Money; where he was no sooner entered, but up she

she gets into the Coach, and away she drove with speed enough you may be sure. When *Paracelsus* had got the supposed Patient into his *Closet*, he began very gravely to harangue upon the Misfortunes that Gentlemen often meet with by promiscuous *Conversation* with the *Fair Sex*, that truly Women were grown so wicked, that when they know themselves to be infected, they take delight in propagating the Contagion, whereby many a worthy Gentleman hath suffered very much both in their Estates and Bodies too, especially when they let the Disease grow strong upon them, out of a mistaken Modesty, because they are ashamed to discover it, which is easily suppressed in the Beginning, but by long continuance frequently overcomes all the Methods of the *Esculapian Art*. However, since his was but lately received, he did not question but he should perfect the Cure in a very little Time with all possible Secrecy, and undoubted Safety. *What's the meaning of all this*, quoth the 'Prentice in amaze! *Pray pay me my Money, and I will be gone. I do not understand your Cant, nor do I care to hear any more on it.* Come, come, said the Sage Medicaster, *why should you stand any longer in your own Light, and vainly endeavour to conceal what must be discovered, or else it will discover itself in a more public and opprobrious Manner. Come frankly, declare how long, when, where, &c.* The 'Prentice at this began to be in a Rage, and threatned the Law, if he did not pay him the Money. Sir, said he, *I have a Bill for so much Cloth delivered, and the Woman I came in with told me you would pay it; and there-*
fore

fore I desire you would do it without any more delay. Why truly, replied the 'Pothecary, I never saw the Woman in my Life before; she told me you were her Husband, &c. as before; so they ran out to look for the Fugitive, but find her who could. Look here, added Paracelsus, she clapt two Guineas into my Hand to encourage my Care of you: Take these to alleviate your Loss, and take care who you trust out of your Sight another Time.

II. The next Cheat was played upon Mr. RAGG the Goldsmith in Fleetstreet, by whose Shop a Woman passing along in a genteel Habit, spies Sir THOMAS —, a Yorkshire Knight in the Shop, and stepping in, she makes her Compliment to him, acquainting him, that her Lady was newly come to Town, and would be glad to see him at her Lodgings. The Knight enquires how the Lady did, &c. knowing the Party she mentioned. Having thus introduced her self, she turns to Mr. RAGG, and tells him, that her Lady had sent her to buy some Plate of Mr. H—, who was used to take her Money; but when she came to the House, she unexpectedly heard the News of his Death, and so she was returning to inform her Lady of it; but since she had accidentally entered his Shop, she did not care, if she took a little for present Use as a Sample from him; adding, that her Lady had a great deal of old Plate which she intended to change, so that it might be worth his while to serve her. Mr. RAGG seeing her acquainted with the Knight who lodged in his House, and knowing the Party to be lately dead
whom

whom she mentioned, had not the least mistrust of his chance Customer ; but looks her out a Dozen of Spoons, and a Set of Salts, which she said her Lady wanted immediately, having invited some Company to dine with her at her Lodgings in *Chancery-Lane*, whither, if he would but step along with her, (and it was not far,) if her Lady did not dislike the Utensils, he should receive his Money for them. Away goes Mr. RAGG full of great Expectation, and being brought up into a Dining-room, the Cloth was laid, and all things seemingly in order for an Entertainment. Give me the Things, says Mrs. DOROTHY, to shew my Lady, who is dressing her self in the next Room, and be pleased to sit down a little, I will bring you an Answer presently. But from that Day to this he has not received it, for she packed up her Plate, flipt a back-way down Stairs, and farewell Mr. RAGG, who waited till his Patience was tired, and then called, but the deaf Walls gave no Answer. Whereupon he goes down into the Shop, to enquire if they saw the Gentlewoman he came in along with, where all he could learn of her was, that she had taken a Lodging there that Day for my Lady (I do not know who) bespoke a Dinner, but run away and left it, and if he pleased, he should be welcome to take part of it ; but Mr. RAGG had no Stomach. And thus these two long Stories are at last ended, which might pass well enough in telling, but I doubt they will hardly bear writing, unless you will excuse them, because

cause they serve to extend a Letter to the Length you desire. I saw Mr. WHEELER since his return from *London*; what pleased him most, was a *Prospect* of the *City* from the Top of St. PAUL's, which he said was then as much below his Feet, as it is always beneath his Estimation. And here he was even in a Rapture, to think, what a noble Subject for a POEM, a *Prospect* of the *City* from the Top of the *Temple* would be. How much like Confusion every thing looked Below, as it really was, and how serenely Clear the Regions Above. Alluding likewise to our Blessed Saviour's Vision from the Top of the *Temple*, for the POEM must be Divine. And he would likewise have the Poet sit in the *Capola* while he is writing, upon Supposition that his Fancy might be elevated in Proportion to his Body; which seems in some measure to be the Opinion of former Ages, who thought the MUSES inhabited Hills, and placed Inspiration at the Top of *Parnassus*. It is certain, the more lofty the Place, the purer the Air, but it does not therefore follow, that the tallest Men have the clearest Heads. My Governour went to *London* this Week, and says, he will send me a speedy Summons to follow him; which I shall daily expect, for you cannot imagine my Impatience. How willingly could I have borne you Company among the Tombs at *Westminster*; for I think there is not a more agreeable or more instructive Amusement, than those sacred Repositories of the Dead, which always strike my Mind with a Sort of religious

G

Awe;

Awe; and direct my Thoughts beyond the short Limits of this Life. For certainly he must be more *senseless* than the *Monuments* themselves, who looks on them as *ordinary Stones*, and does not behold in them both the present *Mortality* of our Nature, as well as the universal Desire and full Assurance of a future *immortal State*. I return you my Thanks, for the *Delight* and *Benefit* which I have received from PLATO, whom I must have read to little Purpose, if I have not gained much of *both Kinds*. It is high time to release you, for this is such a Mess of All-together, that I doubt now you will have more Reason to complain of Length than ever you had of Brevity, and therefore I ought to add no more, but that I am always,

Midsummer-Day,
1704.

Your only,

PYLADES.

LETTER XVI.

Sent with the HISTORY of the Count DE GABALIS. * And a POEM, entitled, *The Vision*.

THE Count DE GABALIS, *Madam*, knowing, by Instinct, what an Honour I had obtained for him; was so ambitious of kissing your Hands, that, as soon as I came in, he jumped from an Upper-story out of his abundant haste to meet me: And when he had recovered his Fall, desired present Leave to begin his Journey.

* This entertaining Book is translated from the *French* by Mr. OZELL, and printed for Mr. CURLL in the *Strand*.

His

His forwardness to forsake me did not so much provoke my *Anger*, as his Arrogance moved my *Pity*; and therefore in Compassion of his dangerous Adventure, I told him he ought not to presume so much on his own Merit, and that the Hazard of appearing before a Person of your Ladyship's Judgment was greater than he imagined. But instead of taking my *Advice*, he briskly replied, your *Candor* would be a sufficient Security. I then told him there was a tremendous Hero in the Company, who would kill him slapdash with a Fuzee, and by Dint of Arms, or an Innate presence of Mind (no Matter which) eternally silence his mystic Eloquence. But this would not discourage him neither, for he replied, with more Confidence than before, that he feared none of those murdering Weapons; and as for the Captain's Intrepidity (he added) it was a sure Sign that he would one Day become an Ornament to the Holy Doctrine of the *Rosy-Cross*. * Well Count, said I, (seeing him so positive,) you shall have your Way; but know withal, your Antagonist is a *Stoick*, and so *rigid* a *Stoick*, that he will certainly despise your Arguments, and prefer the Contemplation of his dear self before the delectable Company of the most beautiful *Gnome*, *Nymph*, *Sylph*, or *Salamander*, so much the better still,

* The Person here meant, is Captain HEMINGTON, who was an Admirer of CORINNA, and held a Philosophical Correspondence with her, concerning the true Nature of *Love* and *Friendship*. This epistolary Debate, in six Letters, was published by CORINNA, 1727, in ATTERBURYANA, &c. Printed likewise for Mr. CURRI.

cried he, O how I long to convert a STOICK! they are the most Difficult to be gained I confess, but when once they are enlightened by the glorious Mystery of the perpetual CABALA, there are none of the Brethren more constant, more zealous, or a greater Honour to our illustrious Society. With this Assurance, Madam, he comes to pay you his Devoirs, and to give the Sage his Choice of the four Elements: And he vows he will draw to true a Resemblance of those invisible LADIES, that the very numerical Person above mentioned, shall renounce his beloved Apathy, and importune him for a Sight of the fair Originals. Whether this be a Prophecy or a Gasconade, time will demonstrate; but really the Count speaks with such a fore-boding Air, that I could almost venture to Bet on his Side, and to wish the Philosopher may have grace enough to accept his kind Offer, and Gratitude enough to bid your Ladyship and my self to his Nuptials. Do you not long, Madam, to see this Metaphysical Union, and to eat a Sack-Poffet at such an extraordinary Wedding: Certainly you cannot wish him a more suitable Match, he is a Philosopher, he is a Stoick, he loves nothing that is imperfect, nothing that is vulgar, where then can he hope for a more sublime Consort than one of these etherial Nymphs, who being formed of the purest, the most subtile Parts of the Elements, is entirely free from the Defects and Vanities of our frail Sex. However, let the Event prove as it will, I am sure the Count will be very happy in having had the Honour to entertain your Ladyship,
and

and I think he can have no just Quarrel to me, since I gave him such fair Warning. But all Raillery apart, I desire you would please to give my Service to your pretty Companion, and tell the Captain, that notwithstanding his unmerciful Banter last Night, I would have wished him a good Journey, if I had not thought it would have been Derogatory to the Honour of *his Sect*, whose Happiness consulting wholly in their *own Minds*, can receive no Addition from the good *Wishes* of others.

The VISION.

IT was a dark and gloomy Shade
 By Nature, or by Fortune made;
 Whether the Place enchanted be
 (For I was in an Extasy)
 CUPID'S Imperial Seat of Love,
 Or his Mother's *Cyprian* Grove;
 Where first CORINNA did me Bless
 With Charms, no Pen can e'er express;
 There was no *Tapers* of the Night,
 Nor *Sun*, nor *Moon*, gave any Light;

Yet *she* no sooner did appear,
But in a Moment all was clear,
The shining Beauties of her Face,
Dispell'd all Darkness from the Place.
I saw CORINNA read her Lines
By her own Light, that brighter shines
Than chaste DIANA, or the *Star*
That rouses up the GOD of *War*.
Whether her *Face*, or *Pen* excell,
I must confess I cannot tell;
They're both exalted, in their kind
To ravish, and to please Mankind.
When Wit and Beauty thus combine,
When Grace and Muse together join.
It is ungrateful not to raise
An Altar form'd of Love and Praise;
VENUS' sweet Charms, MINERVA'S Brain,
CORINNA'S Face, and Pen contain;

What

What need has *ſhe* of JUNO's Pelf,
 Who has a Treasure in her ſelf.
 I could, with Her, for ever dwell
 In Hermitage, or in a Cell;
 Forſake the City, and the Court,
 Where Knave, and Fool, ſo much reſort.
 The Noiſe, and Nonſenſe of the Croud
 The fawning Spaniel, and the Proud
 Beſotted Coxcomb of his Gold,
 For Land he bought, his Honour fold.
 Imparadis'd within her Arms,
 I'd taſt more ſweet, more laſting Charms,
 Than all the *Macedonian* found,
 In ſcow'ring o'er the *Persian* Ground;
 Her Conqueſts are much ſooner made,
 The Victim at her Feet is laid:
 CORINNA vanquiſhes on Sight
 Her Beauty, and her Pen, both Fight,

Her Charms as swift as Light'ning fly,
 Or Sun-beams thro' the Azure Sky;
 How Bless'd, and Happy were the Swain,
 That might CORINNA's Favour gain,
 Possess her Heart, and Happy prove
 (Without a Rival in her Love)
 In some romantic Rural Seat,
 A Charming, but a small Retreat,
 Where *Love* might all its Joys repeat.
 Fragrant as *Theſſalian* Fields,
 Or all the Flow'rs that *Tempe* yields;
 Sweet as the Mount that Charms the Muses,
 Or the fine Hill *APOLLO* Uſes.
 Far Diſtant from the Smiles and Frowns
 Of Monarchs, Diadems, and Crowns;
 Remote from Plague and Noiſe of Bar,
 Where Pettifoggers raiſe a War,
 Exempt from Doctors killing Bill,
 And Poyſon of his gilded Pill.

In

In such a *Paradise* as this,
 Would I concenter all my Bliss,
 In setting forth CORINNA'S Praise,
 In pretty Songs, and charming Lays,
 immortalize the Shepherd's Name,
 And bright CORINNA'S endless Fame.

Sweet *Philomel* should sing in shady Grove,
 CORINNA'S and her faithful *Shepherd's* Love,
 The limpid Streams should glide into a Voice,
 And on the Pebbles praise the *Shepherd's* Choice,
 The Hills and Dales should Echo out our
 Verse,

And all the Day CORINNA'S Name rehearse;
 The Nights to *Love* should consecrated be,
 To consummate and crown Felicity.

May 8. 1705.

L E T.

LETTER XVII.

REMARKS on Occasional Thoughts, &c.

THIS little *Posthumous* Treatise of Mr. LOCKE, I take to be nothing inferiour to the more elaborate Works of that ingenious Author, except in the Stile, which is sometimes perplexed, and in many Places forced and stiff; not unlike the Writings of Mr. BOYLE, which may be reasonably attributed to the hasty and negligent Manner wherein these Thoughts were penned, since his other Books are not liable to the same Censure, and this want of Dress ought to be the more readily excused, since it does not appear they were ever designed for the Publick, or were ever finished by the Hand which gave them Birth. However, the Excellency of the Matter, and the Usefulness of the Observations, contained in this small Sketch, makes sufficient Compensation for all the Faults that can be found in the Expression: And whoever peruses it with due Consideration, will, I suppose, find Cause enough to admire the Author's Understanding, and no mean Assistance towards improving his own. For those who know how to make the best Use of judicious, fertile, and well-grounded Hints, collected from long Experience, and a clear Knowledge of the most important Truths (which is all that can be expected within so narrow a Compass) may there find a well-furnished Store-house of rational Remarks, which being carried on according to their natural Ten-

Tendency, will be of good use to the well-disposed Reader, and might be of universal Benefit to Mankind, if once Reason could but regain her just Dominion from the tyrannical Usurpation of Custom, and Passion, and Folly. To make particular Observations on every remarkable Passage in the Book (tho' it be but small) would exceed the Limits of my Design and Leisure; that which I think most worthy of Notice and Commendation, is the Author's Candour, and truly Christian Temper, in disclaiming all Prejudice and Partiality, or Inclination to a Party, which has now almost divided Mankind into such Extreams, that they leave Truth, and Honesty, and Religion, in the midst between them. This impartial unprejudiced Disposition of Mind is very justly and seasonably recommended, as being absolutely necessary to the Attainment of Knowledge and Virtue, since nothing so much darkens the Understanding, and enslaves the Will, as this too common, but nevertheless detestable Association into Parties. I am likewise very well pleased with what is here asserted in Defence of Divine Revelation, both as it will clear Mr. LOCKE from those Aspersions, which some Men in the Warmth of their Zeal have too liberally bestowed upon him in reference to this Article of our Faith, and likewise may be a Means to silence the vain Babbling of Libertines, and Deists, and Fools, when they perceive One against them, whom they acknowledge to be a great Master of Reason, and what goes farther in their Esteem,

no

no Bigot. The Difference which Men too frequently make betwixt Religion and Virtue, is also there pertinently remarked, as being at all times most carefully to be avoided, since it is an Error so exceedingly productive of dreadful Evils, and the most direful Events. For what Savage Barbarities, what inhumane Villanies, what shameless Violation of the plainest Laws of Nature have been committed in all Countries for the Sake, and under the Pretence of Religion, as distinct from or above the common but eternal Rules of Virtue; whereas, in reality (at least under the Christian Dispensation) these two can never be divided. But what in my Opinion deserves the highest Praise, is the principal Design of the Book, which is to recommend the Improvement of the Fair Sex, by a more ingenious and learned Education than is now customary, or even commendable among them. The Reasons with which He inforces this Proposal are very obvious, yet very weighty, and therefore one would think the more likely to prevail, but till Men grow wiser themselves, it is not to be expected that they should promote Knowledge in those they call their Inferiours. What may hereafter come to pass from the generous Attempts of some exalted Minds, who being true Lovers of Knowledge and Virtue themselves, endeavour to propagate and enlarge it to the utmost Extent; or from urgent Necessity through the no-longer supportable Degeneracy of both Sexes, as Ignorance and Vice shall increase, is at present above my

from PYLADES. 93

my Thoughts, which therefore gives me a fair Admonition to conclude with this hearty Wish, that the former may succeed, before the latter becomes requisite. This may suffice to shew you my Opinion of that little Tract, and if it should (as usual) agree with yours, I shall then have one Reason to be very fond of it.

I am Your only,

June 2. 1705.

PYLADES.

A NOTE on the foregoing REMARKS.

The Book, here remarked upon, is entitled, *Occasional Thoughts in Reference to a Virtuons, or Christian Life*. It was indeed printed a Year after Mr. LOCKE's Death, and by his Book-sellers *Messrs* CHURCHILL in Pater-Noster-Row, 1705. But I can assure the Publick, it was no *Posthumous* Piece of His. The real Author of these judicious *Thoughts*, was that honourable Lady, Dame DAMARIS MASHAM of Oates, in the County of Essex, in whose Family Mr. LOCKE spent the last 14 or 15 Years of his Life. And, from the instructive and invaluable Conversation of that great Man, it is not to be questioned, but her Ladyship had treasured up in her Mind a valuable Repository of his Sentiments.

In the Beginning of the PREFACE, she declares, that, "The Discourse was written some Years since;" and in the close of it, her Ladyship adds, that, "If these *Occasional Thoughts* shall be any way serviceable to the directing of one single Soul into the Paths of Virtue, she shall not repent the publishing them."

Lastly, Her Ladyship, in Pages 185 and 196, mentions Mr. LOCKE, and quotes two Passages from his *Treatise of Education*, in order to confirm her own Sentiments as to that Point, which she considers more particularly, with Relation to the Female Sex, the whole Piece being the Result of a Conversation, the greatest Part of whom were, LADIES, and an Enquiry into the too general Neglect of the Instruction of their Sex, in reference to a *Virtuous and Christian Life*.

Easter-Eve,

1731.

PHILALETHES.

N. B.

LETTER XVIII.

With a PACKET of INTELLIGENCE.

BEFORE I give you an account of my Adventures last Week at *Gloucester*, it will be but just to answer your two kind Letters which lie before me, and for which I am still indebted to my dear CORINNA. The first of them begins with a *Satire* against *Marriage*, sent you by *Anonymous*, which to give you my Opinion of it, is such poor *Grubstreet*-Stuff, that it deserves no other Censure than to be laughed at. *Invectives* against *Marriage* I take to be like railing at *Vertue*, which will still be admired even by those who are void of it themselves; and the greatest Libertines cannot but confess, that real Happiness may be found in a faithful beloved *Wife*, which they in vain seek after in *promiscuous Conversations*, and *unsatisfactory Licentiousness*. I think the Lady who comes next in your Letter, is a sharper *Satire* on that *State*, than any the most virulent Rhimer could invent; there being no Disgrace

N. B. Those who are desirous of knowing all the *Genuine Writings* of Mr. LOCKE, published both *with*, and *without* his Name; may see a *Catalogue* of them, drawn up by himself, in the CODICIL to his *Last Will and Testament*, subjoined to his *LIFE* and *REMAINS*, in *Folio*. Printed, to compleat his Works, by Mr. CURLL in the *Strand*. Price 2 s. 6 d.

All Mr. LOCKE's *Posthumous Pieces*, Letters, &c. Are published (by the late ANTHONY COLLINS, Esq; the Reverend Mr. Richard King of Exeter, and that learned and judicious Frenchman, Mr. PETER DES-MAIZEAUX) among which had these *Occasional Thoughts* been Mr. LOCKE's, they would not have been omitted.

to the Institution, like those Persons who so grossly abuse it; but if she is gone, the Reproach is at an End, for you know, *the Dead bite not*. As to your Story of the Gentleman who sowed Almonds and Raisins, I think him very fit Company for the Boy who set Farthings in a Garden, that next Year he might have a great Crop of Half-Pence, and be rich on a sudden. I thank you for Dr. GARTH's Verses, and also for those inclosed on the TACK, &c. in requital of which, I have sent you the following Rhimes on Dr. READ's and HANNES's Knighthood, they were given me lately.

The QUEEN, like *Heaven*, shines equally on All;
Her Favours now without Distinction fall.
Great *Read* and slender *Hannes* both Knighted
show,
That none their Honours shall to Merit owe.
That *Popish* Doctrine is exploded quite,
Or *Ralph* * had been no Duke, and *Read* no
Knight.
That none may Vertue, or their Learning plead,
This has no *Grace*, and *that* can hardly *Read*.

* *Montague*.

Such *Moderation* now at Court is seen,
 That nothing excellent can please the QUEEN.
 O *Hannes* the Royal Memory restore,
 For this the drooping *Church* will bless Thee
 more,
 Than all the Scutcheons *Knighthood* ever bore.
 And do thou, *Read*, the Royal Eye-balls *Couch*,
 And then the QUEEN will *See* as well as *Touch*.

The *Gentle Knight* * being so very Amorous, and withal so Combustible, makes me fancy him to be very much like Touch-wood, or what our Country-Fellows call *Daddock*, which is an old, rotten, light, hollow, spungy, soft-sort of Wood, good for nothing but to light Pipes of Tobacco, or supply the Place of Tinder; to which, I think, he once very appositely compared himself. How you can govern your self under such Flames, Raptures, and terrible Denunciations, I know not, but I fear, if ever I should see him again, I should hardly forbear laughing out-right in his Face, for he has something so ridiculous in his Motions, Words, and Actions, that methinks he seems intended for a Jest to the rest of the World, whilst he poor Soul is wholly insensible of it, and fancies

* The late HENRY CROMWELL, Esq; who died 1728.

all Mankind have the same Opinion of him, which he has fondly entertained of himself; and that they admire when they Smile, and applaud when they Laugh, tho' it be at his Romantic Complaisance, Vanity and Folly. I think you had best sprinkle him with a little cold Water, when he comes next, to quench him, if he should be in one of his flaming Fits. And to recompence his Verses on the *Bath*, Ladies, which, I think, do not deserve much Praise, you may give him the following Sarcasticks made likewise at the *Bath*, on POVEY, the Tooth-Drawer, in *Hatton-Garden*.

POVEY can *draw* your *Teeth* they say, 'tis true,
But at the same time *draws* your *Pocket* too.
So if you love his Art, it may be said,
In time he'll empty both your *Purse* and *Head*,
Losing your *Grinders* aukwardly you'll *eat*,
And empty *Pockets* hardly purchase *Meat*.
Therefore my Friends be rul'd by *Nature's Laws*;
Keep *close* at once your *Pockets* and your *Jaws*:
So will the *Doctor* soon his *Trade* disown,
Keep but your *Teeth*, he may *pluck out* his own.

H

To

To which you may add, a NEW BALLAD made on a *Country* 'SQUIRE at *Bath* this Summer, so like the *gentle* KNIGHT, that they have been often mistook for each other, but he need not be offended at it, since *two Likes* are never the *same*.

I.

A MONG those idle Animals
Who to the *Bath* resort,
Not half so much to please themselves,
As to make others Sport.

II.

A Wight there was whose tawny Phyz,
And Eyes that look'd a skance,
Declar'd him sprung from Knight of the
I'll-favour'd Countenance.

III.

His Weasle Carcase was so thin,
And Legs so like a Spider,
That as 'twere *De la Mancha* Knight,
Stout *Britons* did deride her.

IV. This

IV.

This doughty 'Squire, for so I call

A Mortal who could dare
Each flying Female to pursue,
And not one Lady spare.

V.

In full Assurance thus equipt

His bold Address begun,
And not a Nymph walk'd in the Grove,
That his Attacks could shun.

VI.

Howe'er they dress'd, howe'er they look'd,
Whate'er their Shape or Size,
Yet each had Charms enow to win
That tender Heart of his.

VII.

The *Tall*, the *Short*, the *Fair*, the *Brown*,
Each set his Breast on fire,
And his dear OVID taught him all,
In Petticoats t' admire.

VIII.

He pray'd, he whin'd, he bow'd, he kneel'd,
And said that he would dye,
If his bright Goddess would not cast
A favourable Eye.

IX.

He'd amble, pace, curvet, fall down,
And kiss the very Ground,
On which the Nymph had press'd her Foot,
To shew his Love profound.

X.

The meanest servile Offices,
This Lacquey would sustain,
For down he was on's Marrow Bones
To hold a Lady's Train.

XI.

The Lady frown'd and walk'd apace,
As hasty to be gone;
When he to stop the flying Fair,
Presents her with a Song.

XII. These

XII.

These are, said he, in accent soft,
Some Lines of my own making,
Which when he sung, instead of Heart
It set her Head a' aching.

XIII.

The Lady stamp and stopt her Ears,
And bid him cease provoking;
For it had almost made her sick
To hear such dismal croaking.

XIV.

If then, sigh'd he, your Ears are deaf,
And blind those killing Eyes:
Lo! at your lovely Feet I fall
A bleeding Sacrifice.

XV.

Wherefore good People all I pray,
Take pity on this Lover,
And if the Ladies won't, do you
Some Tenderness discover.

H 3

XVI. Think

XVI.

Think what a hapless Case it was,
Now he is dead and gone,
To Love each living Woman-kind,
And to be Lov'd by none.

Thus much in Answer to your former Letter, as to the next, I thank you for the Account of *MEDICINA GYMNASICA*, which I take to be very just, because it agrees with that Censure, which Mr. *Wheeler* had formerly passed on the Book. Pray send it me.

Thus, I think, I have discharged my Debts, in reference to your Letters, and now for my *Gloucester* Adventures last Week; where you may imagine at the Mayor's *Entertainment*, we had a plentiful Dinner, well dressed, and decently served up, with good Liquor of all sorts, in great Abundance. There dined about 150 in one Room, so that there was a perpetual confused Noise, like the Buz on the Exchange, where all are talking, but one cannot tell a Word that is said: So that I can repeat none of the Discourse; and as to the Bill of Fare, Number of Dishes, and order of marshalling them, I do not think it worth mentioning. But what is most memorable, was the Visit I made the Parson's Wife, on *Friday* in the Evening. I was no sooner seated, but she began to exclaim with open Mouth against the Management of the Mayor's Feast, that never any thing was ordered in such a careless, rude, mobbish Manner, that they

they were forced to borrow every thing they wanted, even her Mugs to drink out of; that they had borrowed her Pewter-Dishes, and her Silver-Tankard, with her own Coat of Arms on it, and she was sadly afraid she should never have it again. (By the way, you must know, the Bishop's Palace, where the Dinner was kept, is opposite to Mr. Wheeler's House, which was the Occasion of this Borrowing.) She told me how often she had sent for her Tankard, and what Answers she had received, with a great deal more to the same purpose, but in the conclusion, to divert me after this Invective, her Daughter Nancy should play me a Tune on the Harpsichord, whereon she has learnt about half a Year, so up into the Dining-room we went, (she and I only must go) where the Instrument stood. She seated herself, and I waited for the Musick, when instead of that, Well! Sir, said she, *you are the only young Gentleman in the World my Father would trust me with.* Indeed, replied I, *such Charms are not rashly to be exposed, and he must be very insensible, who can come into Mrs. Anne Wheeler's Company without the highest Admiration.* Nay, nay, now I am sure you Banter, said she, Well! I would not believe a Word you say: But I will tell you how cautious my Father is. Here was a Gentleman of the Temple, an Acquaintance of my Brother's at our House, and enquired very earnestly for me, so down I was called, but he would not say any thing to me before my Father. A few Days after he comes again, when my Father was abroad, and finding me in the Kitchen, he sat down at a

convenient Distance, and began talking with me, when presently in comes my Father. What, says he, have I caught you in the Middle. Ay, replied I, and you might have catched us at both Ends too, if you would, for I am sure there has been nothing said, but what you and all the World might have heard without Offence. Upon this, I took occasion to commend her Father's Paternal Care, and if he, who best knew the Worth of his Daughter, set such a Value on her, what ought others to do, who had only a transient View of those Graces and Charms, which the more they were known, the more they would be admired. And by the way, could not but acknowledge the particular Favour of being admitted into her Company. Well! I protest, Sir, continued she, you Men are strange Creatures. If you should say such things to a Woman of Fortune, I do not know how she would stand her Ground. But this is all lost upon such a Dowdy as I am. However, I can tell you this for our Comfort, which I heard spoken under our Window last Night, That let the Citizens boast what they would of Beauty, yet the College was the Place for Sense. And without all dispute, added I, they must gain the Victory, who have you on their Side. Well! said she, if any Man should pretend to admire me for my Beauty, or my Wit, I would not have him, because I should not believe him. But if any one should like me for understanding the Affairs of a Family, and good Oeconomy, which my Father has bred me up to, knowing how to make a Pudding, and buy in all Necessaries for the House, &c. then — but we might run great Hazards, we play about
the

the Brink of the Well a good while, till at length, souse we Leap in over Head and Ears, but cannot get out again; or else we buz about the Candle like the silly Fly, till we have burnt our Wings, and then we complain when it is too late. O this Matrimony is a terrible thing To see the Frowns, and threatening Eyes of the Husband, bidding the Wife go out of the Room with a Look. Well! I have seen enough of it. O, said I, you make a partial Judgment, and take things by halves. You see only one Side of it, which appears by DAY-LIGHT, but the charming, the delightful Side, lies in the DARK. At which the Nymph fell a Laughing heartily, and so did her Mother, when I told her Below what we had discoursed of Above. After this long Prologue, the Musick began, there was the Double Air, the Beau's Delight, Corelli's Ground, and I know not what more, till at length, I believe she was pretty well tired, as well as I. She excused herself, by alledging, she had learnt but half a Year, and invited me again, when she had improved her Hand; so down we went, and I departed. Well! she is a comical Girl, where she is any thing acquainted, and so like her Mother in all her Airs, that the very Resemblance is enough to divert the Spleen, tho' one were ever so much in the Dumps.

Thus is the Paper as full of Tittle-tattle, as of real Affection is the Heart of

Your only,

May 8. 1705.

PYLADES.

LETTER XIX.

Concerning Apparitions, Witchcraft, &c.

I AM exceedingly pleased with the exact *Harmony* of our *Thoughts*, on that *little Book* * (which was Mr. LOCKE's, without Question, from several Passages in it, which I will shew you when I come to Town) that we should *both* commend the Sense, *both* equally, dislike the Stile, without any previous Signification of either Side, is such an Agreement, as is not common betwixt any *two* Persons, and I am sure is to me most highly delightful.

And now for the Apparition in *Black Fryars*, whereof you desire my Sentiments at large. As to the Story of the poor-afflicted Girl, it is indeed very surprising, but whether true or false in all Particulars, I think is not of any great Moment for any one to be positively assured of.

The *Existence* of *Spirits*, in general, is surely not to be questioned by any *Christian*: But their Nature, Powers, and Capacities of assuming visible Shapes, whether at their own Pleasure, or else by Permission, upon some extraordinary Occasion, is a Part of Knowledge which we are not able to discover by our own Faculties; is not revealed to us in the Scriptures, and is therefore altogether unnecessary for us, as neither conducing to the Concerns of this Life, or the Happiness of another. If by this Means, a

* Occasional Thoughts, &c. wrote by Lady Masham, as is fully proved in a Note above.

clande-

clandestine Murderer be brought to condign Punishment, and Justice does at length overtake the secret Sinner, it matters not whether this Event be accomplished by the real Appearance of a Spirit, or by a supernatural Impression on the Imagination of the Girl. But allowing it to be a real Spirit in a visible Form, what advantage can any one reap by conversing with such a Spectre. It can certainly teach us nothing but what we know already, or may attain to the Knowledge of by a due Exercise of our Understanding, or from Divine Revelation. If it should pretend to any thing more, we ought not to believe it without the Confirmation of a Miracle (which is a preternatural Event, evident to Sense, and generally to all the Senses; whereas these Apparitions themselves, are seldom clearly manifest to one Sense) or else must reject it as an Imposture, and the Delusion of some Evil Spirit. But perhaps you may alledge, that such an immediate Converse with such an intelligent Being, as Spirits are supposed to be, would be a proper Means to corroborate our Knowledge, and remove some Doubts, which the most Ingenious of Mankind are at present perplexed with, and cannot resolve either from Reason or Revelation. In answer to this, I shall not make use of the common Reply, that what is needful to be known is already sufficiently discovered; and therefore, it is impertinent to seek after farther Demonstration. But I am of Opinion, that if you could meet with a Spirit, who would directly answer all the curious

En.

Enquiries you could make, you would not be thereby one Jot improved in real Knowledge. For Instance, let it be supposed that you asked the Spirit the same Question, which you demanded of the *Rosycrucian*, * viz. *Whether there be any such thing as Witchcraft?* and it should be answered in the Affirmative. I believe you would not think your self much the wiser for such a Reply, unless you could be assured that the Spirit meant the same by that Word as you did; but this you could not be sure of, except you could meet with such a complaisant Spirit, as would first explain all the Terms in your Conversation, and so by degrees entertain you with an entire System of Logick and Metaphysicks. But they do not usually come on such Errands. From these Hints I have confusedly set down, you will easily collect enow to resolve your self, whether barely the seeing such an Appearance, as is described by the haunted Girl (for I know not what else can be expected) is worth the hazarding your Health by sitting up all Night, and the Danger of being scared by some frightful Apparition for your unwarrantable Curiosity. As to the Motive of Charity which you mention, that is in it self very commendable, but ought always to be guided by Discretion; and I cannot apprehend, that any one is bound to do any such Action, as may probably do themselves more harm, than it will do good to their Neighbour. How far Friendship may oblige to a different Practice

* Captain Hemington.

does

does not belong to this Enquiry. Thus much to the *Foreſide* of the Ghost; as to the *Backſide*, which you had not mentioned before, I think it was a pleaſant Conceit of the young Lady's, and I return her my Thanks for giving ſuch a Conclusion to this melancholy Subject. You bantered the Adept very handſomely in his own Terms. The *French great Gun* gives a monſtrous Bounce, which in our Country ſignifies a *Lye*. You did not mention in your laſt, your enquiry about the Author of the *Romiſh Frauds*. * I thank you for the Account of New Books, and alſo for the Sample of Beau FEILDING's *Wit*. † I live in hopes of better Days, and in the mean time cannot but again, and again, deſire you to be careful of your ſelf. I am your moſt

Faithfully Affectionate,

Shurdington,
Jan. 26. 1705-6.

PYLADES.

LETTER XX.

His *Sentiments* of Dr. GREW's *Cosmologia Sacra*,
LE CLERC's *Parrhaſiana*. With an Imitation of
HORACE.

IF my Leiſure and Health were answerable to my Inclination, you ſhould never have any Reason to uſe *Balzac's* way of lengthening my Letters, becauſe they ſhould always be to

* Dr. Comber was the Author of that Book.

† See Memoirs of Beau Feilding's Life. With his laſt Will and Teſtament. Printed for Mr. Curll.

long,

110 LETTERS to CORINNA

long, that once reading would be sufficient to tire you. But indeed (my dear CORINNA) I have been so employed this Week, both by my Governour and a Relation of ours (who being very Ill, desired me to make a long Will for him, wherein he disposes of his Estate to charitable Uses) that I have not had time to make any Progress in *Cosmologia Sacra*, tho' I am so pleased with that little Taste I have had in the Beginning of it, that I long to proceed in the sublime instructive Argument; and moreover, that I may return the Book again in some reasonable time, for I do not pretend to that Friendship and Freedom with others, which I take with you in that Particular. Well! look to your self now, my dear CORINNA, for I have learnt the Art of Natural Magic, and will so irresistably bind your Fancy, that you shall never be able to avoid thinking of your PYLADES, at the stated Seasons of my Ideal Visits, tho' you should do your utmost endeavour to frustrate my Charm. I must not discover my Art, because that is the way for you to prevent my Design. But observe it, about 10 at Night, and 7 in the Morning, if you do not find my Words true.

There is one Passage in Dr. GREW's Book, p. 95, which in my Opinion is very remarkable, and what I never saw taken notice of before, viz. "Nor
" was the late Earthquake inarticulate; when in
" giving all *England* a Shake, and in *Flanders* over-
" turning the *King's* Tent, it foretold the Death
" of the *Queen*, wherein the *King* and People
" were so deeply concerned. And thus much is
" evident

“ evident in Fact, that Calamities very grievous,
 “ and publickly felt, have seldom come to pass,
 “ without some Prognostick in Heaven, or on
 “ Earth. Though some Men either by failing
 “ in their References unto due Time and Place,
 “ or not considering that a Prognostick is not to
 “ be matched with an Effect, but only a proper
 “ Event, may injudiciously think otherwise. For
 “ nothing can be more reasonable, than that he
 “ who projected the Motions, both of Corporeal
 “ and Intellectual Nature, whether usual or rare,
 “ should also for as often as he thought fit, have
 “ projected a Concurrence between the same, and
 “ hereby have made them, tho’ not the Causes,
 “ yet the suitable Fore-runners of one another.”

I chose rather to transcribe this Remark, because it agrees so well with *Pasquin’s* Observations, which you sent me, on the late dreadful Hurricane. God grant the Prognostick may reach no farther than the terrible Desolation of that Night. As to *Books*, I have been so very idle of late, that I have not yet finished *Le Clerc’s* PARRHASIANA, but I am well pleased with what I have read, and shall go through with it speedily. His Remarks are many of them very judicious, and uncommon, but in his first Chapter of POETRY, methinks he shews more of the *Critick*, than the *Poet*; some of his Reflections on VIRGIL being very superficial. And now I am talking of *Poetry*, I thank you for that little Taste you have given me of Mr. *Addison’s* Campaign; which I like so well, that I long to peruse the whole; but as for the celebrated Mr.

Wycherley,

112 LETTERS to CORINNA

Wycherley, I shall pass him by, and am obliged to you for giving me enough of him without the Trouble of examining him *first*, and condemning him *afterwards*.

By reason of the Badness of the Weather since I came home, (having been a close House-keeper, and consequently met with no Occurrences worth your Notice;) I have in obedience to your Commands, my dear CORINNA (and to make out my weekly Tribute) sent you only the following Translation, which I am afraid, may turn your Stomach as much as a Mess of Onion Porridge would do, but for that you cannot blame me, since it is a Dish of your own ordering.

HORACE. *Epode III. To MÆCENAS:*

An *Invective* against ONIONS.

CURST be the stinking *Root*, and let it be
Condemn'd to just and endless Infamy.

Whatever Wretch shall shed his Parent's Blood
With impious Hands, let *Onions* be his Food:
Onions, the rankest Poison of the Fields,
Worse than what *Nightshade*, or dire *Hemlock*
yields.

O nauseous Dish ! what Stomachs have those
Boors,

Whose daily Food's so filthy and so coarse,
How are my Bowels scorch'd with burning Heat,
Sure *Viper's* Blood was mingled with my Meat,
And I unwittingly the Poison eat :

Or some old spiteful Hag with noxious Blast,
And Hands infectious poison'd the Repast.

(In Juice of *Onions*, sure MEDEA dipt
Her JASON, when his *Argonauts* he shipt,
To fetch the *Golden-fleece* ; thus did he tame
The *Brazen-footed Bulls*, 'twas with the same
That she her Rival sent to endless Night,
Then on a winged *Dragon* took her flight.)

The torrid Zone ne'er felt more parching Fire,
Nor in more ardent Flames did HERCULES
expire.

If e'er MÆCENAS, you should touch this Dish,
(Forgive my Freedom) but I freely wish,
I That

That charming CHLOE may deny the Bliss,
And turn her Face from the distasteful Kiss.

I am, my dear CORINNA, under a thousand Fears
for your Health, and shall be impatient till I
hear from you. Pray be careful of

Your most faithfully

Affectionate,

PYLADES.

LETTER XXI.

*He Congratulates her Recovery, and thanks her for
News. Some Family Affairs. Ladies who are
Patrons to Dr. HICKES's Saxon Labours.*

THE News of your Health being the most
welcome to me, is also the most remark-
able of any contained in your Letter, and there-
fore claims the first Place in my answer to my
dear CORINNA. I heartily thank you for the glad
Tidings, and pray for the Continuance of that
valuable Blessing. You have my Thanks like-
wise, for the ample Account of the Can-
didates for the fair Mrs. Martha. For aught I
know, it is as great a Misfortune to have too many
as none at all, and the Difficulty of chusing
among a great Number is as Perplexing as a to-
tal Want; but we shall make our Election when
we

we come to Town, of which I hope to give you certain notice in my next. In the mean time, let me thank you for your entertaining and instructive Account of *Books* and *Men*, the *former* I shall read when I can meet with them, and by the Example of the *latter*, I think it is best to be of no Party. There is some good to be learnt from the worst, and a great deal of Evil to be found amongst the best Society, or Combination of Men, let their Pretences be ever so plausible. Happy is he who knows how rightly to distinguish in the promiscuous Huddle of Vertue and Vice among Mankind, who can tell where to stop, when those whom he may be thought to favour, are running into extremes, and in all publick Transactions prefers the real Good of his Country to his own Interest, or any other politick Reason of State. As our Affairs stand at present, in my Opinion, the High-Flyers are much in the wrong. I wish the next Parliament may agree better than the last did. And now we are upon the Topick of Dissention among the Grandees: It is reported here, that the Bishop of *Sarum* has brought an Action of *Scandalum Magnatum* against Colonel *Chivers*, a Member of Parliament, for saying, that he caught the Bishop with his Breeches down with a Whore, and our High-Flyers opprobriously boast, that mad *Chivers* (for so he is called) will bring the Whore to justify the Truth of his Assertion. You may soon learn, whether there be any Truth in the Story. Perhaps it may be such a Trick as was

formerly put upon Dr. *Stillington* by the *Jesuits*. I was surpris'd to hear Dr. HANNES and his fine Lady were parted. He had the Character of a very fond Husband to this Wife, tho' not to the last, but I fear he has not deserved it; for she seems to be of a sweet Temper, and not easily provoked to such high Resentment. Surely Mr. *Pooley* will have a hard Task to prove the House of Lords are endeavouring for a Common-Wealth, the Argument I should think holds more probable on the other Side.

I am glad your Enemies were so favourable, and as to the Apartment in *Somerset-House*, I like it extreamly well, and would advise your Mother to accept of the Proposal, for I believe she will hardly meet with Lodgings so cheap and convenient in any other Place.

This Week I have been looking into Dr. HICKES's *Saxon Grammar*, but cannot yet discern any great Charms in the Northern Languages. I find the Doctor in one of his long Prefaces, condemns the Record, which Mr. RHYMER published in defence of the *English* Sovereignty over the *Scots*, and says it is spurious, which by the way cuts off one of Mr. ARWOOD's best Arguments. But let the Antiquaries determine this Matter, I have nothing to say to it. I shall go to our Assizes on *Monday*, where, if I pick up any News, you may expect it in my next, who am with all Sincerity your most

Faithful and Affectionate,

July 21. 1705.

PYLADES.

P. S. I was not conscious of any extraordinary Chagrin, when I writ that Letter, which gave my dear CORINNA occasion to apprehend my Displeasure. And certainly I could have no Cause to dislike any Action or Omission of yours, whose conduct in all other Occurrences (as well as in Reference to the snarling Cynick) has been altogether unblameable, and whose Friendship and Affection to me have been often experienced in Trials, which have given me sufficient Testimony of their Steadiness and Sincerity. Do me the Justice then to think I can never be displeased with what my CORINNA does, so long as she allows me that dear Appellation. If there were any thing particular, which caused your Suspicion (which I do not remember) I will answer for it when I see you, but if it were only the general Air of my Letter, perhaps my Aunt's Illness, and the Fear of being disappointed of our Journey thereby, might influence my Mind, and consequently my Pen at the same time of writing. I am sorry to hear there is like to be so little Peace in Dr. HANNE's Family. The QUEEN has Knighted him, if that will be any Salve for the Sore, and publick Honour be an adequate Recompence for such domestick Discord: Certainly the Influence of the Dog-Days is very wonderful; that in the gentle Spaniels it should excite Love, and quite contrary in the doughty Heroes it should cause Rage and Hatred the direful Parents of Duels and Murders. What Quantities of *Hellebore* will be sufficient to cure these epidemick Dis-

orders, especially since the *Physicians* themselves, want as large Doses as any of their Patients, being as the Dispensary sings,

—————so *frugal* grown,

Of *others* Lives, and *lavish* of their own.

But without Jestings, I am afraid a Multitude of others ought to be taken into Confinement, besides poor *Cousin*, at least while *Sirius* reigns. I am sorry to hear sudden Deaths are so frequent in *London*, Mrs. *Turton* also sends us the same Account. But I hope cooler Air will shortly remove both the Cause and Effect at once, for I impute the present Unhealthiness to the excessive Heat, which still continues, with as much Violence, I think, as ever. God preserve you perpetually, but pray contribute what care you can of your self, and be not troubled at the unreasonable Chagrin of others. I need not advertise you of calling a little Philosophy to your Assistance. Whereof you may find enough in *Epictetus*, to fortify you against any thing out of your own Power. I also do not thank my Lord RADNOR for his Venison, because you met with such a Misfortune from it. But I am glad there is no Danger in the Cut, and wish you may have more Pleasure in the eating, then will compensate for your Wound in the Dressing. And now would I willingly requite your City News with some Country Occurrences, but having kept at home this Week, and been conversant with nothing but *Saxon*,
I can

I can send nothing worth your Notice, only amongst the Patrons and Encouragers of Dr. HICKES's Work, I find three Ladies, whose Characters being remarkable, at least as the Doctor has represented them, I hope you will not think it altogether impertinent, if I introduce them into your Acquaintance in an *English* Dress.

I. DOROTHY, late Wife of JAMES GRAHAM, of *Levens* near *Kendall* in *Westmorland*, Esq; whose incomparable Virtues deserve immortal Remembrance.

II. Mrs. SUSANNA HOPTON of *Kington* in *Herefordshire*, a singular Example of Christian Piety, and eminent Glory of the Church of *England*, who having acquired a great Share of Knowledge in Divine Things, especially in the Holy Scriptures, has published several anonymous Books, which are much used and valued by religious Persons, and yet from whence she seeks no Praise to her self, as judging it better out of her unparalleled Modesty to be really learned and virtuous, than to be publickly so accounted.

III. The most excellent Lady CATHARINE BOVEY of *Flaxely* in *Gloucestershire*, of whom nothing can be said in her Commendation so mean and humble, but what will offend her Modesty, nothing so high and magnificent, but what her shining Virtues will equal, if not excel.

My Service to your Mother, and all other Friends. Pray take care of your self, that my Joy may be compleat when I come to Town. Adieu, my only Love.

LETTER XXII.

With a Character of Mr. LOCKE.

I AM going this Day into *Wiltshire* with the four Gentlemen I mentioned in my last, and fearing least I should not return soon enough to send my dear CORINNA her *Monday's* Tribute, I thought it my Duty to leave this Notice behind me, lest you should apprehend your want of a Letter at the usual Time might be occasioned by something more than my Absence from home. To prevent therefore all unnecessary Fears, I shall order this hasty Scribble to be sent by *Monday's* Post, whereby you may know at least, that your PYLADES is in good Health; which is a Satisfaction my ill Fortune has denied me this Week concerning you (having received no Letter yet) but I hope to find one as I pass through *Cirencester*, which will be the most welcome and agreeable Entertainment I propose to my self in my whole Journey; especially if it brings me the most desirable News of your Health, which together with all other Happiness, cannot be more sincerely wished by your self, than it is by

*Your most faithfully
Affectionate,*

PYLADES.

P. S. When you have read Mr. LOCKE's *Posthumous Works*, pray give me your Judgment of his *Examination of MALEBRANCH's Notion of seeing ALL THINGS in GOD*, which is the Foundation of Mr. NORRIS's *Ideal World*. His *Essay on Miracles* is very well worth your reading, because it clears that Subject from many Difficulties with which other Writers had perplexed it. Or if you are willing to read a *Vindication* of Mr. LOCKE against what *Objections* Mr. NORRIS has raised in that Chapter of his *Ideal World*, (Part 2.) *Whether Matter can Think?* You may find it in Mr. BOLD's *Collection of Tracts* to that purpose: For my part, I cannot but be well pleased with any thing that is written in Defence of that most ingenious and *impartial Author*, whose Writings will certainly be more and more esteemed, as *Truth* and unprejudiced *Reason* shall gain Reputation in the World. And methinks it cannot but redound mightily to his Praise, that tho' he has been attacked by very learned Men of both Parties, *Protestant* and *Papist*, yet I could never learn, from the best Judges my Acquaintance has afforded me, that ever he was confuted in any *substantial Point*. But why do I recommend Books to you, who live in the midst of them, and have sufficient Judgment to chuse the best. If you have seen *Reflexions upon Ridicule*, Dedicated to HENRY KNOLLYS, Esq; a *Gentleman-Commoner* in *Oxon*, whom I know, pray send me Word what Character it bears, and if worth Reading. Adieu, my only Love.

If

If Mr. NORRIS be dead, I am very sorry for it. The Loss of a good Man is a publick Calamity, and ought to be lamented by every one, who has any Concern for the common Welfare. But, I shall more particularly bewail his Death, as he was your Friend, and therefore mine.

July 7. 1706.

LETTER XXIII.

On Mr. LOCKE's Letters, Mr. NORRIS; and Mr. COWLEY, and Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

I Received *three* Letters from you this Week, my dear CORINNA, which being long a coming, ought according to the common Remark to have brought no ill News: But after this tedious Suspence, to hear that you were assaulted by a new and violent Distemper, superadded to your other Melady, grieves me more than you can imagine; and I should not be able to set bounds to my Concern, unless you had given me some Assurance of your Recovery, and informed me that as the Distemper was impetuous, so it was but short, and I hope has left no ill Remains behind it. May the same good Providence which has hitherto preserved and delivered you out of great Variety of Illness, continually bless, and in due time restore you to perfect Health and Tranquility. The fatal Accidents you relate are indeed very terrible, and I never hear of any Burglary about

Lon-

London, but I am in Pain for you, who are too liable to Assaults in that House so weakly defended, but an Almighty Protector is the safest Guard. I wish you may not suffer more by the Thaw than you did by the Cold during the Frost, and as our Complaints were equal in respect of that Weather, so I hope you will bear me Company in the Benefit I received by that nitrous Air, which I think has done me much good, and quite carried off all the lurking Remainers of my Cold. I have kept at home this Week again, and been very agreeably diverted, and improved too (as far as a Confirmation of my former Opinions can be called an Improvement) by reading Mr. LOCKE's Letters. There is a great deal of good Sense and true Friendship, apparent in the Correspondence between him and Mr. MOLYNEUX; and it is no small Satisfaction to me to perceive, that so learned and ingenious a Man as Mr. MOLYNEUX was, had that Esteem and Value for Mr. LOCKE, which I have always thought he justly deserved from all sincere Lovers of Truth and Knowledge. There is one Passage in the *Letters* relating to Mr. NORRIS, which seems to me remarkable, because it is what I did not know before, *viz.* That before Mr. NORRIS had published his Epistle to my Lady MASHAM concerning her Blindness, she wrote to him herself, to assure him of the contrary; notwithstanding which, being pleased with the Elegancies of it, he would print it, and expose both her and himself. That Passage which you shewed me
con-

concerning BLACKMORE's, King ARTHUR, upon second reading, puts me in mind of a Passage of the like Nature in COWLEY's *Hymn to LIGHT*, where, in one of the *Stanza's*, * you will find Sir ISAAC NEWTON's admired *Hypothesis of Colours*, as exactly described, as if it were in his own Words. Not that I suppose COWLEY understood it, in Sir ISAAC's Sense; but it is observable, how by the Heat of Fancy, and a happy Temerity of Expression, sometimes Philosophical Truths may be discovered, which were never so much as dreamt of by the Author. I do not think MAURUS will make many Discoveries of that kind, either by Philosophical Disquisition, or Poetical Flight, but you having read Sir ISAAC's Book, will not be displeased to find COWLEY describing the *Rays of the Sun* as so many *Pencils* delineating the *several Colours on Objects*, which as I apprehend, is Sir ISAAC's Account of the Matter. † But enough of these Niceties,

IV.

* Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky,
Do all thy winged Arrows fly?
Swiftneſs and Power by Birth are thine;
From thy Great Sire they came, thy Sire the Word Divine.

V.

'Tis, I believe, this Archery to ſhow,
That ſo much coſt in Colours Thou,
And Skill in Painting doſt beſtow,
Upon thy ancient Arms, the gawdy Heav'nly Bow.

XVIII.

† All the World's Brav'ry that delights our Eyes,
Is but thy ſev'ral Liveries,
Thou the rich Dye on them beſtow'ſt,
Thy nimble Pencil paints this Landscape as thou go'ſt.

Niceties, you see I am infected by reading Mr. LOCKE, and therefore I hope you will excuse it.

N. B. FINDING, among CORINNA's Manuscripts, a very concise and judicious ABSTRACT of Sir Isaac Newton's OPTICKS; I was of Opinion, that I could not give it a more regular Place among these Papers, than by making it a Sequel to the foregoing Letter, viz.

ABSTRACT, &c.

Sir ISAAC NEWTON having told us, that his Design is not to explain the Properties of LIGHT by Hypothesis, but to propose and prove them by Reason and Experiments: He Premises the following Definitions, viz.

DEF. I.

BY the Rays of LIGHT, I understand its least Parts, and those as well Successive in the same Lines, as Contemporary in several Lines. For it is manifest, that Light consists of Parts both Successive and Contemporary; because in the same Place you may stop that which comes one Moment, and let pass that which comes presently after; and in the same time you may stop it in any one place, and let it pass in any other; for that Part of Light which is stoppt,

XIX.

A Crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st,

A Crown of Studded Gold thou bear'st,

The Virgin Lillies in their white,

Are clad but with the Lawn of almost naked Light, &c.

cannot

cannot be the same with that which is let pass. The least Light, or Part of Light, which may be stopt alone, without the rest of the Light, or propagated alone, or do or suffer any thing alone, which the rest of the Light doth not, or suffers not, I call a Ray of Light.

D E F. II.

Refrangibility of the Rays of Light, is their Disposition to be refracted or turned out of their way, in passing out of one transparent Body or Medium into another. And a greater or less Refrangibility of Rays, is their Disposition to be turned more or less out of their way in like Incidences on the same Medium.

Mathematicians usually consider the Rays of Light to be Lines reaching from the Luminous Body, to the Body illuminated, and the Refraction of those Rays to be the bending or breaking of those Lines in their passing out of one Medium into another. And thus may Rays and Refractions be considered, if Light be propagated in an Instant: But by an Argument taken from the *Æquations* of the Times of the Eclipses of *Jupiter's* Satellites, it seems the Light is propagated in time, spending in its Passage from the Sun to us about 7 Minutes of Time: And therefore I have chosen to define Rays and Refractions in such general Terms, as may agree to Light in both Cases.

D E F. III.

Reflexibility of Rays, is their Disposition to be turned back into the same Medium from any other Medium, upon whose Surface they fall. And Rays are more or less reflexible, which are returned back more or less easily. As if Light pass out of Glass into Air, and by being inclined more and more to the common Surface of the Glass and Air, begins at length to be totally reflected by that Surface; those sort of Rays, which at like Incidences, are reflected most copiously, or by inclining the Rays, begin soonest to be totally reflected, are most reflexible.

D E F. IV.

The Angle of Incidence, is that Angle which the Line described by the incident Ray, contains, with the Perpendicular, to the reflecting, or refracting Surface at the Point of Incidence.

D E F. V.

The Angle of Reflexion or Refraction, is the Angle which the Line described by the reflected or refracted Ray, containeth with the Perpendicular to the reflecting or refracting Surface at the Point of Incidence.

D E F. VI.

The Light, whose Rays are all alike Refrangible, I call simple homogenial and similar; and that whose Rays are somewhat more Refrangible than others, I call compound Heterogenial and Dif-

similar. The former Light I call Homogenial, not because I would affirm it so in all respects, but because the Rays which agree in Refrangibility, agree at least in all those their other Properties.

D E F. VII.

The Colours of Homogenial Lights, I call Primary, Homogenial, and Simple; those of the Heterogenial Lights, Heterogenial and Compound. For these are always compounded of the Colours of Homogenial Lights.

A X I O M. I.

Wherever the Rays which come from all the Points of any Object meet again in so many Points after they have been made to converge by Reflection or Refraction, there they will make a Picture of the Object upon any white Body on which they fall.

When a Man views any Object, the Light which comes from the several Points of the Object is so refracted by the transparent Skins and Humours of the Eye, *viz.* (by the outward Coat, called the *Tunica Cornea*, and by the ChrySTALLINE Humour, which is beyond the Pupil) as to converge and meet again at so many Points in the Bottom of the Eye, and there to paint the Picture of the Object upon that Skin (called the *Tunica Retina*) with which the Bottom of the Eye is covered. And these Pictures propagated by Motion along the Fibres of the Optick Nerves into the Brain, are the Cause of Vision. For according as these Pictures are perfect or imperfect, the Object is seen perfectly or imperfectly. If the Eye be
tinged

tinged with any Colour (as in the Jaundice) so as to tinge the Pictures in the Bottom of the Eye with that Colour, then all Objects appear tinged with the same Colour. If the Humours of the Eye by old Age decay, so as by shrinking to make the *Cornea*, and Coat of the Chrystaline Humour, grow flatter than before, the Light will not be refracted enough; and for want of a sufficient Refraction, will not converge to the Bottom of the Eye, but to some Place beyond it, and by consequence paint in the Bottom of the Eye a confused Picture; and according to the Indistinctness of this Picture, the Object will appear confused. This is the Reason of the Decay of Sight in old Folks, and shews why their Sight is mended by Spectacles: For those Convex-Glasses supply the Defect of Plumpness in the Eye, and by increasing the Refraction make the Rays converge sooner, so as to convene distinctly at the Bottom of the Eye, if the Glass have a due Degree of Convexity. And the contrary happens in short-sighted-Men, whose Eyes are too plump. For the Refraction being now too great, the Rays converge, and convene in the Eyes before they come at the Bottom; and therefore the Picture in the Bottom, and the Vision caused thereby, will not be distinct, unless the Object be brought so near the Eye, as that the Place where the converging Rays convene, may be removed to the Bottom, or that the Plumpness of the Eye be taken off, and the Refractions diminished by

a concave Glass of a due Degree of Concavity, or lastly, that by Age the Eye grows flatter till it come to a due Figure. For short-sighted Persons see remote Objects best in old Age, and therefore they are accounted to have the most lasting Eyes.

Prop. 5. Homogenial Light is Refracted regularly, without any Dilatation splitting or shattering of the Rays, and the confused Vision of Objects seen through Refracting Bodies by Heterogenial Light arises from the different Refrangibility of several sorts of Rays.

Prop. 7. The Perfection of Telescopes is impeded, by the different Refrangibility of the Rays of Light, 3600000 Parts of an Inch.

PART II. BOOK I.

Prop. 2. All Homogenial Light has its proper Colour answering to its Degree of Refrangibility, and that Colour cannot be changed by Reflexions and Refractions. *p. 90.*

It is manifest, that if the Sun's Light consisted but of one sort of Ray, there would be but one Colour in the whole World, nor would it be possible to produce any new Colour by Reflexions and Refractions, and by consequence that the Variety of Colours depends upon the Composition of Light.

If at any time I speak of Light and Rays, as coloured or endued with Colours, I would be understood to speak not Philosophically and Properly, but grossly, and according to such Conceptions as vulgar People in seeing all these Experiments

riments would be apt to frame. For the Rays to speak Properly, are not coloured. In them there is nothing else than a certain Power and Disposition to stir up a Sensation of this, or that Colour. For as Sound in a Bell, musical String, or other sounding Body, is nothing but a trembling Motion, and in the Air; nothing but that Motion propagated from the Object, and in the *Sensorium* is a Sense of that Motion under the Form of Sound; so Colours in the Object are nothing but a Disposition to reflect this or that sort of Rays more copiously than the rest; in the Rays, they are nothing but their Dispositions to propagate this or that Motion into the *Sensorium*, and in the *Sensorium* they are Sensations of those Motions under the Form of Colours. p. 119.

Whiteness is a Mean between all Colours, having it self, indifferently to them all, so as with equal Facility to be tinged with any of them.

Book II. Whiteness is a Mixture of all Colours, and the Light which conveys it to the Eye is a Mixture of Rays, indued with all those Colours.

Part III. Prop. 5. The transparent Parts of Bodies according to their several Sizes, must reflect Rays of one Colour, and transmit those of another, on the same Grounds that thin Plates or Bubbles do reflect or transmit those Rays; and this I take to be the Ground of all their Colours.

Prop. 7. The Bigness of the component Parts of natural Bodies may be conjectured by their

Colours. Thus if it be desired to know the Diameter of a Corpuscle, which being of equal Density with Glass, shall reflect Green of the 3d Order, the Number $16\frac{1}{4}$ shews it to be $\frac{16\frac{1}{4}}{1000000}$ Parts of an Inch. p. 63.

For the Production of Black, the Corpuscles must be less than any of those which exhibit Colours. For at all greater Sizes, there is too much Light Reflected, to constitute this Colour. But if they be supposed a little less than is requisite to reflect the White, and very faint Blue of the first Order, they will according to the 4th Observation reflect so very little, as to appear intensely Black, and yet may perhaps variously Refract it to and fro within themselves, so long until it happen to be stifled and lost; by which means they will appear Black in all Positions of the Eye, without any Transparency. And from hence may be understood, why Fire, and the more subtile dissolver Putrefaction, by dividing the Particles of Substances, turn them to black, why small Quantities of black Substances impart their Colour very freely and intensely to other Substances, to which they are applied; the minute Particles of these, by reason of their very great Number, easily overspreading the gross Particles of others, why black Substances, do soonest of all other Colours become hot in the Sun's Light, and burn. (Which effect may proceed partly from the Multitude of Refractions in a little Room, and partly from the easy Commotion of so very small Corpuscles.) In these Descriptions I have been the
more

more particular, because it is not impossible but that Microscopes may at length be improved to the Discovery of the Particles of Bodies, on which their Colours depend, if they are not already in some measure arrived to that Degree of Perfection. For if those Instruments are, or can be so far improved, as with sufficient Distinctness to represent Objects 5 or 600 times bigger than at a Foot Distance they appear to the naked Eye, I should hope that we might be able to discover some of the greatest of these Corpuscles. And by one that would magnify 3 or 4000 times, perhaps they might be all discovered, except those which produce Blackness. It will add much to our Satisfaction, if those Corpuscles could be discovered with Microscopes; which if we shall at length attain to, I fear it will be the utmost Improvement of this Sense: For it seems impossible to see the more secret and noble Works of Nature within the Corpuscles, by reason of their Transparency. *p.* 78.

Prop. 12. Every Ray of Light in its Passage through any Refracting Surface, is put into a certain transient Constitution or State, which in the Progress of the Ray returns at equal Intervals, and disposes the Ray at every Return to be easily transmitted through the next refracting Surface, and between the Returns to be easily reflected by it.

DEF. I. The Returns of any Ray to be reflected, I will call its Fits of easy Reflexion, and those of its Disposition to be transmitted, its

Fits of easy Transmission, and the Space it passes between every Return, and the next Return, the Interval of its Fits.

(Prop. 13.) The reason why the Surfaces of all thick transparent Bodies Reflect part of the Light incident on them, and Refract the rest, is that some Rays at their Incidence, are in Fits of easy Reflexion, and others in Fits of easy Transmission.

Of *Halos* about the SUN or MOON.

THE more equal the Globules of Water or Ice are to one another, the more Grounds of Colours will appear, and the Colours will be the more lively.

This *Halo's* being Oval, and remoter from the Moon Below than Above, I conclude that it was made by Refraction in some sort of Hail or Snow floating in the Air in an Horizontal Posture. p. 112.

GRIMALDO has informed us, that if a Beam of the SUN's Light be let into a dark Room, through a very small Hole, the Shadows of Things in this Light will be larger than they ought to be, if the Rays went on by the Bodies in strait Lines. p. 113.

(Prop. 32.) Since I have not finished this Part of my Design, I shall conclude with only proposing some Queries, in order to a farther Search to be made by others.

Que. I. Do not Bodies act upon Light at a Distance, and by their Actions bend its Rays,
and

and is not this Action (*Ceteris paribus*) strongest at the least Distance?

Que. III. Are not the Rays of Light in passing by the Edges and Sides of Bodies, bent several times backwards and forwards, with a Motion like that of an Eel? And do not the Fringes of coloured Light arise from such Bendings?

Que. V. Do not Bodies and Light act mutually upon one another, that is to say, Bodies upon Light in emitting, Reflecting, Refracting, and Inflecting it, and Light upon Bodies for heating them, and putting their Parts into a vibrating Motion wherein Heat consists?

Que. VII. Is not the Strength and Vigour of the Action between Light and Sulphureous Bodies (observed above) one reason why Sulphureous Bodies take Fire more readily, and Burn more vehemently than other Bodies do?

Que. VIII. Do not all fixt Bodies when Heated beyond a certain Degree, emit Light, and shine, and is not this Emission performed by the vibrating Motions of their Parts?

Que. IX. Is not Fire a Body heated so hot as to emit Light copiously? For what else is a red hot Iron than Fire? And what else is a burning Coal than red hot Wood?

Que. X. Is not Flame a Vapour, Fume or Exhalation heated red hot, that is to say, so hot as

to shine? For Bodies do not Flame without emitting a copious Fume, and this Fume burns in the Flame. The *Ignis Fatuus* is a Vapour shining without Heat, and is there not the same Difference between this Vapour and Flame as there is between rotten Wood shining without Heat, and burning Coals of Fire? Smoke passing through Flame cannot but grow red hot, and red hot Smoke can have no other Appearance than that of Flame?

Que. XI. Do not great Bodies conserve their Heat the longest, their Parts heating one another, and may not great Dense and fixed Bodies, which heated beyond a certain Degree, emit Light so copiously, as by the Emission and Reaction of its Light, and the Reflexions and Refractions of its Rays within its Pores to grow still hotter till it comes to a certain Period or Heat, such as is that of the Sun? And are not the Sun and fixed Stars great Earths vehemently hot, whose Heat is conserved by the Greatness of the Bodies, and the mutual Action and Reaction between them, and the Light which they emit, and whose Parts are kept from fuming away, not only by their Fixity, but also by the vast Weight and Density of the Atmospheres incumbent on them, and very strongly compressing them, and condensing the Vapours which arise from them?

Que. XII. Do not the Rays of Light in falling upon the Bottom of the Eye excite Vibrations
in

Sir Isaac Newton's OPTICKS. 117

in the *Tunica Retina* ? which Vibrations being propagated along the solid Fibres of the optic Nerves into the Brain, cause the Sense of

Que. XIII. Do not several sorts of R. Vibrations of several Bignesses, which according to their Bigness excite Sensations of several Colours, much after the manner that the Vibrations of the Air, according to their several Bignesses, excite Sensations of several Sounds?

To some LADIES,

On their Reading Sir Isaac Newton's OPTICKS,
sent to CORINNA, by the Reverend Mr. Thomas Kimpson.

LADIES,

BEING inform'd of your Intention,
Of putting Brain upon Distention;
And beating it as Boys their Top-sticks,
In cogitating Sight and Opticks;
We can't but think, and judge it right,
That it proceeds from want of Light.
For nothing sure could e'er provoke ye,
To meddle with the Radiant *Foci*;

Whence

138 *Verses on Newton's Opticks.*

Whence Rays *diverge*, and how they *strike*,
 In Lines *direct*, or Lines *oblique*;
 The various Modes of their *Inflexion*,
 And many a *difficile Perplexion*;
 How *curv'd*, or *rectilinear* Spires,
 Pass thro' a Sphere, from PHOEBUS' Fires,
 Or in his Absence, Candle-Beams,
 Suffer *Refraction*, from still Streams.
 By These and Topicks more abstruse,
 You leave yourselves without Excuse.
 May pore on Vision till you're Blind,
 And no Illumination find,
 Where you expect it in the Mind.
 Not BARTON, * Queen of all her Sex,
 Will her *soft Hours* with these perplex.
 Tho' she to NEWTON be ally'd,
 In Wit and ev'ry Grace beside,

* She was Niece to Sir Isaac Newton. " I give and bequeath to
 " Mrs. CATHARINE BARTON all the Jewels I have at the time of my
 " Death; and likewise 3000l. as a small Token of the great Love and
 " Affection I have long had for her." See, The Earl of Halifax's Last
 Will and Testament. Printed for E. Curll.

Will not in Love create a Schism
By bringing Light in, thro' a Prism;
Contents herself with her *own* Power,
And thinks it needless to *know more*;
Tho' ignorant of Shape or Size,
Or the bright Flashes of her Eyes;
She sees with *certain Death* they Wound,
And pleas'd she views her Conquests round.

L E T T E R XXIV.

*From Sir CHARLES DUNCOMBE's Seat in
Wiltshire.*

BY my Continuance here, I fancy you will think I am got into good Quarters, and that I do not care to leave them: As to the first Part of the Supposition you are certainly in the right; but as to my Unwillingness to depart, that I can assure you is not the cause of my longer Abode here, than was at first intended; there being no Place so agreeable, but what I can contentedly leave whenever Decency (not to mention more urgent Occasions) requires my Departure. But you must know there being a Feast to be kept this Day for the Tenants (and by the way

way we had noble Doings on *New-Years-Day* with the Burghers of *Downton* and their Wives to the Number of about 140) I was without much difficulty persuaded to stay till *Monday*, that I might also behold this Entertainment, which is like to be larger than the former, both in Company and good Chear. The Humours of Country People on such Occasions are many of them very ridiculous, and a sufficient Antidote against the Spleen. That which I thought most diverting the last Day, was to see Sir *Charles* kiss all the good Women as they came up into the great Hall, like Wild-Geese in a train, or rather to see them kiss him; for he being Gouty, and not very well able to Walk, stood still while they all came dropping their Curtesies one after another, and holding out their Bills to receive the Favour, which without doubt they Value at a high Rate, especially the poor-toothless old Woman who brought up the Rear of about Sixty, and perhaps never had such a Salute in her Life before. The Bill of Fare is too long to be repeated; and for my own part, the Sight of so much Victuals is sufficient for me, who Dine more satisfactorily on another Day, than on these great Festivals. I find one very great Affliction in my long stay here, which is, that it prevents my hearing from my dear CORINNA, which yet it might not have done, if I could have imagined that I should have continued here till this time; but it was contrary to my Intentions, otherwise I should have begged a Removal of that Suspence, which at present I
lie

lie under, concerning your Health. I will endeavour to hope the best, and God grant my Wishes may not be vain. As to the rich Owner of this noble Edifice, you must know, he having been formerly very much afflicted with the Gout and Stone, does now for the Preservation of his Health, lead a Life exactly regular and temperate. He rides out on Horse-back every Morning, if the Weather will permit, 3 or 4 Hours for the Benefit of the Air, and has taken me with him every Day except this, my Place being at present supplied by another; and the Air also being very foggy, there was at first no Riding intended: By which means I have gained a little time for conversing with you, which in my Esteem, far surpasses all other Entertainments. At Dinner he eats heartily of what he likes, drinking 2 or 3 Glasses of Wine at most, and not a Drop afterwards all the Afternoon: But that time he passes in smoking Tobacco, and good Discourse, wherein truly he shews himself to be not only very sensible and rational, but by his Conversation with Persons of the best Quality, has collected a great many diverting Stories.

Dinner being just ready for the Table, I have only time to bid *Adieu* to my dearest only Love,

Downton,
Jan. 3. 1707-8.

PYLADES.

P. S. If my Epistle could be made suitable to this Place, it would be the most elegant that ever
my

my dear CORINNA received from me : For truly, of all the noble Seats that I have seen in any of my Rambles, I do not know one that for external Beauty, Situation, and all other Conveniences, is to be compared with this House of Sir *Charles Duncombe's*. I wish I could make BEREFORD immortal ; and I will try to give a particular Description of it shortly in Rhime.

V E R S E S

*To the Right Honourable Sir CHARLES DUNCOMBE
Knt. when Lord Mayor of London. 1709.*

Forgive, my Lord, this Boldness and Excuse,
A worthless Off'ring of an humble Muse,
Who thinks it less a Crime to be call'd Rude,
Than to be tax'd with silent Gratitude.
If in this glorious, and important Year,
When You with Honour fill the City Chair,
And next her sacred Majesty You hold
The Sword of Justice, and the Chain of Gold.
If, whilst you are involv'd in publick Cares,
And quite divided from your own Affairs,
I should perhaps be thought impertinent,
Presuming in this manner to present

A poor

Verses to Sir Charles Duncombe. 143

A poor Description of that noble Seat,
Which you commend in making your Retreat;
With due Submission let me call to mind
The sweet Enjoyments you have left behind;
And hope to give at least some slender Taste
Of future Happiness, and Pleasures past,
Pleasures, which will attend your coming down,
When e'en oppress'd with Honours of the Town,
You thither shall impatiently repair
For Ease, and Health, Delight, and fresher Air.
Of Favours there receiv'd I am too proud,
Not to proclaim my pregnant Joys aloud,
And asking Pardon must my Thanks express;
For more I cannot, and I ought not less.

How blest, how wondrous happy is your Life,
How free from Danger void of Noise and Strife,
When to this pleasing Mansion you retire,
Enjoying All, wise Nature can desire.

Here

144 *Verses to Sir Charles Duncombe.*

Here Peace, Content, Delight, and Innocence,
Have found a safe, and lasting Residence.

Here Prudence reigns, and strict Oeconomy,
Runs through the whole well-order'd Family.

Hence no disturbing Noise, no Jars molest,
The constant Calmness of your peaceful Breast.

Here Health secure, and Happiness you find,
Augmented by Tranquility of Mind,

And have experienc'd by a long regard,
That ev'ry Virtue brings its own Reward:

Here meet such Things, as do not oft agree, }
Magnificence with Hospitality,
Abundant Riches with Humility.

Plenty with Temp'rance, Pow'r, but no Pride,
And with good Humour, Wisdom does reside.

Religion here the Crown of all the rest
Is with just Honour and regard profess.

Sabbaths are kept with due Solemnity,
And in strict Rule succeeding Weeks agree.

To

To render Thanks for Blessings of the Light,
And beg a safe Protection in the Night,
Our Church's matchless Pray'rs are duly read
The best Composers of a peaceful Bed.

From rest and downy Sleep refresh'd you rise,
When first *Aurora* blushes in the Skies,
When tuneful Birds their Morning Songs renew,
And thirsty PHOEBUS drinks the pearly Dew.
Then like a Master circumspect survey,
And regulate the Labours of the Day,
Next riding over Downs and Fields your own,
Rejoice to see th' appointed Work is done.
Thus mingling by your Conduct exquisite
Profit with Pleasure, Bus'ness with Delight.
Here you with equal Joy, and Wonder see
How Nature shines in gay Variety:
How verdant Woods the lofty Mountains crown,
How Flocks of Sheep enrich the flow'ry Down.

L

How

How *Ceres* smiles in rip'ning Fields of Corn,
How lowing Herds the fruitful Meads adorn.
You see how Nature moves by slow Degrees,
How little Seeds increase to mighty Trees.
(Thus from small Acorns dropt by careless Chance
Imperious Oaks their lofty Heads advance.)
How Clods obdurate, and the stubborn Field,
Is by laborious Culture taught to yield
A grateful Tribute to the Plowman's Toil,
How diff'rent Grains require a diff'rent Soil.
How various Tasks fill up the circling Year,
And how kind Seasons crown the Farmer's Care.
These charming Objects entertain your Eyes,
While chearful Birds united Melodies
Enchant your Ears: *Favonius* kindly blows,
And defecated Air new Life bestows:
Fraught with ambrosial Sweets and nitrous Food
It purges, and invigorates the Blood,

Diffuses

Diffuses lively Warmth through ev'ry Part,
And with abundant Gladness swells the Heart.
Of these Delights I have enlarg'd, for these
Repeated often yet will always please.
In these a virtuous, and well-temper'd Mind,
Like you, will constant Entertainment find.

A plenteous Table, and a welcome Friend,
And Hunger, best of Sauces, recommend
This Country Life, which you can well compare
To Pomp and Grandeur, Noise and City care,
And judging right impartially prefer.

Sometimes in good Discourse you pass away,
What Bus'ness spares of the declining Day.
Such things fill up the Vacancies of Time,
As if neglected might be judg'd a Crime.
Then you describe and fix in wise Debate
The solid Int'rests of the Church and State;

148 *Verses to Sir Charles Duncombe.*

Show how they're link'd in such united Bands,
One cannot Fall, so long as t'other Stands.
How from *Geneva's* Craft, or force of *Rome*,
By diff'rent Methods equal Dangers come.
And tho' *Charybdis* cautiously we shun,
The Vessel's lost that does on *Scylla* run.

How have I heard you frequently commend
Those worthy Men, who bravely durst defend
Our tott'ring Church against the worst of Foes,
And *Romish* Fraud with solid Truth oppose;
Who yet could dare as bravely to defy
The faithless Enemies of Monarchy.
Your self a Partner in the glorious Cause,
To guard Religion, Liberties, and Laws.

With Pleasure have I heard you oft relate,
The various Revolutions of our State.
How factious Rage, and pop'lar Discontent
Once overturn'd our envy'd Government.

Verses to Sir Charles Duncombe. 149

Then Anarchy prevail'd, and lawless force,
And Reformation made our Evils worse.
Till such usurping Pow'r and Pride to quell
It self devouring, the wild Monster fell.
Hence you conclude that 'tis unsafe to Change,
Lest we degen'rate by too loose a Range ;
And by just Censures of What has been done
Show how we may the like Misfortunes shun,
And 'scape those Rocks on which our Prede-
cessors run.

When Rural Sport invites at leisure Hours,
And you disdain not to behold a Course,
Such Course as is not elsewhere to be seen,
Within the wide Dominions of our QUEEN.
Then *Turk* and *Hector* Dogs of noblest breed,
Of shape most beautiful, and swiftest speed,
With eager Joy their Master's call obey ;
And in close Ambush hid expect the Prey.

150 *Verses to Sir Charles Duncombe.*

By Beagles rouz'd the Stag his Woods forsakes,
And o'er the well-known Plains his refuge takes.
(Ah ! faithless Plains, where Foes more dangerous
Lie,

Than those from which he makes such haste to Fly.)

When spying fresh Pursuers near behind,
His nimble fears out-run the fleeting Wind.

Yet not so fast, but that with swifter Pace
His Enemies o'ertaking in the Chace.

Seize their unequal Prey ? and stop his Course,
Out-done in Speed, and now attack'd by Force.

Disdaining to be thus betray'd by flight,
He bids defiance, and prepares to fight.

With Horns, and Hoofs assaults his daring Foes,
And arm'd with Rage does force to force oppose;

But they press forward, and unus'd to fear,
Seize one his Throat, while t'other grasps his Ear.

The furious Beast provok'd with Wrath and Pain
Drags the tenacious Dogs along the Plain :

Till

Verses to Sir Charles Duncombe. 151

Till tir'd and fainting with the pond'rous
Weight,

He falls lamenting, and submits to Fate.

Spectators then triumphantly Rejoice,

And cheer the Victors with applauding Voice.

Here *Peers*, and *Judges* sage, have smil'd to see,

Such courage wing'd with such Velocity.

Hence all that to these Recreations come,

Admire, Applaud, and go Rejoicing home.

If whilst with equal Justice, and Renown,

You govern this August, and Pop'lous Town,

And by true Merit rais'd, not vain Pretence

To be the City's Honour and Defence,

Your Predecessors all so far excel,

You will hereafter find no Parallel.

If whilst the Nation sets your Praises forth,

And ev'ry Tongue speaks your transcendent

worth,

152 *Verses to Sir Charles Duncombe.*

In Silence unregarded I pass by
The shining Glories of your May'rality:
This should in me be reckon'd a Defect,
A Theme so bright, and copious to Neglect.
In Shades and Rural Scenes my Muse delights,
Unable to sustain such lofty Flights,
As your great Deeds require, for these will be
The glorious Task of future History,
The Joy and Wonder of Posterity!
And, in the lasting Chronicles of Fame,
Transmit your Honour, and Immortalize your
Name.



BEREFORD*,

A

P O E M.

Calm was the Weather, and the Day serene,
The Sky with Azure, and the Sea with Green,
Reflected and improv'd the Golden Sun,
Which then with more than double Glory shone.
Joy sat in ev'ry Breast, and gentle Gales
Fann'd our extended Hopes, and swell'd our Sails,
Our Vessel plow'd the Sea's unwrinkled Face,
Steady as Time, and with as swift a Pace.

* Now the Seat of *Anthony Duncombe, Esq;* about five Miles
from *Salisbury*.

Shrill

Shrill *Tritons* play'd, the chearful Ocean smil'd,
And dancing *Fish* the fleeting Hours beguil'd.
Till *Albion's* lofty Cliffs appear'd in fight,
And past all Fears establish'd our delight.
But Ah! how frail are human Joys? How soon
The blackest Night succeeds the fairest Noon?
Thick Clouds and Vapours over spread the Skies,
Murmurs, and hollow Blasts began to Rise,
Portending Tempests near; the troubled Seas,
And swelling Waves, did with our fears increase.
Quickly the Storm arriv'd, for fast it flew,
The raging Winds with utmost Fury blew.
The Sun in pitchy Darkness lost his Light,
And Day was on a sudden turn'd to Night.
Clamours, and Noise confus'd, fill'd ev'ry Place,
And pallid Terror shook in ev'ry Face.
Till bell'wing Thunder with impetuous Voice,
Drown'd all our Cries in its more piercing Noise,

B E R E F O R D.

Sulphureous Flames shot through the livid Air,
And all around shed Horror and Despair.
Loud as the Thunder did the Ocean roar,
And foaming Billows dash'd against the Shoar.
Sometimes the liquid Mountains swell'd so high,
Our lofty Pinnacle seem'd to touch the Sky.
Then deep between the Waves sunk down again,
Into the gaping Caverns of the Main.
At length, whirl'd thus about with boist'rous
Shocks,
Our shatter'd Vessel split upon the Rocks.
Rocks more relentless than the cruel Waves,
Quick to destroy whate'er the Water saves.
Then dreadful Shrieks, sad Moans, and doleful
Cries,
Wounded the passive Air, and pierc'd the Skies.
Till overflowing Seas stopt gasping Breath,
And seiz'd the Victims of triumphant Death.

But

But I, Desertless, better Fortune found,
Alone escaping when the rest were drown'd.
By some kind Wave ejected on the Strand,
And half Alive crept heavily to Land.
Not yet secure: than Seas I dreaded more
The Dangers of th' inhospitable Shore.
Befriended therefore by th' approaching Night,
Through secret ways I took my hasty Flight.
O'er Desarts wild, and pathless Lawns I went,
And made the sympathizing Woods lament.
Where our proud Conqueror in Ages past,
So many fertile Parishes laid waste,
So many Towns, and Churches too, pull'd down
To make a Forest *, and to lose a Son.

Who can describe the Horrors of that Night,
Or tell how welcome was approaching Light;

* New Forest in *Hampshire*.

When with the Dawn my joyful Eyes descry'd
SARUM's high Spire, the Wand'rer's certain Guide,
Whose lofty Summit seems to touch the Sky
To the Delighted but Deluded Eye.
The well-known Object pleasing to my View,
Reviv'd my Pace, and did my Hopes renew.
Thither I bent my Course; when with surprize
A glorious Fabrick struck my wond'ring Eyes.
The charming Prospect tempted me to gaze,
And long survey the Beauties of the Place.
The House, the Gardens, Courts, and Avenues,
Contriv'd alike for Ornament and Use,
So neatly finish'd, and so well design'd,
Express'd the Greatness of the Builder's Mind.
Like sparkling Diamonds the Windows shone,
The glitt'ring Roof was gilded by the Sun.
Each never-fading Green, each Flow'r and Tree,
Was deckt in Nature's richest Livery.

Con-

Consummate Beauty shin'd in ev'ry Part,
And with increas'ing Wonder fill'd my Heart.

So Looks, and so the gazing World admire,
Some beauteous Princess in her best Attire.
Her Crown, her Jewels, and her bright Array,
Out-shine the vanquish'd Lustre of the Day.
Her gay Retinue dress'd in radiant Pride,
Enhance the Sight, and spread the Glory wide.

The Sun, that in his long diurnal Race,
Sure ne'er beholds a more delightful Place,
With wanton Beams the Building did surround,
And with repeated Kisses touch'd the Ground.
Reflected Rays in fond Caresses play'd;
Forgot their haste, and their swift Course delay'd.
Here genial Heat indulgently he shed,
Reluctant parting to his *Thetis*, Bed.
The Lover thus surveys his beauteous Bride,
In Nature's Dress recumbent by his Side.

With

With eager Eyes he feeds upon her Face,
Impatient till his longing Arms embrace.
Her snowy Neck, then ravish'd with her Charms,
He grasps her close in his tenacious Arms.
Unwilling to release her from his Breast,
Till Night, and gentle Sleep constrain to Rest.

Here doubtful Admiration fix'd my Eye,
Till some kind Traveller by chance pass'd by,
Who to my Questions gave me this Reply.

That noble Pile, which swells the Mouth of
Fame,
Derives its Honour from great DUNCOMBE'S
Name.

A Name, which shall to latest Ages live,
And long the Date of that fine House survive.
If Virtue can immortal Honours yield,
Or gen'rous Deeds a fame substantial Build.

Through-

Throughout the World his spreading Glory
shines,

And from Meridian Lustre ne'er declines.

Princes and People both his Praise resound,
Applauding Cities join; the Countries round
Repeat the loud Encomiums of the Town,
And *Turkish*-Slaves his lib'ral Ransom own.

Debtors releas'd, and from close Durance free,
With thankful Hearts extol his Charity.

Those Tongues that begg'd Relief with mourn-
ful Voice,

In Songs of Praise now lavishly Rejoice.

Poor Refugees in Want and sad Distress

His ample Gifts, and matchless Bounty bless.

Our Church and State proclaim with joint Con-
sent,

That He's their great Support and Ornament.

And

And *London*, which may now like ancient *Rome*,
A Title o'er the subject World assume,
In chusing such a *President* receives,
As large and lasting Honour as she gives.
If with Past things we Future may compare,
And from the *Sheriff* calculate the *Mayor*.

Hither the worthy Patriot retires,
When Publick bu'sness yields to his Desires,
A gen'ral Blessing to the Neighbourhood,
For, One so Wise and Gen'rous, Just and Good,
Like Heav'n his gracious Favours will dispence,
And scatter round propitious Influence.
The Rich he treats with Honour, and the Poor
Live on his Alms, and fatten at his Door:
And coming hither for their Daily Bread,
Are doubly Blest; and Cloath'd, as well as Fed.
Admir'd, Belov'd! and in such high Degree,
(O rarely seen) he Lives from Envy free,
The just Reward of Wealth and Charity.

M

As

As all that you discover hence from far,
Is beautiful, exact, and regular:
Take nearer Views, within those Thresholds go,
So shall your Pleasure with your Wonder grow.

Encourag'd thus, my willing Steps proceed,
And my delighted Eyes new Beauties feed.
Long Avenues with double Rows of Trees,
The doubtful Traveller direct and please.
Rang'd in just Order, and exact Array,
They cover and adorn the verdant Way.
So stand the Ranks immoveable as Fate,
When God-like *Marlbro'* fearless and sedate,
Amidst the Din of War gives cool Commands,
And wisely Marshals his victorious Bands.
Through pallisado'd Gates, and airy Courts,
Adorn'd with Greens, and Trees of various
forts,

Ascend-

Ascending Steps, into the Hall you come,
That noble spacious, and delightful Room;
Where State, and just Proportion both conspire,
To make the nicest Architect admire.

Fretwork Above, and Painting exquisite;
Below, *Italian* Marble charms the Sight,
And Windows double row'd admit the Morn-
ing Light.

Here have I seen at some great Festival,
When gen'rous Bounty did poor Neighbours
call,

Long Tables with delicious Viands fill'd,
And smoaking Dishes over Dishes pile'd.
The richest Spoils of Earth, and Sea, and Air,
Were all united in the Bill of Fare.

Ceres and *Bacchus* triumph'd in the Feast,
And chearful plenty welcom'd ev'ry Guest.
Here Truth and Love, and Loyalty sincere,
Did undisguis'd in naked Charms appear.

Uninterrupted Mirth possess'd the Place,
And florid Pleasure smil'd in ev'ry Face.
Wit with the Glafs, and rustick Jests went
round,

With some important Health, the Cup was
crown'd.

Good Company was brightned by good Chear,
And *Maylin's* Harp * charm'd ev'ry listning Ear.

Hence looking outwards, the surveying Eye,
A large and various Prospect doth descry.
Towns, Churches, Mountains, pleasant Fields,
and Woods,

Enamel'd Meadows, and transparent Floods.
Below the Kine, the fleecy Sheep Above,
In numerous Flocks about their Pastures rove.
Hills gently rising terminate the Sight,
And close the Landscape with compleat Delight

* A noted Player on that Instrument at *Salisbury*.

In Order duly plac'd, you next behold
 Gay Rooms of State, and Walls of shining Gold:
 Rooms so delightful and convenient too,
 They doubly please upon a stricter View;
 Which makes it here impossible to tell,
 Whether their Use or Ornament excell:
 So well dispos'd and neatly fitted up,
 So richly furnish'd to the lofty Top,
 They speak the noble Owner's Pow'r and Praise,
 And in all Minds just Admiration raise.

Pictures, and such like Ornaments of State,
 I must omit, as tedious to relate.
 Nor could do Justice here, nor with Success,
 These proper Objects of the Sight express.
 Tho' Poetry to Painting is ally'd,
 Yet in one Point the Sister-Arts divide.

They from each other's Pow'r, their Charms
conceal,

And each unrival'd will her own reveal.

What Words Defining Colours can be found,
Or where's the Pencil that can paint a Sound?

Descending Steps into the Garden lead,
Here all are charm'd that in this *Eden* tread.
Here Nature drest and beautify'd by Art,
Strikes with resistless Raptures ev'ry Heart.
The lovely Walks, the Fountains, Flow'rs, and
Trees,

Above the reach of Words, or Fancy please.
Here ev'ry Sense finds full and pure Delight,
Here ev'ry Object gratifies the Sight.

Arabian Sweets perfume the fragrant Air,
Here warbling Birds melodiously repair.
And rich *Pomona* to conclude the Treat,
Presents such Fruit, as Eastern Princes eat.

Here

Here the Jonquil, and there, the blushing Rose,
 With double Pleasure, charm both Eye and Nose.
 Here Lillies raise their beauteous Heads to vie,
 With regal Pomp and shining Majesty.
 In curling Wreaths sweet Honeysuckles climb,
 Beneath the Borders fring'd with humble
 Thyme.

When these decay, for all Things must expire,
 The pregnant Earth puts on a fresh Attire;
 And fertile Nature lib'rally supplies,
 A better Race when the preceding dies.
 Hence FLORA Smiles, so long as PHOEBUS Courts,
 But when to foreign Regions he resorts,
 The pensive Nymph his cruel Absence mourns,
 Conceal'd in dark Retreat till he returns.
 Then she revives, and all her Charms displays,
 And with kind Looks meets his approaching
 Rays.

Dispers'd in ev'ry Place, new Beauties rise,
Engaging more, with more Varieties.

Here gilded *Hollies* court the gazing Eye,
But like coy Nymphs, the dangerous Touch
defy.

There DAPHNE hides her Head conceal'd in
Green,

And will no more a naked Nymph be seen.
All round the Walls the Seasons of the Year,
Painted on Trees, and changing Scenes appear.
In youthful Bloom, and dazling Pride of *May*,
The Spring comes forth beyond Expression gay.
Her sanguine Face, and florid Looks presage,
A num'rous Progeny from riper Age,
Which warmer *Autumn* to Perfection brings,
For choicest Ladies fit, or Courts of Kings.
Houses for Greens, and airy Rooms for shade,
By curious Art, and nice Contrivance made,

Give

Give tender Plants from Cold a safe Retreat,
And screen fair Ladies from the *Summer's* Heat,
In those the Treasures of the spicy East,
Are with a better Habitation blest.
To these for gentle Gales of cooler Air,
More fragrant Virgins joyfully repair.
Not *Myrtle*, nor the blooming *Orange-Tree*,
With their sweet Breath can claim Equality.
But I transgress, and by too long a Stay,
Forget what other things I must survey.
Bewilder'd here, and by soft Magic bound,
Methinks I would not part from this inchant-
ing Ground.

Beneath, but in full View, rich Meadows lie,
Which almost seem, to the Spectator's Eye,
Another Garden : What old Poets feign,
(The Golden Age, and blest *Saturnian* Reign,)

Is

Is here in Fact, and without Fiction seen,
A Spring Eternal, Meadows ever Green.
Through which, in smooth Meanders *Avon*
flows,
And pays a double Tribute as it goes.
For in Autumnal Droughts, when *Syrus* reigns,
And with fierce Heat burns up the dusty Plains,
This gentle Stream obsequious to command,
Is taught to overflow the thirsty Land,
And when the moist'ned Earth new Heat requires,
Through proper Drains immediately retires.
Hence num'rous Herds are in those Meadows
fed,
Which once nought else but useless Rushes bred,
Hence Loads of Grass, and never-failing Crops
With plenteous Harvest bless the Farmers Hopes.
At a small Distance rise delightful Hills
Adorn'd with Woods, and Fields, and mur-
m'ring Rills.

When

When *Phæbus* Sets, these intercept the Light,
And seem the closing Curtain of the Night.

All curious Travellers that hither come,
Rejoice, extol, and go contented home.
If from a Place so ravishingly sweet,
'Tis possible to part without Regret.
Where Art and Nature too, their Charms unfold,

And ev'ry Step new Beauties we behold.
Where inexpressible Delights abound,
And *Tempe's* Fields the lovely Place surround.
Nor without Cause is *Paradise* a Name,
The neighb'ring Groves by long Possession
claim.

Few Years ago this was a homely Seat,
For Pigs and Poultry, a secure Retreat.

Here

Here Heaps of Dung in rude disorder lay,
There stragling Cattle frisk'd in wanton Play;
Waggons, and Carts, Hayricks, and Stacks of
Corn,

This Country-Farm most richly did adorn.
Geese cackled at the Door, and dirty Swine
Together with their Keepers us'd to dine.
'Till soon the Great Contriver's prudent Art
Did Laws, and order ev'ry where impart:
Settled the Bounds, which ev'ry Beast should
have,

And for their Conduct wise Directions gave;
Appointing ev'ry Place its proper Use,
And from the Farm remov'd the Mansion House.
Delightful Courts, and Gardens elegant,
Did, in the Room of banish'd Pigsties, plant;
And, in the bleating Sheeps deserted Beds,
Bid fragrant Flow'rs erect their painted Heads.

So

So from a *Chaos*, and Confusion deep,
Where Darkneſs reign'd, and Nature lay aſleep;
This beauteous World aroſe by quick Commands,
The glorious Building of th' Almighty's Hands.
The great Artificer rejoic'd to ſee,
Such diff'rent Parts in perfect Harmony;
He view'd, and with full Satisfaction ſaid,
That all was Good — when he the Work
ſurvey'd.

O were my Power, extenſive as my Will,
Would PHOEBUS ſmile, and grant me *Denham's*
Skill,
BARFORD ſhould triumph over COOPER's HILL.
DOWNTON, which once the Royal Preſence
ſhar'd,
To WINDSOR-CASTLE ſhould be ſtill com-
pared,
It might, in former Ages, be prefer'd.

And

And fair *Avona* with her Silver Streams,
Should Rival and Eclipse her Sister *Thames*.
Here lovely *Naiades*, and *Nymphs* Divine,
Should in soft Charms, and native Beauty
shine.

NARCISSUS like, admiring each her Face,
In their transparent wat'ry Looking-Glaſs.
Sporting in Oſiers with delightful Play,
Deceiving Time, and ſhort'ning of the Day.
There bright DIANA Regent of the Woods,
Which both adorn, and ſhade the neighb'ring
Floods,
Should keep her Royal Court, and glorious
Reign,
Honour'd and guarded by her ſplendid Train,
Whoſe killing Eyes tranſfix the Lover's Heart,
With ſurer Stroke than their unerring Dart.

And

And when the cooler Season of the Year,
Invites to spacious Fields and open Air,
Swift as the Wind she should the Chace pursue,
The fearful Stag scarce flying from her View.
Through Woods and Lawns should hunt the
noble Prey,
And to the Goal of Honour foremost lead the
Way.

So looks our Royal ANNE, with such a Grace,
Majestick Sweetness smiling in her Face,
When Publick bus'ness, and the State Affairs,
Permit her to relax her Royal Cares;
And *Windsor-Forest* proud of such a Guest,
Echoes the Joys of ev'ry Subject's Breast.

But I who boast of no Poetick Fire,
Dare not to such advent'rous Heights aspire,

Enough

Enough contented, if my humble Lays,
Do not diminish what they aim to Praise.
For gaudy Flattery, howe'er sublime,
Is, to true Merit, an injurious Crime.
Like too much Light, Offensive in Excess,
Too Great Encomiums make the Glory Less.



L E T.

LETTERS

TO

PYLADES from CORINNA.

LETTER I.

In Answer to his fifth Letter; being the first, he sent her, after his Arrival in Gloucestershire.

THough I heartily Congratulate your safe Arrival, Sir, yet give me leave to tell you, that I never was so deceived in my Life, as I have been in your Character. I must confess, I always thought you a very-good humoured Person, tho' now I find you are but too *Ill-natured*. Was it not enough to deprive us of your Conversation, but must you needs lay an Embargo on *Wit* also. How long you intend to punish Us in this manner I know not, but am sure our *Accusation* is very just. For,

N

Since

Since PYLADES has left the Town,
 How Dull are All our Pleasures grown?
 No *Muse* attempts a noble Flight,
 No *Author* now presumes to Write.
 Now nothing sprightly does appear,
 Nothing is worth our Notice here.
 But all around does Grief express,
 And ELEGIAC is our *Dress*.
 Which proves CORINNA's *Fears* were *True*,
 That *Wit* would leave the Town with *You*.

In a Word, *London* is a most dismal Place, and
 the MOURNING is so *General*,* that our Herb-
 Woman has put herself into the Fashion. And that
 you might have a just Notion of the present *Va-*
cuum, I will tell you, upon receiving an Invitati-
 on, with my Grandmother, to Dine in the City
 this Day; and afterwards making a Visit in *Dart-*
mouth-Grounds, I could not see one Person of *Con-*
dition, between *Tower-Street* and *Westminster-Abby*,
 except you are pleased to dignify King MOB with
 that Title.

Our *Holy-Day Authors*, are gone into *Nubibus*,
 like *Swallows* in Winter. And the *Hackney-Scrib-*

* It was for K. WILLIAM III.

lers are in such *Hard-Labour* for some elevated Nonsense to persecute the poor Town with, in *Michaelmas Term*, that we are not like to have one *Satire* or *Panegyric* this long Vacation. So that here is nothing stirring except two or three *Grubstreet Chronicles*, viz.

I. Of a Maid who hanged herself for Love.

II. An Account of a Knight's Lady* that has made an Elopement from her Husband.

III. A true Relation of a Porter that sold his Wife for two Pence.

These Heroic Exploits are incessantly bawled about to the laudable Tune of a half Penny a-piece. But I forgot to tell you,

Tho' want of Wit our *Peace* maintains,

And *universal Dulness* reigns;

Yet still amidst this *Dearth* of *Sense*,

W — hardens in his Impudence,

And still commends in aukward Rhimes,

The fulsome Follies of the Times,

Which in plain *English* is the *London-Spy*; and something more insipid, if possible, of which he is said to be the Author. You may see to what necessity we are reduced, that I am forced to entertain you with Fustian and Scraps of Dogrel. But, you are too much the Cause to take it amiss; and if we had not known who made the Monopoly

* Lady HANNES.

of good Sense and Letters, your *Last* would have sufficiently informed us. Be so just then to spare some small Portion of those valuable Talents; that is, when you are disappointed of Company, and tired with Reading, bestow a Line or two upon a certain dull Animal that is at present in a Humour quite different from her Style, tho' always the most obliging *Pylades's* sincere Friend,

And very Humble Servant,

CORINNA.

P. S. I might now ask your Excuse for this Scraul, and tell you that I had sprained my Right Arm, and so forth—but I shall omit troubling you with Compliments, tho' the Cause is true enough, and let you know in one Word, that, I received your Letter last Night, and *began* to answer it this Morning in my Closet; that I wrote the *middle* on *St. Dunstan's-Hill*, where we dined, and now *finish* it without *Temple-Bar* *. Perhaps you will ask what need of such Hurry, and that you only desired it at my Leisure. Why then I will tell you, that I am of a very *perverse* Temper, and hearing you were to be in Company next Week, I had a strange Desire to disturb you, and force you to write another Letter when you have least Time or Inclination.

* At Mr. *Daniel Browne's*, Bookseller, between whose Family and *Corinna's* there was a great Intimacy.

I wish

I wish you good Success in your *Horticulture*, and thank you for refreshing my Memory with that Passage in Mr. Cowley's GARDEN; of which I have several Times taken Notice, and been as often pleased with it. Take care what you say, for that *malicious Hag* is counted a very *Fair Lady*, and, for aught I know, may engage her Husband to vindicate the Beauty of his celebrated DULCINEA. But you have given me so pleasing a Bribe, by letting me know that you remember any thing of mine *, that I cannot in honour turn Informer. The Continuation of Sicknes, at our House, has hindered me from *conversing* by Day with those agreeable *Companions* || you left me; but every *Night*, we have such long *Conferences*, that we generally fall asleep together. That is, when *Somnus* grows resolute, I make bold to lay them behind my Pillow; tho' I could wish you had not lent me DRYDEN's *Miscellany*, for it has given me such a surfeit of my *Cognomen* †, that I am quite Sick of it. And now I think it is high time to release you from a tedious *Postscript*, but I was so well pleased with the *Reason* § you gave for long Visits, and long Letters, that I had a Mind to let you see I put it in Practice. *Adieu.*

[August 14. 1700.]

* The *Hag*'s breaking CORINNA's *Looking-Glass*. See pag. 14.
 || Books. † *Corinna*. § See pag. 16.

LETTER II.

*On the 16th of October, Being his Birth-Day ; in
return of his Compliment to Her on the same Oc-
casion. (See pag. 24.)*

PERMIT me, O CÆSAR, to pay you the Duty of my Soul on this Auspicious Day ; and since I am denied the Happiness of seeing you, (which I flattered myself I should) I will not be denied that of sending you the most ardent desires of a Heart entirely Yours. May this happy Anniversary be the Beginning of a new Series of great and good Fortune beyond all that you ever yet knew, and of more Health and Satisfaction than even you, yourself, can desire. O CÆSAR, why would not you Bless me with one Look on this remarkable Day. Why must I alone Languish, for what you impart unasked to Others. Propitious to all but me, and yet none deserves it more, for none loves you so well. Cruel CÆSAR, have I not Difficulties enow to struggle with, that you should desert me just when my Fate is on its Crisis. Adieu.—I can add no more—My Heart is too full—This is a Day which shall for ever bear a mark of Esteem in my Kalendar, since it gave Life to all that I hold desirable on Earth.

O could you see my wretched State,

You'd sure Compassionate my Fate,

Who

Who ev'ry Evil, am Above;
 But that one Tyrant Devil *Love*.
 O CÆSAR I confess your sway,
 And will your just Commands obey,
 But pardon me if at this Time,
 I think Obedience is a Crime.
 For how can I my Duty show,
 If I must all my Vows forego,
 Or how my breach of Faith survive,
 Who only in my CÆSAR Live.

I send you a few *Emblems* of *Truth* to adorn
 your Chimney. Pray let them have the Honour
 of a Station, which poor I can never attain. Our
 little *Plat* affords other *Colours*, tho' I will gather
 none but unspotted *White*, and constant *Green*;
 may these silly *Plants* prove as fragrant to you, as
 the Virtues they represent are delectable to me,
 and they will then prove a most sensible Regale.
 Alas, how I Prate—They are only the flourish
 of a Day, but my Passion will last for ever.

LETTER III.

A Second CRITIQUE, on the Writings of the POETASTER, before mentioned. (See pag. 53.) On the Post-Angel. Of PHILOMELA. (i. e. Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, &c.)

THIS frugal Bard has given us a meer OLIO of POETRY. Here is *Burlesque, Elegiac, Jambic, Pindaric, Lyric, Heroic, and Panegyric*, which *last* is designed for his MAJESTY, and begins thus,

This, This is He!

The great *Nassovian*! this the mighty Thing,
I chuse in Numbers unconfin'd to Sing.

But to omit his comparing the King's Merit to a stormy Sea, (and the Poets Thoughts to mutinous Soldiers flying out of their Trenches, hovering round their Officers for their Pay, thickening the Air, attempting to besiege the Skies, and all the rest of those tremendous Metaphors) I will only mention the four concluding Lines,

These fighting Cullies * by Experience find,
His strong cathartic Face so Troubles them behind,
In fearful Fits making their Grumblers Roar,
They dare not see him but upon the necessary Door.

* *His Enemies.*

If

If the Author of this is not some stroling Moun-
tebank, or conceited Apothecary, I am strange-
ly Mistaken, but let him be who he will (if one
may be allowed to use that Expression) I would
ask you, if this is not a new-fashioned *Elogium*?
But to shew you that he has not treated King
WILLIAM worse than he does his own APOLLO,
he has made the *God of Wit* thrum out this
doleful Ditty,

To be a *Beggar* and of *Phæbus'* Race,
Are Callings honour'd with a like Disgrace,
I'm a *Game-Bear*, and they to do me right,
Do in both Houses * *bait* me ev'ry Night.

After which one would think he could do no
less in good Manners than give himself as mean
a Character as he has bestowed on his Hero, and
Patron, but I assure you quite the contrary, for
whereas other Poets make choice of some noble
Person or Theme for the Burthen of their Song,
and mention themselves, only as Under-Actors,
he has given a nobler loose to his Genius, made
a Farce upon his dear self, and brought in the
KING, with a whole rabble of *Demi-Deities* in
Machine, only to grace his—the Duce take me
if I know what Bard is to call it. But to shew
you that *Envy* has not magnified the *Failings* of
this incomprehensible Spark, see here his Invoca-
tion.

* *The Play-Houses.*

Hear me sweet Echo, hear and bless,

One that like thy *Narcissus* is.

Pierce the World's universal Ear, &c.

And a little farther, in his Celebration of the Funeral of *Adonis*,

————— I spy'd the Queen of Love,

Sit sad and silent in th' Idalian Grove,

One, like my self, lay bleeding by her Side,

As seem'd the very spark of Nature's Pride.

After which he condescends to inform you, that, his *Muse* has been caressed even in the Arms of *Princes*.

Preferr'd to *Venus* cloath'd in all her Charms,

Above God *Bacchus*, or the Boy rever'd,

Material Graces, all her Lines appear'd ;

Because her *scented Song*

Could trace each Action thro' the Throng,

Omit no Circumstance,

But ev'ry Virtue to its heighth Advance.

Exploits

Exploits were thin and full of Vices too,
But still her Numbers did the Theme outgo.

Tho' he does not inform us what *Savoury-Scent* his *Muse* delights in: yet if all his Compositions are like this; *She* may verify the old Song,

—————Wherever *She* goes,

One may follow *Her* by

The *Smell* of her *Toes*.

Next, if you will believe Him, he Rhapsodied the *Wars* of *Troy*.

—————And then *Augustus* prais'd,

And to his Name such solid Trophies rais'd;

That till succeeding Ages all be past,

And time itself run Dry, shall ever last.

This Anonymous *What d'ye Call it*, has half-cured me of the *Spleen*, and afforded me such Diversion; that I read it to my good Lady DELAWARE, and notwithstanding she had newly lamed herself by a Fall, yet she laughed heartily with me, till she came to the *Royal Purge*, which put her Ladyship quite out of Patience and Humour.

I know not whether you will Censure me for indulging this *Ill-natured Mirth*, but it is a received

ed Opinion, with some People, that *true Folly* is as Entertaining, as *true Wit*. I shall not stand to examine the reality of this *Position*, but only tell you that I am so far from finding any Diversion in a *Natural Simplicity*, that I never saw one of those, whom they call *God-Almighty's-Fools*, without some very serious and grateful Reflections. But this Fellow has taken such Pains to avoid Sense and good Manners, that I think I may, with a great deal of Charity, gratify my *risible Faculty*, and laugh at a *Fool* of his *own making*. However that which exasperated me so extremely against Him, was his arrogant *Preface*, wherein he pretends to give a list to the *Reformation* of *Poesie*, and says positively, *Those that are not Enemies to Virtue, must be Friends to this Performance*. I shall leave you to judge of his *Assertion*, and conclude this Subject in his own Words, *the Witlings are the most unaccountable Creatures in the World, it is neither Money, nor Money's worth, that they would counterfeit, and rather a piece of Folly to be laught at, than a Crime to be hanged for, yet they deserve to be hanged for their Folly*.

Next, to this *Yorkshire Author*, I think I may bring in the *POST-ANGEL*, which I am credibly informed is written by *John Dunton* *. Tho' I am no great Admirer of his *Philosophy*, yet I cannot forbear acquainting you with one of his *ingenious Answers* to a very nice *Question*, viz. *What is the Difference between the Soul of Man, and the Soul of Brutes?* To which, after he has very in-

* A Bookseller who lived at the Black Raven in the Poultry 1700
industriously

dustriously stated the *Query*, he returns this learned *Solution*, viz. *The Soul of Man, differs as much from the Soul of a Brute; as the Soul of a Brute does from the Soul of a Man.*

Now to regale you with a Collation of solid *Wit*, after such an Antipast of *Folly*; I must inform you that I have been shewn a *POEM* which is said to be written by one of the most ingenious Ladies in the *West of England*. I pressed to know her Name, to which my Friend gave me such dubious Answers, that I concluded it was our good-natured Heroine *MELISSA*. But, before I had read ten Lines, I discovered such a Genius, such Learning, so much Depth of Thought, such Harmony in the Numbers, and such Elegance in the Expression, that I cried out, *O! Sir, it is in vain you strive to deceive me, this can be no other than the charming PHILOMELA * that Sings so sweetly.* Rejoice *PYLADES*, rejoice; *Philomela* is preparing to bless the World with the beauteous Images of her Mind; *Philomela* is preparing to make her Sex burst with Envy, and what strikes me with greater Terror, *Philomela* is preparing to make a *second Conquest* on the Heart of her *Affectionate PYLADES*. Rejoice *PYLADES*, rejoice, at thy future Happiness, improve this fortunate Juncture, meet the Wishes of a fair young Lady, and present her with some more Commendatory Verses to screen her Poems from the Malice of Ill-natured Criticks †. This is the least you can do for one to whom you have

* *Mrs. SINGER.* † See, A Copy of Verses, before her Poems, written by *Pylades*, 1697.

professed a Passion, and this will convince the World that there is still such a Virtue as Constancy belonging to your Sex. I read her inimitable Letter and Poem twice over, and Happy should I have thought my self if I could have been permitted to transcribe so sublime an Example, but since my Friend was so cautious, I can only present you with these *seven* Lines, which I retained by a *second* Reading.

The GROVE at Long-Leate *.

All hail, ye sacred Things that Muses love,
 When your refreshing Shades delight improve,
 When in your pathless Groves I lose my way,
 Methinks thro' *Eden's* beauteous Walks I stray;
 For stately Trees here raise their Heads like
 Towers,
 And lesser Shrubs make Artificial Bowers,
 Adorn'd with fragrant Greens, and everlasting
 Flowers.

And now PYLADES I must inform you that this Lady is no more Mrs. SINGER at *Frome*, but Mrs. COPLEY at the Lord *Weymouth's*. O what Pleasure, what malicious Satisfaction it is, when I had raised your Hopes to the highest Pitch, to give you this eternal Mortification, that the Lovely,

* The Seat of the Earl of *Weymouth* in *Wiltshire*.

the Witty, the Amorous PHILOMELA is Married; Married and for ever Lost! Disconsolate PYLADES! well, I pity your Misfortune, and since *Willow-Hatbands* are out of Fashion, I am resolved to work you a Purse of the same Colour, unless you positively forbid it.

I had likewise the good Fortune, the same Day, to see a Letter from MELISSA *, wherein she accuses *no Body*, whom we will henceforward call by the Name of DORAX, of unjust Dealing, and truly if the Case be as it is represented, he has used her Ladyship but very Scurvily. I hope you still enjoy the good Company of CELIA, and pray tell AMARYLLIS † that she has long enough *said Masses* for the Soul of King JAMES the *Second*, and ought now to *Sing TE DEUM LAUDAMUS* for the Proclaiming of King JAMES the *Third*. I would have paid my Debts sooner, but, as this is the first Opportunity I have had, I Dedicate it to your Service, *Adieu!* Remember that this Letter clears all Epistolary Scores hitherto, between You and

Your

CORINNA.

LETTER IV.

Upon PYLADES'S rallying HER about the Gentle Knight (See pag. 96.) With his True Character.

IF I did not know you took an exquisite Pleasure in tormenting me, I should be ashamed of your mean Suspicions. My Stars! what an

* Lady CHUDLEIGH. † Mrs. WHEELER.

Object

Object of Desire have you chosen for me! how amiable! how agreeable a Creature! You will certainly make me doat on him, if you discover such formidable Perfections. Alas! how stupid have I been in not perceiving them. But you have Discernment, your Judgment is impartial, and DON DIEGO must have *Merit*, or you could not apprehend *Danger*. Well then, taking it for granted in general, let us now descend to Particulars, and try if we can discover this hitherto invisible Excellence. Does it consist in a full Bottom-Wig, whose ambitious Top aspires to kiss the Clouds, like the imaginary By-formed *Parnassus*? Is it in the extream shortness of his Feet, which I cannot but suppose are *doubled* in his Shoes to make them the more *admirable*? Or is it the Delicacy of his Shape (but that perhaps shews the Excellency of his Stay-maker, rather than his own Symmetry) no, no, these are all fortuitous Acquirements. Let us therefore pass them over as Artificial, and proceed to Accomplishments more natural and deserving our Esteem. But O forgive me then, if I should be too prolix on so copious a Subject; and discover too much Satisfaction in the Repetition of what so extreamly delights me. First then to begin with the Capital, and shew how nicely delicate it is furnished within, of which his *Criticisms* are sufficient *Evidence*. He is so inexorably severe on the Mechanism of a Poem, that he generally prefers *Cadence*, to *Sense*; and the well placing an *Accent*, beyond the Strength of the *Thought*. The precious Rubies in his Countenance may perhaps

haps be disliked by some who stick at Appearances; but will it not be more candid in us to search for a deeper Cause, and impute it to the Emotions of his Blood at the Sight of a beloved Object. His Eyes! how admirably are they turned? what Heart of Marble can resist their oblique Glances, and languishing Circumflexions? But O! when he pulls out his Tooth-Pick, and borrows my Pocket-Glass, to discharge the Glew from the Corners of those lovely Oglers, I burn, I rave, I can no longer contain my self within the Bounds of a silent Decency. But to conclude with the Elegance of his Motions and Manner. Can we say he *walks* when he *goes* along the *Street*? Is it not more properly to be called *Dancing*? and yet with such Solemnity, as if he were uniting *France* and *Spain*, and leading up a *Spanish-Pavan* in the *Minuet-Step*. Does not he attract the Eyes of People of all Ranks, in all Parts of the Town at first Sight? Have I not heard some People cry out, Look, Look, there goes the mad *Dancing-Master*; but do not be afraid, he never does any harm. Others cry, Look, that is the *Fortune-Teller*, that Mr. *such-a-one* says is the greatest Artist in *England*. And some again, Look, there goes the *Conjurer*. (But I fancy these last are the most mistaken) Well! see what your Jealousy has produced! insensible and ignorant as I was of his uncommon Talents when I began the Character, I now, upon a Research, find that you had Reason for what you wrote. You have enlarged the Prospect. You have opened my Eyes. And I cannot chuse but be pleased
O. with

with the Conquest of a Person whose *Fame* our incomparable TATLER * has rendered immortal by the *Three* distinguishing Titles of 'Squire EASY the *amorous* BARD; Sir TIMOTHY the *Critic*; and Sir TAFFETY TRIPPET the *Fortune-Hunter*.

L E T T E R V .

Containing Abstracts of several curious Books. Translated from Journal des Scavans, (i. e. The Works of the Learned) for the Year 1701.

I

DISSERTATION sur l' Arche de NOE. Par JEAN LE PELLETIER de Rhoan, &c. i. e. A Dissertation upon the ARK of NOAH, by JOHN PELLETIER of Rhoan.

The learned Author tells us, he made choice of this Subject on purpose to stop the Mouths of those Libertines, who pretend that the ARK, as described by *Moses*, could not possibly hold

* See the TATLER, No. 47, where he is thus characterized, viz. As to Sir TAFFETY TRIPPET the *Fortune Hunter*, " his Follies " are too gross to give *Diversion*, and his Vanity is too *stupid* to " let him be sensible that he is a publick Offence. If People " will indulge a splenatic Humour, it is impossible to be at " ease, when such Creatures, as are the Scandal of our Species, " set up for Gallantry and Adventures. It will be much more easy " therefore, to laugh Sir TAFFETY into *Reason*, than convert " him from his FOPPERY by any *serious Contempt*, &c."

N. B. A farther Account of Sir TAFFETY's History is in this TATLER. And in No. 49, may be seen the remarkable Amour of CORINNA and LIMBERHAM.

all that was said by him, to be contained in it; for which Reason he has framed a new System quite different from all who have wrote on that Topic, excepting the inspired Pen-man, which he explains after this manner. He says, it was made in the Form of a Coffin (or Floating-House) because there was no Occasion for its sailing; that it was flat above, like the Roofs in the *Eastern* Parts of the World; and that it was a Parallelepipedon of 450000 cubical Cubits of *Memphis*; according to which Computation the ARK was a Vessel of 42000 Tun. Here, he makes a Digression in Commendation of flat-bottomed Vessels; and says, they not only carried more lading, but were better Sailors, and required fewer Hands, than those now in use: He supposes also, that it had three Stories besides the Keel, which held a Year's fresh Water for *Noah's* Family, and all that were in the Ark. He allows this Reservatory 3 Foot and a half in Depth, and adds, that the Water was drawn up by Buckets, at the four Corners of the Grainery which he places over it, and gives seven Cubits for the Height. The second Story, he says, was eight Cubits high, and furnished with 36 Stables, each 17 long and 15 broad; at one of the Ends, he places the Entrance 6 Cubits high, and 5 broad, secured with folding Valves. For the third and last Story, he allows 6 Cubits and a half, containing 36 Volaries, and 36 Boxes for the Food of the Birds, and mechanick Instruments. At one End of the Ark, he makes a Stair-case 10 Cubits wide, and

at the other, an Apartment for *Noah's* Family, consisting of an Entry, a Hall, a Kitchen, and four Chambers 11 Foot high, 12 broad, and 17 in length, *Paris* Measure. But the greatest Difficulty which has puzzled all that have writ on this Subject, is the Conveyance of Light into the Ark: The Words of the Text being, *a Window shalt thou make to the Ark, and in a Cubit shall thou finish it above.* This our Author solves without offering Violence to the Text, by supposing in the Upper-part, a grated Window of a Cubit high, all round the Ark. After which he makes some particular Remarks, *viz.* That most of the Plants might be preserved under the Waters, and that *Noah* might keep the Seeds of the rest in Boxes. That the Word ALL, in Relation to the Deluge, ought to be taken without Restriction. That the Atmosphere alone furnishes more Water than is required for an Universal Deluge. Against Pressure of Air. Against the Judicial Astrology, &c.

Forgive me if I have been too prolix in this Abstract, but the Subject was New to me; and if our Journalists say true, this System must be so to you: Though setting aside the pious Motives before-mentioned, I could almost pity Monsieur *Pelletier*, for spending so much Time and Thought on so remote and useless a Topick.

II.

Nouvelle CONJECTURE pour expliquer la Nature de la GLACE *i. e.* A new CONJECTURE for explaining the Nature of Ice.

The anonymous Author seems modestly not to controvert the common Opinion, that Ice is made by certain Spirits of Nitre which in the Winter mix with the Parts of the Water; and being of themselves improper for Motion, by reason of their Figure, and Inflexibility; infeeble, and gradually destroy that of the Parts, to which they are joined. It is not certain, says he, that the Spirits of Nitre do always enter the Composition of the Ice: Neither, if they did, could they explain all the Effects of it? It being impossible to conceive, how the Spirits of Nitre can oblige the Water to dilate it self, and become more Light, whereas naturally they ought to augment the Weight of it. This Difficulty, and some others, has put him upon inventing a new System, which he founds on the Elasticity of the Air, and explains after this manner. First, That there is an infinite Number of small Parts of gross Air, mixed with Parts of the Water. Secondly, Those Particles of gross Air, being dispersed among those of the Water, have each of them the Virtue of a Spring. Thirdly, That the Springs of gross Air mixt with the Water, have most force in the Winter. And lastly, That the Springs unbending themselves in that manner, and the external Air continuing to press the Surface of the Water, the Parts of the Water shut up between those little Springs that repulse them on all Sides must of Necessity be locked up, one against another; lose their Motion and Form a hard Body called Ice; which he

very ingeniously proves by several experimental Instances.

III.

L' Histoire de l'Origine du Royaume de Sicile, & Naples, &c. i. e. A History of the Original Kingdom of Sicily and Naples.

This History relates such a continued Series of the Adventures of nine Brothers, who went to seek their Fortune (and though they were born private Gentlemen, had the Happiness all of them to die Sovereigns) that it is almost impossible to give an epistolary Abridgement of it. I shall therefore only mention two or three remarkable Occurrences.

The first of which is concerning Count *Gisulphus*, one of the nine Brothers, who being shut up with a close Siege in *Salerno*, and reduced to extream Famine, his Dog, during the Siege, brought him daily from the Enemies Camp, as much Bread as would suffice one Man.

The two others are a Couple of *Heroines*, one of which defended a Castle in her Husband's Absence, with a great deal of Conduct and Bravery; and the other accompanying her Husband to the Wars, bore an equal Share of the martial Fatigue with him: And one time when his Army was routed, she stopt the flying Soldiers with a Launce in her Hand, made them Face about, and gained an entire Victory.

I must confess, good Manners should have made me give the Precedence to Ladies, but they having done no more than what Reason and a noble Courage might inspire them with, I placed that
Story

Story of the Dog first, because I look upon him as immediately directed by the Divine Providence.

IV.

Dissertation Physique sur la Nature des EXHALATIONS & VAPEURS. i. e. A Physical Dissertation upon the Nature of Exhalations and Vapours.

This Author, whoever he be, acknowledges that the System is owing to Father *Pardie*, who also declared that he borrowed the Principles from *Aristotle*; from whence our Dissertator infers, that the Stagyrte was a better Philosopher, than our modern Theorists will allow him to have been.

He owns, that Exhalations and Vapours are the Matter of most Meteors; but adds, that our Virtuosi have not penetrated deep enough into the Nature of them, to give a particular Explication. He defines Vapours to be those small Particles of Water, which mix with the Air, and are sometimes raised very high in it. And Exhalations, those Particles of Earth, which mount up after the same manner. And says, it is natural for Vapours and Exhalations to ascend; but it is also as natural for them to fall down again, they being heavier than the Air. In the mean time, adds he, we see daily, that the Clouds which are a Mass of Vapours and Exhalations continue suspended, even when they seem to be in repose, and the Air is calm. That granting the Vapours which compose a Cloud, are chained to one another, and so may easily sustain themselves by reason of their vast

Extent, yet they cannot be more strongly united than the Particles of common Water; and it is certain, that Air placed at the Bottom of Water, easily makes its Passage through, and gets above it: Wherefore of Consequence it must have the same Effect on the Clouds; if it were true that they are more dense than Air. To solve these Difficulties, he proposes a new Hypothesis, wherein he imagines Vapours lighter than Air; and in the first Place lays down this Postulatum, That Vapours are little Bubbles, formed by a small Skin of Water, very fine and delicate; that each of these contain certain fiery Spirits (or a most subtile and rarefied Air) that the Water which forms these little Bubbles, taken alone, is more weighty than the grosser Air. But the fiery Spirits inclosed in these little Bubbles, are of themselves lighter than the grosser Air: It is therefore to be supposed, that the whole being composed of Water and subtile Air, is really lighter than the grosser Air; and consequently obliged to mount, till it arrive at a purer Air, where it may remain in an Equilibrium. And this (continues he) if we set Water to boil on the Fire, it will evaporate a moist Smoke, which Smoke can be occasioned by nothing but the Spirits of Fire, that after having been mingled with the Water make their Way through, carrying with them a small Pelliculum of Water, which wraps them up, and keeps them in a sort of Prison: By this means, boiling Water consumes itself gradually; and what the Heat of culinary Fire performs on this Occasion, the Heat of the Sun

Sun and subterranean Fires does naturally, thereby causing the Ascension of Vapours. But adds he, we cannot say the same of Exhalations, because they are composed of earthy Parts, but very little viscous, and raise themselves chiefly in dry places. These terrestrial Particles therefore, cannot mount on high but by one of these two Causes, either they have been put in a violent Motion, as it happens in great Heats, or else they are annexed to the Particles which evaporate themselves. These Things being supposed, most Meteors may easily be explained. First, The Vapours which mount up, because they are lighter than the grosser Air, cannot mount in *infinitum*; for the Air growing purer and lighter, as they rise higher from the Earth, so they must of Necessity find a Region where the Air will be in an Equilibrium with them. Secondly, These Vapours cannot mount equally, but more or less high, according as the Pelliculum of Water which forms them is for Thickness, and the rarefied Air which they inclose, partakes more or less of the Nature of Fire. Thirdly, Vapours may sometimes raise themselves but a little, and be almost in an Equilibrium with the grosser Air wherein we breathe, and then they form that which we call a Fog. Fourthly, The Fog falls, if the Air contained in little Bubbles that compose it, happens to be so moved by the Heat of the Sun, that they break the Pelliculum of Water which involves them: But if the inclosed Air rarefies it self gently, and swells the little Bubbles, without breaking them (as we see Children by blowing gently make Bubbles of Soap)

then

then the Fog mounts, and forms a Cloud. Fifthly, The Clouds form themselves in the Air, as Froth does on the Brink of the Sea (Froth being nothing but an infinite Multitude of little Bubbles, that the Winds and Waves assemble together) so the Clouds are likewise an infinite Number of little Bubbles, only those that compose the Froth are filled with grosser Air, and those that compose the Clouds are full of fiery Spirits, or rarefied Air. Sixthly, The Clouds continue hanging while they have the same Weight with the Air, wherein we see them suspended; some are higher, others lower, according to the Nature of the Vapours that compose them. But generally speaking, they are higher in Summer than Winter, because then, the Air which is shut up in the little Bubbles is more subtile, and consequently lighter. Seventhly, When the little Bubbles of which a Cloud is composed chance to break, either because the inclosed Air rarifies it self, or for some other Reason, the Water being no longer sustained by the subtile Air that it inclosed, falls down in Rain. These Drops of Rain convert themselves into Hail, when they meet with a cold Wind in their descent. Eighthly, They cause Snow, when the little Bubbles which compose the Cloud shut themselves up, and freeze without breaking. Ninthly, Those Exhalations that are carried up with the Vapours, and incorporate with them in the Clouds, are the Occasion of Thunder, and other fiery Meteors. Tenthly, The Exhalations that are drawn up, during the Heat of the Day with
the

the Vapours, fall down again at Sun-set, which is what we call Dew.

But I must not enter into the Detail of any more Phenomena's, lest I should quite tire you. Tho' setting aside Compliments, I fancy you will not think it wholly improper, for one who lives in the Clouds ; Read this Hypothesis in the Clouds ; and write this Journal in the Clouds ; to be pleased with an Account of the Clouds. However, if you should dislike it, pray remember, that I send you this tedious Abstract, with a Quibble at the End of it, as part of the Penance I design for your long Silence.

V.

L' Histoire de l'Isle de CEYLAN. Ecrite par le Capitaine JEAN RIBEYRO, &c. i. e. The History of the Isle of Ceylon, by Captain John Ribeyro.

The Author of this Book, tho' he lived 16 Years on the Island, says little more than what you will find in *Fryke's Voyages*, excepting their Cure fort he Cholick (which is to lay the Patient flat on the Ground, and two or three lusty Fellows to Dance the Hayes on his Stomach. If you can persuade some of your Hob-nailed Animals to make use of this Recipe, pray try the Experiment ; for I would gladly know how it agrees with an *European* Constitution :) And his Character of the Women's Neatness, in which I doubt he has taken Travellers License ; for if my Memory does not fail me, *Schwitzer* gives an opposite Description of his long-eared Cingulaish Mistress.

VI. Tho'

VI.

Tho' I dare not pretend to give an Abstract of Dr. GREW's *Cosmologia Sacra*, yet I cannot forbear taking Notice of one Paragraph, which is this, That if we consider the Nature of Man, we must also believe, that the future Life will be some way or other superior to our present State, that we shall be cloathed with Bodies of a more noble and refined Make, than those which our Souls are cloathed with at present; but yet, such Bodies as shall be capable of Sense, and Fancy, as well as Intellection; tho' in a more exalted and perfect Degree. That there will be no change in the Substance, either of the corporeal or vital part, therefore the same Capacity or Inclination unto Good or Evil, wherewith Men leave this present Life, they will carry with them into the other; but with this Difference, that the Inclinations which are the same in Specie in both Estates, being in the other in Conjunction with a more potent Fancy, will be so much the stronger, either unto Good or Evil. This I mention because our Hyper Critick Mr. DENNIS, was pleased in his *Defence of the Stage*, to banish *Sense* from the *celestial Regions*, making That one of his chief Reasons, for the Gratification of it on Earth, with the innocent Delights (as he called them) of the *Theatre*.

VII. The

VII.

The *Philosophical Transactions* afford us A Letter from the Reverend Mr. *William Derham* of *Upminster*, concerning an Insect, commonly called *The Death Watch*. Mr. *Derham* says, he has observed two Sorts, the one something larger, which seldom beats above 7 or 8 Strokes at a Time, and pretty quick, the other much less, beats slower, and to the naked Eye resembles a small grey Louse; for which Reason, and for want of another Name, he calls it *Pediculus Pulsatorius*. He says, it is common to all Parts of the House in Summer, and that it is only the Male which beats: He adds also, that it makes that Noise with its Forehead, and is seldom heard but among Papers; that he has taken several, and kept them alive for some Weeks, and could, whenever he pleased, set them a beating, by imitating their Noise, which he positively affirms to be their way of wooing, and that this drumming of theirs which gives such dismal Apprehensions to superstitious People, is nothing else but an emphatical Serenade of the amorous Insect, by which he allures some kind — She to give him a Visit.

The rest of the Book is filled with Anatomical Observations, which I shall not mention, and an Account of Mr. *Samuel Brown's* 3d Book of Exotick Plants by Mr. *James Petiver*; to which is added, some Animals sent from *Fort St. George*, &c. but I will not meddle with them, because I believe you are not yet Virtuoso enough, to admire Butter-flies and Cockle-shells; and besides,

fides, I think it is high time to release you from this dull Fatigue ; not that I shall Compliment your Patience for (putting the Premises together) you have more reason to thank me for mine, when I shall assure you, that I wrote this in no small Pain (my Right-Hand being exceedingly swelled with a Sprain.) Add to this the Tedi-ousness of picking out the Sense here and there, where it lay loosely scattered ; then patching those Fragments together, so as to do Justice to the Authors, and yet avoid the fulsome Repetition of some of our Journalists. And when I reflect on the Niceness of my Undertaking, I am so disgusted with my own Performance, that I think I shall hardly persecute you any more after this manner, unless you particularly desire it : For I protest, I had rather write three Sheets extempory, than abridge one. But after all, if you conclude that I love to write, meerly for Writing sake, as they say, Women love to Talk, you would do me an Injury, for to speak seriously ; I should not have been so large in my Abstracts of the Formation of ICE and VAPOURS, if I had not been informed, that your worthy Friend, the most candid and ingenious Mr. *Wheeler* did sometimes unbend his more serious and divine Studies, with Physical Speculations. You may communicate to him what you think fit of this Letter, if you find any thing in it worth his Notice. However, do me the Justice to assure him, that of all his Readers, there is none has a greater Veneration for his Person, and Works, than

than his unknown Admirer, and, Sir, your most faithful Servant, &c.

From the CLOUDS, Aug. 30. 1701.

P. S. On *Tuesday* last, my Lord ROCHESTER went for *Ireland*, and the same Night Sir CHARLES SEDLEY was buried.

Since I wrote this, I received yours, by which I find you are not so much in my Debt as I thought for, and that I need not have tired you with an *Abstract* of Second-hand News. I thank you for reprovng my unnecessary Concern, and promise you for the future, that if I have not Command enough of my self to check these needless Fears, I will endeavour (at least) to have so much Complaisance for you, as not to disturb your seraphic Entertainments, with my unseasonable and impertinent Friendship. But I can no more understand the Beginning of your Letter, than I can see any Reason why you could afflict your self for my Folly. The most candid Construction therefore, that I can make of it, is to take it for a courtly Compliment (the rest of your Letter sufficiently evincing the extraordinary Contentment of your Mind) tho' I was in hopes you had known me better than to think I expected Ceremony. I am glad your Opinion of Matrimony agrees with mine; and for your Comfort, my Uncle's Satire, as you call it, is answerable to your Wishes. I would have inclosed it, but I am unwilling to put you to double Postage, and will therefore lay it by for you. It pleases me extremely, that my Dialogue with St. CHRISTOPHER gave

gave you any Diversion, tho' the Occasion had like to have proved a melancholy Scene to some of our Family. I think you need not Lament the Loss of your *Piper*, since he intends not only to remain in the *Temple*, but to increase your Melody; PULCHERIA playing almost as well as he. However, if they should not continue to Pipe in *Concert*, I dare engage there will be *Discord* enough, and some People have affirmed that is the chief Part of *Harmony*. But I have no Skill in Musick, and therefore will neither deny nor confirm their Assertion. Yet this I am sure of, that if it is not more *Sonorous*, it will be more *Nouvelle*, and consequently more entertaining to your variable Sex. I heartily thank you for your Week's Adventures, and since the Tax of Writing lies so heavy upon you, I will release you from that Imposition, and persuade my self that you can be no otherwise than well, while you enjoy the Conversation of your Dear,

Your Adored CELIA.



L E T T E R VI.

Written in the *Metamorphosis* of his CAT, left in her Keeping.

Monseigneur Mon Maitre,

I T was with extream Surprise that I found my self imprisoned by your own Hands, and sent I knew not whither, nor with whom; for Pardon me, I ought not to remember those whom you Study to forget. However, it was some Consolation to hear you give her such a repeated Charge to take care of me, and not one Benison to herself. I took Courage upon this, and grew vain (as what CAT would not) to find himself of more Value than a human Creature, nay, than even a fond faithful Heart, that was then ready to burst with Despair. I must confess, Sir, notwithstanding the delightful Reflections, which occured on the Discovery of my own Excellence, I could not but have some very melancholy Apprehensions: For thought I to my self, this Creature is a *Female*, and consequently vindictive. I know she has been cruelly slighted by my Master, and if she should revenge his Infidelities upon me, I shall be in a sweet Condition.

Under these Thoughts, I was waisted by her Sighs and Tears, to a pleasant Chamber, where I have good Air, a good Bed, and have no cause to complain of Solitude; for notwithstanding my Fears, Sir, I am treated like a Prince, and want
P nothing

nothing but my dear Master's Presence; I have my Table-Cloth laid three times a Day, I have a *Naples* Bisket, and boiled Milk for my Breakfast, Mutton, Beef, or Pigeon for my Dinner, white Bread and Milk, or a Mess of good nourishing Soup for my Supper, in fine, I have what I please; for the silly Creature obeys your Commands to a tittle, she takes infinite Care of me, but none at all of herself. She is certainly very ill, and says she will endeavour to live for my sake, till your Return, but her Heart is broke; I know not what she means by that Phrase, for you know, Sir, we *Quadrupedes* are exempt from Passion. However this I see, that she declines daily, and if you do not hasten your Return, I know not whose Hands I shall fall into when she is dead. My Sister in the Straw and her Children are in perfect Health, and present you their Duty in the most grateful manner they can express; I hope they are as well treated as my self; we lodge separate, and I visit them sometimes, but alas! Sir, you well know that we, of the *Epicene*-Gender, never delight in the Company of *Women and Children*; this next your Absence, is the only torment I sustain: For the Nymph, my Landlady, is perpetually teasing me with her Visits; she has the Assurance to call me by my Master's Name, and in that fond Delusion throws herself on the Bed by me, and almost smothers me with Kisses; at first I thought it for my Convenience to dissemble a Complaisance, and return all her kind Salutes; and I assure you, Sir, I topt my part to a Miracle
(for

(for who could have the Honour of serving you so long as I have done, and not be able to act the *Courtier*) but I who have no Notion of her Sex, soon grew weary of her vain Addresses, and without any Ceremony, fixed my Talons in her Weazon. The next Day I made nine Incisions on her Hand, and yet the foolish Creature repaid me with Kisses, oh! *Robin, Robin*, cried she, thy Claws do but pierce my Skin, but thy Master, has torn my Heart. At this she let fall an Ocean of Tears; and trust me, Sir, as I am a CAT of Honour, if I had been capable of human Passion, I should have wept for Company. How happy did I think my self at that time, in being a CAT, and not a *Love-sick* MAID: Surely, my dear Master, I shall never bear the Sight of a *Woman* again; and yet if you hope to find me alive at your Return, I beseech you write something to support her, flatter her a little for my sake, and make her believe you have a small Kindness for her tho' you never had any; and take my Word for it, you need not dissemble much, she is so willing to be deceived.

My dear, dear Master, you must not be surpris'd to find me grown so eloquent, for her Impertinence *would make a CAT speak*; but since I want Organs for Voice, I can scratch out my Thoughts, and that is all one.

I.

If every CAT like me could write,
What Secrets would be brought to Light ;
What pretty Tales we should indite.

II.

The Nymph you left me with is True,
And has no other Hope or View,
But what Concenters all in You.

III.

I grieve as much as CAT can grieve,
This silly *Woman* to Deceive,
Who know you do but Love and Leave.

IV.

What I have seen, and what I've heard,
I shall with faithful Silence guard,
But Troth, methinks, her Case is hard.

V.

If Thought is free, and Pity too,
Then sure Compassion is her due,
Who languishes to Death for you.

You

You see, Sir, the Contagion of bad Company ;
had you not Boarded me with a *Scribler*, I had
never been a *Poet* : Be pleased, Sir, to deliver me
as soon as you can ; for to so indolent an Ani-
mal as my self, there is nothing can be more dis-
agreeable than the Sighs and Tears of a disconso-
late Lover ; I am with the utmost Veneration,
Duty, and Love, my dear Master,

Your most Obedient CAT,

ROBINETT.

P. S. You have the Art to Charm and Please,
'Tis you alone persuade with ease.
Whate'er you speak, whate'er you write,
You with such Elegance indite.
One can't forbear to wish it true,
Altho' we disbelieve it too ;
Such Contradictions still we prove,
In this one fatal Passion, — Love.



An EXPOSTULATION.

WHY shou'd I mispend my Time?
 Idleness is sure a Crime:

Why do troubled Thoughts arise?
 Sleep's a Stranger to my Eyes,
 When the World is all at rest,
 Then oh! then with Love oppress'd;
 Thró' ev'ry Vein I feel his Dart,
 And *Vulture*-like, he tears my Heart.

Innocence, like mine misus'd,
 Faithful, Constant-Love, abus'd,
 Trampled on without regard;
 And severely doom'd unheard:
 In Woman-hood, methinks shou'd gain
 A little Pride, and some Disdain:
 Shou'd with a noble Ardor burn,
 And bravely Scorn for Scorn return.

But, alas! it will not be,
 Love is all in all with me:

I have

I have no Pow'r, and want the Art
To harden, or to change my Heart.
Nor wou'd I such false Succours know,
Since from Inconstancy they flow.
O PYLADES! my only Care!
I'll Love thee still, and still Despair.

Hence my Books, your Rules are vain,
Ev'ry Leaf, prolongs my Pain;
Fruitless, dry Philosophy;
Reason's Aid is lost on me:
Joy can never more appear,
Fatal-Love is rooted here:
Nor ever can my Torments cease,
Until the Grave restore my Peace.

PHOENIX-like alone I'll burn,
Nor expect a kind Return,
Virtue is its own Reward,
Constancy is Virtue's Guard;

Unlov'd, unpitied, yet in Death,
 I'll bless thee with my latest Breath :
 Once shall you find a Woman true,
 And once you shall confess it too.

P. S. *DEPRESSO RESURGO*, as I remember, was the Motto of a *loaded PALM-TREE*, the Emblem of *Afflicted Virtue* ; and since our *Love* is entirely refined from *Sense* and *Interest*, I see no Reason why we may not ascribe it to *our selves* ; at least permit me the Liberty of paraphrasing on what I find so extremely agreeable to my Circumstance, and Inclination.

The *PALM depress'd* does still *Aspire*,
 And *stifled Love* burns up the *higher*.

You acted the Part of a *generous Friend*, rather than that of a *sincere Lover*, in the Advice you last gave me ; and nothing could have persuaded me more effectually to persist in my first Principle than your Arguments against it. I am not without a due Sense of my unhappy Circumstances, and my officious Muse has just now rallied me upon it, with these whimsical Rhymes.

Love without *Hope*, is like *Breath* without *Air*,
 An *impossible Joy*, a *ridiculous Care*.

Yet

Yet CUPID like *Alchemy* lures us on,
 In search of a Blessing which never was known;
 And tho' numberless Ruins around us we view,
 Yet so pleasing's our Madness, their Steps we
 pursue.

If Love be *Madness*, as the Muse tells me,
there is surely a Pleasure in it which none but mad
Folks know; I do not, I cannot wish to be cur-
 ed, it is impossible, but forgive me if I some-
 times wish I had never been raised from my
 happy State of Indolence to the Knowledge
 of a superior Excellence, which I can never
 hope to preserve long, or possess alone; I should
 then have accepted a convenient Settlement, as
 a Dispensation of Providence, and been duly
 blest like the rest of my Neighbours, without hav-
 ing ever known an exalted Passion, or the Delica-
 cies of a refined Amity: For the Intrusion of
 such Thoughts, I hate my self. Sordid Allegation!
 and had you never inspired a Passion, I had never
 known Happiness; and how dear soever it costs
 me, I have still the Pleasure of remembering I was
 once blest with all that the World holds valu-
 able, and can never truly regret so loved a
 Ruin.

Think, what must that Heart endure,

Where the Love admits no Cure,

Where

Where Necessity compells,
 And that presents a thousand Ills;
 A thousand Ills to Love are vain,
 Which fears no Mis'ry but Disdain.

Bear with me, O CÆSAR! I have a Chaos of Thoughts at War within me, beyond my little Stock of Reason to support: What they will produce I know not yet; but I have a Project hammering in my Brain, which perhaps may convince you, that I was not altogether unworthy of your Friendship. I have had no rest since I saw you, I have had no Letters by Yesterday's-Post, which confirms my Fears of his daily Arrival. Pray take care of your Health; pray do not be cross, and add to those Afflictions which are already insupportable. I will acquaint you with whatever happens, as soon as I can get a Messenger; I will conceal nothing from you; I will transact nothing without your Advice; and if it be possible for me to give you notice, I will beg you to be a concealed Witness of our *first Interview*. *

When I CÆSAR's Worth compare,
 With unpolish'd J——ll's Heir,

* The *Interview* here hinted at, was between CORINNA and Captain Hemington, whom her Friends were very pressing for her to marry, but her Affection was fixt on PYLADES.

Love,

Love, Despair, and strong Disdain,

In my Soul alternate Reign.

No Beam of Hope can I descry,

From this hated State to fly,

Cruel, curs'd Necessity.

Can I quit my CÆSAR so,

Must I shun him as my Foe,

Must I never hear him more,

Nor see those Eyes which I adore,

It will not, must not, cannot be,

Malgre strong Necessity,

I'll welcome Love and Poverty.

What need I for Meat or Drink,

While I on my CÆSAR think.

His Idea is a Feast,

Always ready in my Breast,

Ever lovely, ever new,

Nothing else is worth my View,

Therefore, Wealth and Fame Adieu.

Why

Past Three in the Morning.

Why am I mad? why do I rave?

Why am I thus my Passion's slave?

Why do I ruin still pursue?

Why doat on the delusive View

Of Happiness, more false than Air,

From faithless Man not worth my Care;

My Hopes, my Joys, my All engross'd,

Oh CÆSAR! now by thee are lost:

Had I a Happiness in View,

But what thy Love inspir'd me too;

Without a Sigh, or Tear, or Groan,

I freely wou'd thy Justice own:

But I who knew, nor Hope, nor Fear,

That did not from thy Eyes appear,

In whom I plac'd my only Bliss,

Oh Heaven forgive! I've done amiss.

Been guilty of Idolatry,

Worship'd the Creature, stead of Thee:

Yet

Yet were I now to live anew,
 My Heart cou'd have no other view;
 Nor Earth, nor Heav'n, can change my Flame,
 In Life or Death 'tis still the same.
 Pity, or pity not, my Fate,
 I'm born to Love Thee most ingrate;
 None other can thy Humours bear,
 None else thy Chains to Death wou'd wear,
 But I who've search'd into thy Soul,
 And know which Passion bears controul,
 Am blest in this my Slavery,
 And pity those from Love are free:
 Nor wou'd I chuse, nor can I range;
 My fix'd Desires admit no change.
 In CÆSAR terminates my Breath,
 His Love is Life, his Hate is Death.
 Chuse him which pleases while 'tis mine,
 In Life, or Death, I'll not repine;
 But wou'd he own *my* vestal *Fire*,
 With what a Joy shou'd I *expire*.

LETTER. VII.

A REBUKE.

IT is so long since you did me the Favour of a Letter, that it seems you had forgot the Purport of my last before you answered it; otherwise you would never have made so out-of-the-way a Compliment, as to hope to find one in Health who is travelling apace to the Grave.

I do not at all wonder or repine at your Silence, since I am fully informed of the Hurry and Fatigue you have of late sustained. But, I think the young Widower is a little too hasty in Beginning a new Courtship already, considering the Circumstances of his Lady's Death, which were really very deplorable, as I am well assured by an Eye-witness; what pity it is that those whose Profession is to preserve Life, should not be punished when they destroy it through Ignorance or Neglect. *You mention nothing of your Governour, nor of, &c.* * You see, however, I am not so much in the Dark as you imagine; but I have not Strength nor Spirits to explain farther, neither does it concern me to treat of Affairs which are so industriously concealed from me.

I must sincerely wish you that Health and Happiness which I can no longer expect or hope, and whenever you set out for *London*, I wish you a safe and a prosperous Journey, and am,

Your obliged Servant,

CORINNA.

* *Nor of, &c.* ***** A Jealousy is here implied; and, by the following Stanzas, &c. the Suspicion is grounded on a married Woman.

I.

A faithless *Lover's* glad to shun,
The Sight of *Her* he has undone,
And hunting after Novel Charms,
Grasps a PANDORA in his Arms.

II.

Curse on the Day, O Fatal-light!
Which first disclos'd her to your Sight;
When like a Witch she did surprize,
Your too unwary, heedless Eyes.

III.

I need not Name the Wretch I fear,
PANDORA'S Box she will appear,
A Nest of Ills you'll surely find,
Yet Millions leave unseen behind.

IV.

Haughty, Lewd, and false as Hell,
In Spite and Rage implacable,

Yet

Yet with a friendly Mien and Grace,
Gives mortal Stabs in each Embrace.

V.

I write not to regain your Love,
My fixt Resolves not Fate can move;
You gave designedly that Stroke,
Nor shall the World my Oath revoke.

VI.

O yet th' impending Ill remove,
Retrieve your Heart, transplant your Love.
So shall you be for ever free,
From my curst Importunity.

VII.

Believe a *Heart*, which once was yours;
And still the *Parting-Pangs* endures.
You dearly will *repent* the *Day*,
When first she led your Heart *astray*.

VIII. Be-

VIII.

Believe an injured faithful Heart,
Will not in Silence act its Part.
Her Spouse His Infamy shall know,
But You unhinted at shall go.

IX.

Your Name, O CÆSAR, is secure,
My Love and Faith are both too pure,
Such Machinations to debate,
Or where I once have Lov'd to Hate.

X.

Yet *Friendship* still your *Fame* prefers,
Which must be Lost in being Hers.
Try all the *Universe* around,
But cease to tread *forbidden Ground*.

Truth, O CÆSAR, is the most beautiful Ornament of the Mind, it renders the meanest Capacity lovely, and without it the brightest Genius deserves no Esteem; from the first Date of our Friendship, I have paid you a most exact and immaculate Fidelity, both in Thought, Word, and Deed; and little expected it would have been returned by such a Fallacy, as you deceived me with Yesterday. Had you frankly

Q

told

told me *She* had visited you by surprise, I would as generously have concealed her lewd Attack from her Husband. But to admit of *private Visits* from that infernal Hag, and *amuse* me with a *Tale of a Tub* of her Husband, is too gross an Abuse to be digested by a Passion so pure as mine. *When I am guilty of an Untruth punish me, that is, banish me.*

These Words I still have written by your own Hand. O CÆSAR! Adieu, be blest, be happy, I can ——— no more.

O that your Fancy cou'd endite,
The Sentiments my Heart wou'd write,
But durst not for the Fear of Light.

Cruel tantalizing Swain,
You say you Love, but say in vain,
While you fresh Passions entertain.

I write not now by *Coffee-Grounds*,
More certain Fame your Conduct sounds,
And sacred Truth my Passion wounds.

The

The charming LONG enjoys your Heart,
But *Long* she will not hold her Part,
If you have Eyes, and Women Art.

Beauteous ORBAGE claims a Share,
Lovely ORBAGE Gay and Fair,
Pride and Vanity's sole Heir.

But the bright, the Married Dame,
Meets you with an equal Flame,
Wou'd her Husband knew his shame.

CÆSAR I bear a ten-fold Part,
In thy enrag'd thy tortur'd Heart,
Where ev'ry Joy but *single* shows,
But *Grief* and *Fear* by *Millions* flows,
O Love! O Rage! O Grief! O Fear!
Our human Nature cannot bear,
This War of Passions so severe.

Unhappy Maid ! ah cruel Fate !
 Wou'd I durst say Annihilate,
 This wretched, wretched *Entity*,
 Which still must *Love* or cease to *be*.

O PLATO thine's a lambent Flame,
 Like VESTA's Altar free from Blame,
 And Self-existent *still the same*.

O CÆSAR, O my Soul, my *Friend*,
 To all my Wishes *condescend*,
 And never *Interest* recommend.

I cannot *act* so mean a *Part*,
 Nor give my *Hand* without my *Heart*;
 My Faith is Register'd Above,
 My *Heart* on Earth secures my *Love*.

Then let me gently sink to Death,
 As sleeping Infants yield their Breath;

No more will I disturb your *Peace*,
And when I'm dead your *Grief* will cease.

O CÆSAR! O my *vital Flame*;
In Life or Death, I'm *still the same*:
Then urge not *Fame or Poverty*,
Since you are *all the World* to me;
With you I've all my *Soul* can *frame*,
Without you I but *nothing am*.
I ask no more your *Love or Care*,
And will not be denied *Despair*.

C O R I N N A.



MISCELLANIES,
By CORINNA.

To Her GRACE

The Dutcheſs of SOMERSET,
ON

Her Birth-Day, APRIL 2d. 1726.

I.

Great, Good, and Fair, permit an humble Muſe,
To lay her duteous Homage at your Feet:
Such Homage Heav'n itſelf does not reſuſe,
But Praise and Pray'r admits, as Odours ſweet.

II. Bleſt

II.

Blest be for ever this Auspicious Day,

Which gave to such transcendent Virtue Birth:
May each revolving Year new Joys display,
Joys, great as can supported be on Earth.

III.

True Heiress of the *Finch*, and *Hatton* Line,

Form'd by your matchless Parents equal Care;
(The greatest Statesman He, yet best Divine,
She, bright Example of all Goodness here.)

IV.

And now united in the dearest Tye,

To God-like *Seymour*, of Connubial Love;
Seymour, illustrious Prince, whose Family
Did heretofore, the Kingly Race improve.

V.

Adorns the Nation still, and guards the Throne,

In noble *Somerset*, whose generous Breast,
Concenters All his Ancestors in One,

That were in Church, in State, in Arms profess.

VI.

Yet midst the Plaudits of a grateful Land,
His Heav'n-born Soul reviews its pristine State;
And in Obedience to Divine Command,
Numberless Poor are feasted at his Gate.

VII.

Thrice happy Greatness, true Philosophy,
That does so well the use of Riches know,
And can by Charity transpierce the Sky,
Encompass'd round with Splendor here below.

VIII.

O may Posterity from such a Pair,
Enjoy a Progeny almost Divine,
Great as their Sire, and as their Mother Fair,
And good as Both, till last Extent of Time.



TO HIS GRACE

The Duke of BEDFORD,

ON

His Birth-Day, 1729.

REfulgent Planet, Source of Light, display,
Thy brightest Beams on this auspicious Day;
And thou O Natal Genius guard with Care,
This Entrance of a Climacterick Year,
And greater Honours for the rest prepare.
That as in Infancy, his Taste began
To burnish e'er it ripen'd into Man;
So now in Manhood shall his Wisdom shine,
And solid Judgment with right Reason join.

Thus

Thus have we seen just on the Verge of Light,
A chearful Brightness triumph o'er the Night ;
Refracted Rays, by slow Degrees appear,
Till last, the Sun remounts the Hemisphere,
On dawning Lustre we securely gaze,
But who can bear the full Meridian Blaze ?

Inspir'd by such a Theme, methinks I view
The present Object, and the future too ;
The pleasing Prospect yields a vast Surprise,
And all the *Russell-Worthies* in him rise.

Russell, a Name to *Britons* ever dear,
And which with Gratitude we still revere ;
True Patriots of their Country's rightful Cause,
And firm Adherents to her Church and Laws ;
Whether they shin'd in Peace, or mov'd in War ?
Or held o'er *Neptune*, the superior Care ?

Each

Each Station they adorn'd (whate'er befol)
All they had held, and did in all excel.

As Lines united in their Centre meet,
Let the Circumference be ne'er so great;
Your noble Predecessors, all combine
To crown the Glories of their antient Line,
Each single Gift They on your Grace bestow,
Th' Hereditary-Seeds within you grow,
As each maturing Year will amply show.



On

On the DEATH
OF
The Earl of NOTTINGHAM,
JANUARY 1st. 1729-30.

COULD Wisdom, Piety, or Learning save,
Humanity from falling to the Grave:
Great *Nottingham* Immortal had remain'd,
In whom with Lustre ev'ry Virtue reign'd;
Not shewn in Flighty Starts by Passion bred,
As Times or Politicks, or Interest led:
His steady Soul such fordid Views despis'd,
And Virtue for herself alone he priz'd.

Truth was his Search, and Justice was his Aim,
He guarded them, and they secur'd his Fame.

His

His King he Lov'd and Serv'd; but when he saw
 An Arbitrary Pow'r o'er-rule the Law,
 Saw sacred Liberty almost resign'd,
 Our Holy Church in dang'rous State declin'd,
 By *Rome* and Hell oppress'd and undermin'd:
 He nobly then withdrew, and view'd from far
 The distant Glories of his present Care,
 ANNA a Name to *Britons* ever dear.

Six several Reigns for his Assistance call,
 And he a shining Ornament to All:
 Whether the Pen of State he deign'd to guide,
 Or o'er the weightiest Councils did preside,
 And healing Schemes judiciously prepare,
 Or share with Majesty the regal Care;
 Whatever Charge he bore, he knew it well,
 Had studied all, and did in all excel.

Great were his Honours had he rested here,
 But his expanded Thoughts for more prepare;
 What

What higher Station cou'd he have in View?
 What greater Glory cou'd his Soul pursue?

Yes, there was one far dearer than a Throne,
 Greater than all, and kept for him alone.
 Our sacred Faith Burlesqued in Impious Themes;
 And all Reveal'd Religion held as Dreams;
 The God-head doubted too, ah! who can bear
 With silent Patience this blasphemous War.
 The scaling Heav'n which was but feign'd of
 old,
 We now do with Impunity behold,
 These Giants sent from Hell its hope forlorn,
 Are Master Devils in an humane Form.

He drew his Pen and arm'd with Faith divine,
 Demonstrate *Truths* throughout the whole do
 shine,
 Clear was each Period, strenuous ev'ry Line.

The

The *Atheist* trembled, the *Socinian* vext,
Cou'd nought reply against so plain a Text ;
Both Universities in grateful Lays,
Address their Thanks, and celebrate his Praise;
Low at his Feet they let their Honours fall,
And blush a Layman shou'd exceed them All.
To latest Time, said they, recorded be,
The pious Champion of the *Trinity*.

This glorious Work perform'd, by Heav'n
inspired,
To Rural Shades he from the World retired,
Where at full Leisure he serenely view'd,
A well-spent Life, and found that all was good.

But not content with being good alone,
A Christian Care was o'er his Servants shown,
He knew their After-state was sure as his,
And fought to make them Heirs of heav'nly Bliss:

In-

Instructive Methods he unseen let fall,
Like bounteous Providence which governs all.
No rude Disorder in the House was heard,
Nor Cloyfteral Preciseness there appear'd;
A decent Mean 'twixt both his Wisdom gave,
A modest Briskness, and a chearful Grave;
So nat'ral all appear'd, and free from Art,
As, if by Instinct mov'd, each knew his Part,
Like silent Clock-work, Order moves the whole,
And Wheel by Wheel in different Orbits roll.

So have we known an exquisite Machine,
Display a beautiful, a moving Scene;
The outward View affords us vast delight,
The Master-Spring is still conceal'd from sight.

In Hospitality he did excel,
But Charity was his peculiar Zeal;

So

So privately convey'd they scarcely knew,
 To whom their grateful Vows and Thanks were
 due :

Thrice happy Greatness which so well dost know
 The Riches thou art blest with to bestow;
 A Bank in Heav'n thou dost securely lay,
 Which Rust can ne'er Consume, nor Time Decay.

With many Joys this Piety was crown'd,
 Joys such as seldom in one Man abound;
 An antient Title, and a fair Estate,
 Belov'd and honour'd to his latest Date,
 An healthful Body, and a peaceful Mind,
 Reason and Judgment by much time refin'd,
 And no one Faculty by Age declin'd.

A Confort truly prudent, chaste, and good,
 Noble by Principle, as well as Blood.

R

A

A num'rous Issue risen up to Fame,
 In Publick Trusts advanc'd, adorn his Name;
 And all so good, not Envy finds a Blame.
 But let Me not the Daughters here omit,
 Nor silent be on bounteous SOMERSET,
 All worthily deserve their Father's Care,
 All perfectly their Mother's Virtues share.

Midst all these Joys of Life his Heav'n-born
 Mind,
 Was firmly fix'd, and ardently resign'd;
 Intent on future Bliss, and waiting Death,
 In holy Transports render'd up his Breath.

Great Soul! farewell, may thy Example be
 A lasting Magnet to Posterity,
 That all may learn to Live and Die like Thee.

With selfish Love the fatal News we hear,
 Nor can we stop a Sigh, or falling Tear,
 But mourn the Loss of what we held so dear.

This

This Tribute to Humanity is due,
 But were a Crime shou'd we the Theme pursue;
 While noble *Finch* remains to grace the Name,
 A true Successor to the brightest Fame;
 Whose Honours, and whose Virtues on him rest,
 And all the Father doubly is confest,
 With Funds of Native Mercy in his Breast.

O may it be to After-ages told,
 On hardest Stone in Characters of Gold,
 With what Compassion He the Prisoners viewed,
 In Dungeons chain'd, and perishing for Food:
 Such Caves where scarce the meanest Wretch
 wou'd go,

He freely enter'd the whole Truth to know,
 By his Example led, a Train of Peers,
 Attend him In, and dissipate our Fears,
 Welcome as Angels just from Heav'n sent,
 With humble Joy we wait the grand Event;

With what Fatigue he strove to set us free,
 Nor rested till he gain'd our Liberty,
 Can only be by those who saw it guess'd,
 But ne'er by any thoroughly express'd.

May such transcendent Goodness meet Reward,
 And so it will, if fervent Vows are heard,
 With Hands unfit on each revolving Day,
 We for our kind Deliver duly Pray;
 Nor shall we fail to bless the lovely Bride,
 Our Sexes Ornament, and Nature's Pride,
 And all unite together in one Pray'r,
 That Heav'n wou'd long preserve the happy Pair.



AN
IMITATION
OF THE
TURKISH SPY.

To *William Killegrew, Esq;*

Dear Sir,

THO' I was not at *Susa* when I received yours, yet the ever-faithful OSMIN found me out at *Matagaxa* (the Metropolis of the antient *Numidia*, modernly stiled *Biledulgerid*) the Diligence of that Slave is very rare, and deserves Encouragement.

I am heartily glad to hear of your safe Arrival at *Madrid*, and that you were so fortunate to escape the *Arabs*; I should have esteem'd it a worse Misfortune to hear you fell into their Hands, than that fatal Wreck you met with near the Streights of *Gibraltar*.

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My

My Intentions for this Summer are now quite altered, and tho' I did not think to make any stay here, yet I find the Situation pleasant, the Natives kind, their Conversation agreeable, the Women generally beautiful, and very obliging, not altogether so full of Levity as the *French*, nor yet screwed up to the height of *Spanish* Severity (in a Word) if there has been an Emblem of Paradise since the Fall, I am apt to think it is here (then press me not, dear Friend, to limit a Return, but leave me the Enjoyment of this Terrestrial *Eden*, whilst you reside at a Court, the wisest, gravest, and most refined in *Europe*.) The Men are naturally ingenious, well tempered, Lovers of Learning; for which they have two Universities, and several Schools; they are well read, and will give as succinct an Account of most known Countries, as if Natives; their Government is excellent, the Regal Power being limited by Law, and their Kings are little more than Royal Stewards; they have an Assemblage of four or five hundred Mocatoes (or Gentlemen) elected by the People, these represent the whole Nation, and have Power to make and break Laws, to call Ministers of State to Account; even Majesty it self, if they please, is not exempt from their Inquisition; and sometimes has been condemned at their Bar, and executed as common Malefactors. The Crown goes by Succession; but within this dozen Years, their last King being of a contrary Persuasion, and endeavouring a despotick Rule, with an Innovation in Church and State, having broke an Oath, which
all

all their Kings take at their Coronation, and murdered several of the Nobility in cold Blood (when he could not persuade them to betray the Liberties of their Country,) and having taken away some Charters, which they had enjoyed for several hundred Years, and committed several other Irregularities, too many to recite; they having endured it about four Years, and finding it grow every Day more intolerable, took Occasion to invite the Prince of *Zaanagha* (next Heir to the Crown in Right of his Wife, who tho' the Tyrant's Daughter, was a Woman not to be paralleled, and every way contrary to her Father's sanguine Disposition) to redeem them from that Slavery they groaned under; he came, and with a handful of Men, in Comparison of the Tyrant's Forces, yet see the Work of Providence (enough to convince an Atheist) the Army came over to him, the People received him with an universal Joy, stiled him their Deliverer, presented him the Crown, and gave him an entire Sovereignty, without a Drop of Blood: Whilst the Tyrant abandoned by all (unless some few as wicked as himself) being struck with Remorse, and a guilty Conscience, not daring to answer the Charge laid against him, fled (with abundance of Precipitation) to the King of *Boutam*, he having been his Counsellor and Companion in Iniquity, received him very kindly, and waged War for his sake with the Prince of *Zaanagha* (now King of *Numidia*) which has lasted for above these seven Years, and still continues, with Resolution enough on both Sides: Yet of

late the King of *Boutam*, seeing all his Efforts in vain to restore the *quondam* King of *Numidia* to his Throne, and finding he has almost ruined himself, in assisting his Neighbour, begins to shake off his Burden, and beg for Peace: *Numidia* being in a better Condition to undergo the War, seems not so forward; however, I believe both Sides are weary, and my next will let you know the Conclusion.

Since my Arrival, I had the Honour to see the King at his Devotions, and to be very near him, were we to judge of the Internals, by an outward Appearance, one would hardly believe, that little Body could contain a Soul so incomprehensible; his Stature is mean and spare, his Nose a rising-Roman, his Eye has the finest Command imaginable, and strikes with a sort of Terror where it fixes; he has a martial sharp Look, yet is all Mercy and Goodness; his Hair is a fine Brown, his Complexion neither sanguine nor fallow; and tho' his Temperance renders him disagreeable amongst the Women (they naturally loving what is vicious like themselves) yet to me he is a Person very taking, and with a sedate Countenance carries abundance of Majesty, and an Air that is engaging and very particular; his Carriage during divine Service is worth Notice, and deserves Imitation.

This Monarch, tho' he has had a perpetual War ever since he came to the Crown, yet his Prudence has kept *Numidia* from being the Seat, and has cast that unhappy Part upon his Neighbours; The *Numidians* indeed enquire after
News

News like Strangers, (tho' perhaps with a little more Concern) they live at ease, sit quiet, and know nothing more of the War, than at certain times contributing some small Part of their Incomes, whilst their matchless Prince goes over in Person, takes the Field, storms Towns seated upon a Rock, and termed Invincible, in the Sight of an Army of 100000 Men, who being struck with Amazement at the Boldness of the Action, stood still, trembling within their Trenches; he ever exposes himself in the sharpest Fights, and generally without Armour; he has had several Plots formed against his Life both at home and abroad, but is always preserved miraculously. In fine, let me tell you in the Words of a Native, and one that has used the Court above this forty Years, he is, said he, " A Blessing sent from Heaven, but we are so insensible of the Value, and make such ill Returns, that I am afraid he will be withdrawn from us, and for our Ingratitude we must yet undergo a farther Tide of Misery. For see (adds he) the Audacity of one that pretends the most Loyalty imaginable, our King has some four or five *Zaanaghans*, which he has brought up, trusted with his Life, and always found faithful; and now because he hath given them Honour, and a Stipend to support it, mind the Inveteracy of our Savages to Strangers, tho' Men of Merit, and favoured by a Prince, to whom we owe our All (read it, cries he, giving me the inclosed, and tell me your Opinion when I see you next.)" I took it, and was fur-

surprised to find so much of an *European* Stile in the utmost Bounds of *Africa*; I have done it out of the *Indostan* Tongue, that you might see the Politeness of Nature in a People that never had those Advantages we pretend to; in the Translation I have kept as near the Sense as possible, tho' could you have read it in its native Dress, it had been less barbarous and more taking, there being a variety of Fancy which is impossible to render Consonant in our Language; well, you have, I think, a tedious Epistle, but (give me leave to add) that as I never yet saw this wonderful Prince, but I always discovered something new and engaging, so on this seraphick Subject could I write without End, did not my Respects to a worthy Friend put me in mind I should abuse his Patience. I wish it as diverting in the reading as it is in writing, and expect you should let me know according to promise what Novelties you meet with in *Spain*; I have sent you a Box of Balm, and a Present of Calembue Wood.

Matagaxa,
1696.

TO CORINNA.



A Let-

*A Letter from WILLIAM KILLEGREW, Esq; on
receiving the foregoing.*

CERTAINLY, dear Madam, the Gods intend to add one more to the Number Nine, or they would not have bestowed so large a Talent of Wit, Youth and Beauty on you; now since you are in *Nubibus*, give us poor Mortals leave to look up and adore, with hopes 'ere long to worship you on Earth again.

Your Novel of the Affairs of antient *Numida* is so just, as well as witty, that I am sorry it was not larger; for which the Peace between the present King of *Numidia* and the King of *Boutam* will afford a large Scope. And you cannot but see the Glory of the present King of *Numidia*, who by his Prudence and Valour has humbled the proud *Boutam*, even to make him disgorge all his usurped Conquests, and to make such a Peace as was by the King of *Numidia* prescribed, which he was to accept, or War, so that it was not his Choice, nor his good Nature, or Humanity to save the Blood of his Subjects, or any remorse of Conscience for the Blood of some Millions spilt for his Glory, as he terms it. But the Grandeur of the *Numidian* King, whose Kingdom he finds a perpetual Spring of Wealth, were they as grateful, it were an entire Blessing, such a King and such a Peace they never enjoyed: But I fear our *Mocatoes*' next Business will be, how to fetter all our Happiness by their Faction, some exclaiming against five or six *Zaanaghans*, others against the Army, and all in hopes of Bribes,

Bribes, or out of Rage and Envy; they are angry they have not all Confiscations given to them for diserving their Country, and that the Fidelity and real Services of a few *Zaanaghans* meet a Reward. But mistake me not, I do no ways approve an insolent Pride in any of them; now pray turn the Leaf, and see the Insolence and Pride of the ungrateful *Numidians*, who without Hazard of their Lives, or Fidelity, but the contrary, think they merit All; I do not say all the Nation, but many, and you allow some amongst the *Zaanaghans* to have Merit, so our great King distributes his Bounty to some *Numidians* that he knows deserve well. And if he is guilty of any Fault, it is in giving too largely to many of them, that never did deserve nor never will.

Madam, Wit, Youth and Beauty are not easily disguised, which is the Cause of my addressing this to you, with Respect and Thanks, wishing I had or could serve you, which shall on all Occasions be the Endeavours of, Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

A poor Numidian.



To CLEMENA. *

HAD I stood upon Ceremony, or good Manners, I should not have pelted you with another Letter before you had answered the last: But dear CLEMENA, our Friendship is too strongly cemented to be dissolved by any of those little Punctilioes that many times separate meer Relations; there are stronger Ties that unite us, than Interest or Consanguinity, and an Affection so pure as ours, may teach the mercenary World (what is now almost extinguished) a true Love of Benevolence. I am not ashamed to own my self thus far a *Platonick*, and can tell you without Panegyric, that I loved you at first for a Sincerity which is not common, a Generosity of Temper, that could distinguish and pay a Respect to Virtue, tho' in Rags, and a Soul which abhorred Flattery, and was beyond Dissimulation: These were the Motives that produced a nearer Alliance than that of our Birth, and while you retain them, use me as severe as you will, I can never lessen my Affection; and am therefore satisfied our Friendship must be eternal, for my CLEMENA can no more renounce those honest Principles, then she can cease to Be; which is impossible. I will not say I take your Silence unkindly, nor can I thank you for improving my Patience; and therefore to avoid Complaints, will now send you the Picture of Friendship without expecting your Invitation.

* MRS. ANNE OSBORNE.

Some

* Some of the Antients undertook to draw the Picture of Friendship, believing a lively Representation thereof would animate People to an Imitation of that neglected Virtue, more than all their trite Precepts. To compass which Design, having long studied for a fit Symbol, they at last described Friendship like a beautiful young Man, in a Garment very much cut and torn, his Head uncovered, and upon his Forehead these Words written, *l'Este & le Hyver*, his Side laid open to his Heart; in which were these Characters, *de Loin & de Pres*, to which he pointed with his Hand, and on the Borders of his Garment these Words, *la Vie & la Mort*, which Draught they explained after this Manner.

The Youth wherewith they represented this Figure, was to teach us that Friendship ought never to decay, but to be always vigorous and recent. And by the slashed and ragged Coat, they would have us learn, that we must not only do little Acts of Kindness for our Friends, but venture our Lives, and even be cut in Pieces for their Service; his Bare-headedness informs us, that Friendship admits of no Reserves: And the words Summer and Winter written on his Forehead, that we ought to be a Friend in Adversity as well as Prosperity; his displayed Side denotes the Sincerity with which we must profess Friendship: And the Hand which pointed to that Apperture shews, that Friendship should be demonstrated by Action; and by the Word

* This is a Translation from the *French*.

ingraved on his Heart, they would have us know, that we ought to serve our Friends in their Absence, with as much Care and Affiduity as if they were present to desire and observe us : And those Characters on the Bottom of his Vesture instruct us, that we must not only love our Friends inviolably during Life, but cherish and revive their Memory after Death.

My dear CLEMENA, the Clock strikes Twelve, I am under a Promise to sit up no longer, and must therefore bid you good Night, and wind up a clouted Epistle with these hearty Petitions, that you may enjoy all the Health I wish you, and all the Happiness Providence sees fitting; may you be blest in this World and the next, and may you never withdraw your Friendship from that dull worthless Thing,

C O R I N N A.

P. S. As Reserved as you were, when I saw you last, I have this Day unriddled the Mystery, and find the Brewing-Trade still goes forward; do not put these Tricks upon me, for I protest I will never take them patiently; I will pelt thee, I will plague thee, I will send *Adam* and *Eve* to torment thee, and thou shalt not have one Minute's quiet till thou hast made me ample Satisfaction. Consider what thou hast to do my CLEMENA, for thy Case is very desperate, though out of our great Clemency I give thee Three whole Days to prepare thy Letter.

To

To the SAME.

My Sister,

WHAT shall I say to thee, or how shall I excuse this unkind Usage of so worthy a Friend? Can you still have the Goodness to believe the unhappy CORINNA, when she tells you she has been for these three Weeks, extreamly ill with a Cold, and Disorder in her Head, and that till last Night she was ignorant of the Cause, when accidentally looking in the Glass, she found two new Teeth, one just cut, and the other upon cutting? I heartily pity poor Children in my Condition, tho' I think such a well-grown Baby as myself, must be more sensible of Pain, and consequently deserves more Commiseration than a Child of two or three Years old. I bespoke the Combs the third Day after I received yours, but was disappointed twice: What mean those dry wipes in your last, do you believe I love you, and can you think me unwilling to do such a small Service, or do you really take a delight to vex me? O my CLEMENA, thou knowest I love thee beyond myself, and have served thee (and would still) at the Hazard of my Life; thou knowest all this (and I know I am never better pleased than when I am employed in thy Service) why then had you not the Charity to believe I was ill, or could not get what you sent for, why do you upbraid me thus, I fear I give you too much trouble, &c. Ah Sister! these are not Expressions suitable to a Friendship like ours, we meet with Troubles
enow

enow daily, which we cannot avoid, and may very well cease to be our own Tormentors.

You tell me not how you like the little Book; if it does not please you, I can change it for any you fancy better; the *Story* of the CATS I take for a Fable, I have enquired of one who lives there, and he knows nothing of the Matter. About three Weeks since, a Gentlewoman, hard by us, set fire to a Mullin Night-rail and Apron by Accident, and before she could get any help, was so burnt, that she died in four Days after, and since that, a Woman in our Street has cut her Throat.

These I must confess are Tragical Stories, but *Green* tells us, Mrs. *Mytton's* House is certainly Haunted; if you can, pray tell us what is Truth. Mrs. *D.* I hear, is going to bind herself to an Apothecary; prithee write to the poor Thing, and persuade her to chuse some cleaner Employment than preparing of Bolusses and Clysters; besides, the very Name of an Apothecary carries such a Medicinal-Air with it, as might save the Charges of a Cardus-Posset; methinks I see poor *Price* already behind the Counter picking of Cowslips with *Paracelsus's* Picture over her Head, *St. George* and the Dragon at her Right-Hand, and a whole Army of musty Gally-Pots, and Vials on her Left, while *Sena* the Journeyman is compounding a Mass of *Pillule Fœtidæ, secundum artem*; and *Fulip* the simpering Prentice is levigating *Album Græcum* with *Virgin Honey*, which rare Electuary the most ingenious Mr. *Querpo*, his Master, administers for sore Throats, with a *Probatum est*; well, I am much concerned in
S the

the Fortune of our dear Friend, and wish her abundance of Happiness; but after all, if she persists in this Resolution, instead of a nuptial Epethilamium, I think we must extol her Charity in a Penny Chronicle, to the Tune, *Of a worthy London 'Prentice*, &c. I beseech you pelt her with Letters, and let us have a little Diversion; but take care you Name not CORINNA, for my Cousin *Mary* hath engaged me not to vex the pretty Nymph any farther, lest she enter into a Vow of Celibacy. The *Lampoons* you mention, I think, are best buried in *Oblivion*, and the taking Notice of such miserable Fustian, does but persuade the Authors, that it is the Truth, as well as Wit of their Satire, which bites and makes you uneasy; but a tacit Contempt is the sharpest Revenge, and must infallibly mortify the Conceit of their own Performance; cannot you send me a Copy? my Lady *Mary Bertie* gave me all the *Lampoons* when she came from *Tunbridge*, but they were so silly, and so obscene, that I did not think them worth shewing you; I long with Impatience to see you, and am in all Sincerity yours,

CORINNA.

P. S. I had not yours till *Sunday* Night; to prevent which delay another time, write under the Directions — To be sent immediately.

To

To Mrs. ELIZABETH CREED, on the Death
of her Daughter.

Madam,

WITH inexpressible Grief I received the
afflicting News of dear Mrs. *Femina's*
Death; for as it was impossible to know her,
without loving her, so it is impossible to bear
an eternal Separation from her with a Calm
indifference. In vain do we seek Relief from
Reason or Philosophy, on an Occasion so
touching as this: Reason and Philosophy both
fail us, Nature will be Nature, and while we
continue immersed in Bodies, it is impossible we
should be wholly exempt from Passion.

Of all our Passions, Grief is the most Natural;
and of all the Occasions for Grief, our present
Loss is the most just; Nature scarce ever formed
a more finished Body, or Heaven a more per-
fect Soul: Her Vertue, Humility, Sweetness of
Temper and Ingenuity, were each sufficient to
gain the Hearts of all that knew her; but so
united as they were in her (and I might say on-
ly in her) forced even the most Envious to do
Justice to her Merit, and the most Virtuous to
wish for her Character. Never was any private
Gentlewoman more beloved, nor ever was any
more lamented, to be taken away in so short a
Time from a Parent who so tenderly loved
her, and whose Kindness she so affectionately
returned in the Bloom of her Youth, and the
full Hopes of her Friends, are all very aggra-
vating Circumstances of our Grief: But since

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these

these melancholy Reflections can neither regain nor alleviate our Loss, let us draw a Veil over that which we can never sufficiently describe, and see whether Religion will not afford us more Comfort, than either Reason or Philosophy have been able to do.

Her innate Piety, Purity of Life, early Preparation for this great Change, and easy Resignation to the Divine Will, leave us no room to doubt of her happy Condition: We will therefore consider her in a State of Glory, and then try whether we can be so unkind, as to wish her again an Inhabitant of this troublesome and dangerous World. Death is a Debt to Nature, and soon or late must be paid by all Persons; those then are to be esteemed the only happy, who having discharged the Part of faithful Servants, are received into the Joy of their Lord. Mrs. *Jemima* has fought this good Fight, she has finished her Course, she is eternally freed from Temptation, Sin and Misery; she is crowned with a Crown of Righteousness, and is now employed in Acts of Adoration and Joy, Praise and Thanksgiving to the Almighty Author of her eternal Existence and Happiness. O Heavenly View! O happy Sound, she is blessed, and blessed for ever!

What Motives now can we have to wish this glorified Saint in Heaven, a poor Mortal on Earth? Or what Reason can we give for such fond Desires? Certainly none but what center more on Love to Our selves than her; we wish we might still see and converse with her, still improve our Thoughts, and regulate our Lives by her bright Example; but alas! these Wishes are

too remote from true Piety, and too mean to rival her seraphic Enjoyments.

You, Madam, may imagine, you have juster Cause for your Grief, as being the once happy Parent of this excellent Person, whom according to the common Course of Nature, you might have reasonably supposed should be the Comfort and Blessing of your remaining Years; yet if you please to take a Review of your own Thoughts, you will soon find that your Grief springs from the same Motive with ours, and that the Loss of a past, and expected Good, is the chief, if not the sole Cause of your Affliction. It is highly probable her Life might have been as great a Blessing to you as you could imagine; yet it is not impossible but that she might have been visited with some painful Distemper, which might have been a daily Grief to you many Years, or some other unforeseen Accident equally afflicting to you both. Let us therefore patiently resign her to our All-Wise and Omnipotent Creator, who alone knows what is best, who orders all Things for the Good of those that serve him; who lent us this inestimable Treasure of which we were not worthy; who has taken her back to himself for our Sins, and can doubly supply your Loss by his own Divine Presence; which that he may be pleased to do both to you and us, is the unfeigned Prayer of her, who if she may have leave to express her Sentiments, is a faithful Partner in your Afflictions, as being, Madam, yours, &c.

C O R I N N A.

On the unhappy Death of a young Lady to her afflicted Brother.

S I R,

THE Permission of sharing your Grief, is so convincing a Demonstration of your Friendship, that I can no longer resent past Reserves, and have no Sense left but that of your Sufferings; I know the Tenderness of a Brother goes far, and I know the Piety of your Principles will carry your Apprehensions beyond this mortal State; I tremble at the Consequences of this dreadful Visitation, and shall remain utterly disconsolate till I hear how you support it. Oh my Friend! our great and good God will lay no more on his Creatures than he will enable us to bear, if we rely on him with a steady Faith, and an entire Resignation to his Will; how grievous soever it may seem to human View, he still orders all things for those Ends which are most conducive to his own Glory, and our eternal Happiness. God grant us his Grace, that we may make a right Use of this Dispensation, be humbled under his Chastisements, and sacrifice our dearest Inclinations to his good Providence. As for the melancholy Reflections (which naturally arise) on her Passage to Eternity, I am entirely at ease, and can no more think her guilty of Self-murder, than that she died by an accidental Fall, or the random Shot of a Cannon. She was innocent, she was good, and doubtless is happy. For I firmly believe, that where it pleases God to deprive a poor

poor Creature of that Divine Particle Reason, she is not in the least accountable for, or culpable of any Action she commits under such Depravation. This is my fixed Belief, and I am satisfied the more you consider the Goodness, Justice and Mercy of our Almighty Creator, the more readily you will acquiesce in it, which that you may, is the incessant Prayer of yours, &c.

P. S. I beg you therefore, if I have still any Interest with you, to arm your self with a religious Fortitude, and patiently submit to the All-wise Decrees of Providence. But alas! how vainly do I write, who while I am arrogantly preaching Patience to you, am my self wanting in what I prescribe. Almighty God teach us that due Submission we owe to his Will. Support us by his Grace under the present Calamity, and enable us to bear what future Trials he shall be pleased to chastise us with, such are the unfeigned Prayers of,

CORINNA.



To Lady CHUDLEIGH, on her Defense of the
Female-Sex.

Madam,

YOUR Acceptance of that worthless Present * was not only infinitely beyond its Deserts, but even the Vanity of my most presumptuous Wishes; but the Honour you have now done me, with that which you give me leave to hope for, is so great, so surprizing, and so truly generous, that I want Words to express my Gratitude; I beg you therefore to favour me with some Command wherein my Obedience may speak for me, and demonstrate the Sincerity of my earnest Desires to serve you. I must confess, Madam, your obliging Condescension has produced two very different Passions in me; for at the same time when I rejoice at my good Fortune, I cannot but blush at the exchange you will make by entering into a Correspondence with one who has neither Genius enough to answer your inimitable Letters, nor Merit sufficient to preserve those kind Thoughts you have entertained of her; but the less worth there is on my side, the greater Generosity will be on yours, and I shall not be ashamed of owing my Happiness wholly to your Bounty, which like Heaven is indulgent to its meanest Votaries; and tho' I have nothing at present to recommend me to your Acquaintance, but an obsolete Love for Truth and Honesty, yet I will not

* CORINNA'S Poems.

despair

despair of Improvement, while I have the Benefit of an Epistolary Conversation with the most Learned and best of Women. I heartily acquiesce in your Ladyship's just Resentments, that were not Ifensible I should tire you with a Repetition, I could again renew my Thanks for that elegant *Defense* you made for us ; but when you seem to decline our *Vindication* by wishing us a better Champion, I must take leave to complain that your Modesty is too Partial to be judge in its own Cause ; no, Madam, we can never wish for a more expert General, nor can you ever desire a better Omen than that which you have already met with : Pursue then that Conquest you have so auspiciously begun, and deliver your poor Sex from the insufferable Insolence of our malicious Enemies ; but I beseech you spare me the Confusion of a Compliment, to (which my Conscience assures me) I have no manner of Right, and which should I accept, would render me accessory to the wrong you have done your own Judgment in commending of mine. The Amputation of your instructive Preface was neither just nor civil, and so I told the Bookseller when he gave me the Book, but I hope the officious Correctors are now so sensible of their Crime, that they will make both your self and the Publick amends by their Fidelity and Care in this second Edition. I could wish my Doggrel were fit to attend your excellent Poem ; but since it is not qualified for an Usher, the only Place it can Merit is to serve as a Foil, which it is willing

ling to do, if you are pleased to command it. I particularly thank your Ladyship for your kind Remembrance, and I hope the Gentleman to whom you gave that troublesome Office, has been so just as to assure you that my unmannerly Silence did not proceed from a want of Duty or Inclination, but from the continued Indisposition of our Family, and a casual Weakness in my Eyes, either of which might be a sufficient Excuse, but both together has deprived me even of the Means to be civil, so that this is the first Pen and Paper I have touched since I received yours, and this I dedicate to Our *Tenth* MUSE, for I would endeavour to approve my self,

Your Ladyship's

Sincere Admirer,

Most faithful, and

Humble devoted Servant,

C O R I N N A.



Lady

Lady CHUDLEIGH to Mrs. THOMAS.

Ashton, the last of May.

Madam,

I AM sorry to hear of your being ill, I hope by this time you have fully recovered your self, both from your *Fright* and *Cold*. *Fire* is at any time dreadful, but chiefly so at Night; and therefore I do not wonder at your being so much indisposed by it, few Persons having Courage enough to prevent their being exceedingly surpris'd in such Cases. *

I hope Mrs. *Thomas* will permit you to see *Devonshire* this Summer, I have written to her about it; you will find very little agreeable Company here, most of the Persons you will converse with, will speak a Language you will hardly understand; you will find us as rough and unpolished as our Country, and I am afraid will quickly be weary of living a Life so vastly different from what you have been accustomed to at *London*; but there is a Pleasure in Variety, and what you want in Conversation, you shall make up in Books. *Ashton* is healthy enough in the Summer, but I cannot be here in the Winter without hazarding my Life. I thank you for carrying my Letter to Mrs. *Bridgeman*, I am much concerned to hear of her frequent Illnesses, I believe the Air will be the best Remedy she can use; this time of the Year to go abroad every Day in her Coach must do her much good, it was the way Dr. *Sydenham* made use of to

* This was a Letter of Condolence, upon the Fire which happened at her Mother's. See her Life.

prolong his Life, and he found it to be of more Advantage than Medicines. When you see Mrs. *Hemington*, give her my Service, and tell her, she is in my Debt for a Letter; she is a very good humoured ingenious Woman, I should think myself very happy if I could always have her Company: I perceive the Captain* grows every Day more Satyrical; he has been for several Years a *Stoick*, I wish he may not at last turn *Cynick*, and live like *Diogenes* in a Tub. There was seen here very lately a great Circle round the SUN, which frightened the People of *Exeter*, as much as the *Whale* did those at *London*, but Things of this kind never disturb me. Give my most humble Service to Mrs. *Bridgeman*, together with my Thanks for her kind Letter. I am,

My Sons give you
their Service.

Your humble Servant,

MARY CHUDLEIGH.

To CLEMENA.

My Sister,

I Here freely lay before you my *Sentiments* (together with some *Collections* I have made) concerning the *World of SPIRITS*. I could never implicitly give into the Belief of *Witches*, and their *Diabolical Ceremonies*. Pray let me know

* Captain *Hemington*.

your

your *Thoughts* on this Subject, and whether seriously speaking, you think there are any such Creatures in *Rerum Natura*, that have made a *Corporeal Contract* with the Devil; I have seen several Books which deny the *Existence* of Witches, and endeavour to prove the common Idea of them a *vulgar Error*. Among which Authors, the ingenious WEBSTER brings very cogent Arguments, tho' I cannot fully acquiesce in his Opinion, that *all such Contracts are the Illusion of a melancholy Fancy*, yet methinks he gives very surprising Instances. But if all that enter into a *Contract* with the Devil are Witches, and if what ORIGEN held of the *Salvation* of fallen Angels were true, what an infinite Number of People must be guilty of that horrid Wickedness, and yet ignorant of the Crime. He imagined that the fallen Angels were yet Masters of a free Will, and that whenever they began to feel a Remorse for their Presumption, they were immediately invested with human Flesh, and born into this World according to the Course of Nature; and that if they behaved themselves honestly, and compleated their Repentance, they were received into Mercy when they died, otherwise they returned back to their Companions. But adds he, Many of them being drawn away by the Allurements of the World, forget their State of Probation, and retaining their former Inveteracy against Man, become Devils Incarnate, which Humanized Spirits are the Occasion of such horrid Villanies amongst us. Is not this (my CLEMENA) a pretty odd sort of a Tenet; I must confess the Immorality of the Times gives no small Umbrage to
such

such a Notion; yet methinks the Charity of this *good Father* was a little too diffusive, since it exceeds the Warrant of the Text. Our Friend assures me, these CATS can be nothing less than *Witches*; and I dare say, if she might gain a hundred Pounds to cross *Paul's Church-Yard* when they are on their March, it would not hire her; so very credulous is she of the Report: When I go that way, I intend to satisfy my self of the Truth, till then I shall not affirm its Reality; for there are some People whose Ignorance and Cowardise makes them admire, and fear every thing; and have a sort of an Itch to be the Authors of a Prodigy or Miracle; and there are others who delight themselves in asserting some absurd Fiction, on purpose to render our Sex ridiculous in repeating it: So that considering the great Number of Fools and Knaves, I have at present no great Opinion of the Story, neither can I imagine how such a monstrous Beast, as a *Witch*, can Metamorphose herself into so pretty a Creature as a CAT. However, if there be any Truth in the Report, I rather fancy it an innocent Policy of the CATS, to erect a staple of News for the Benefit of their Commonwealth, in Imitation of the *Paul's-Walkers* above-mentioned.

SENECA tells us, that the *greatest* Part of those things we know, are the *least* Part of those things we know not.

The Representation of our selves in a Looking-Glass is as really a Body, as any in the Universe; tho' of the greatest Purity and Fineness
of

of any that we know, and how near it approaches to the Nature of Spirit is very difficult to determine, for if it did exist when the Body from whence it flowed were removed, it might rationally be taken for a Spirit, and that these visible Shapes of things, this Image in the Glass are not meerly imaginary Nothings, but corporeal Figures and Steams is most manifest, because they vanish when the Body or Subject is removed, and because they would pass through the Glass, but only for the *Bractea*, or Foil laid on the other Side by which the Image is reflected. So that if we have Bodies of so great Purity, and near approach unto the Nature of Spirit, we cannot tell where Spirit must begin, because we know not where the purest Bodies end; and that which is absolutely incorporeal hath no Superficies, and therefore can make no Contract either immediate or virtual; therefore Angels, if simply Incorporeal cannot cause Motion. No creaturely Nature is or can be immortal, *per se* & *ab intrinsecâ* & *propriâ naturâ*, so God only is so; therefore the Angels whether corporeal or incorporeal are not immortal, neither by themselves or their intrinsic Nature, either as the Schools speak, *à parte ante*, *vel à parte post*, the Corporeity of Angels doth not at all hinder their Immortality, *à parte post*. *Tertullian* saith, Angels have thin pure aerial Bodies, which they can dilate, expand, condense, and contract at their Pleasures, as we see Worms can dilate and contract themselves variously.

The

The acquired Knowledge of the *fallen Angels* must needs be much in regard of their vast Multitudes, and their being dispersed in this caliginous Air or Atmosphere; for the Devil is called the Prince of the Power of the Air (if that be literally to be understood) and he compasseth the Earth, and walketh to and fro in it, and goeth about seeking whom he may devour; and therefore by their Agility of Body, and Celerity of Motion, may easily know what is done and spoken, and so convey it to one another, and most readily communicate things that are acted or spoken at an incredible distance; but all this is no farther than the Divine Providence permits. *Zanchy* saith thus, all the Evil Angels were thrust down from Heaven into Places that are below the celestial Orbs, to wit, into this and below, as it were into a caliginous Prison, where they are reserved unto the universal Judgment as bound with Chains.

Salmuth, Physician to the Prince of *Anhalt*, recordeth this Story. The Daughter of a certain Innkeeper being in Love with a Nobleman, gave him a fine Apple, he flung it into a Basket, after three Days it turned black, and at other three Days looking, he found a Nest of young Frogs, he poured warm Milk upon them, they eat it greedily, and grew every Day, at last he poured the Urine of a Man upon them, and they died.

Another was afflicted with miserable Torments, they suspected a Philter, and obliged her to drink Mare's Urine newly made and warm, upon

on which she vomited up two Lizards and two Frogs, and doubtless the Sperm, or *Ova Rana-rum* were but conveyed into the Apple, that so by the Heat of the Chylus (that is like warm Milk) they might grow and increase: And this kind of bewitching or secret Poisoning we grant is too frequent, because those called *Witches* are extremely malicious and envious, and do secretly, and by Tradition, learn strange poisoned Philters and Receipts, whereby they do much Hurt and Mischief; which most strange way of poisoning, tormenting, and breeding of unwonted things in the Stomach, has not been unto unknown among the Learned and Philosophers; but they respecting the Good of Mankind, and the Multitude of ill-minded Persons, have forbore openly to mention such dangerous Receipts in their Writings, or at least to publish them so as no Body could understand what they intended; and so these Secrets of Mischief are for the most Part kept in Obscurity amongst old Women, ignorant and melancholy Persons, and only learnt one of another from Hand to Hand. *Avicen* saith, that if the Saliva of a mad Dog remain upon any Garment, in two or three Days after, little Worms will breed resembling Dogs Heads; and giveth an Instance in a Maid-Servant, during the Plague brought upon *Casal* (in the City of *Salassia* in *Italy* 1536) by *Venesice*, by forty Persons, and the Hangman *Wierus*.

In Queen *Besse's* Days, at the Tryal of *Rowland Jenkes* at *Oxford*, rose a Damp, whereof died Baron *Bell*, and three hundred Persons, and two

T

hun-

hundred more afterwards. Another, *Salmuth* tells, of a Servant-Maid who was taken with a most intense Pain in her Left-Arm, they imagined it Witchcraft, and applied a known Medicine, which was Oak Leaves, red Coral, and Rose Water, brought into a Poultice, and tied it on for the Space of twenty-four Hours, and then applied it fresh for other twenty-four Hours, in which time it broke, and in it was found a Medley of burnt Coals and Hair; all these, together with the Poultice, were put into a Hole made with a Gimblet in the Root of an Oak toward the East, in the Morning before Sun rise, and stopt up the Hole with a Pin made of the Wood of the same Tree, upon which it healed; they pulled the Pin, out of the Hole, the honest Maid was immediately grievously tormented, they repeat the former Medicine, and find the same Effect, put it in the Oak, and she hath continued sound and well ever since. *Johannes Baptista Van Helmont* : Many things are in a most strange manner injected into the Bodies of Men and Women insensibly, and after an invisible manner, but were detained and ejected with direful Pains and Tortures, and that many times they were bigger than the Passages by which they were intromitted. *Helmont's* Opinion of the bringing these things to pass: *First*, The Devil by reason of a League with the Witch, doth convey the things to be injected near the Object, and makes them invisible by his spiritual Power. *Secondly*, That the Witch by her Imagination, and the Motion of her free (which he holds to be the only peculiar

culiar Prerogative of Mankind since the Fall, namely, a Power by their free Will and Force of Imagination, to create or frame certain seminal Ideas to work as it were *ad nutum*) doth convey or inject these strange things into the Bodies of those they would Hurt or Torment, and then that in this Case as the uttermost Attempt of Nature, there is and may be a Penetration of Dimensions which he proves thus:

First, He grants the evil Spirit hath a powerful Motive, yet cannot hurt the Innocent without Permission, and farther, that these injected things do enter invisibly, and because it is not permitted the Devil to enter into Man, much less to hurt, and least of all with an invisible Burden; therefore he useth the free Motive of his Bond Slave, the Man doth therefore impress his free Motive, bials into the Body made invisible, but the Devil doth carry it unto the Patient, and as a Knife by the Desire and Consent of the Person wounding, is fixed into the Flesh of him that is wounded; so this Body made invisible by the Devil, is injected into the Body of the Person to be enchanted by the Idea of the Motive Power of the Witch.

Secondly, Truly, I believe, saith he, it doth fight with Piety, if a Power exceeding Nature be attributed to the Devil, therefore I will shew that the aid of Satan is not needful, and that some solid Body may be drawn without the Communion of it self, by a Passage far less than it self. A Cooper's Daughter voided by Stool a Piece of a Brass Cannon, weighing 48

Ounces, with an Eel wrapt up in its Secundine. A Man going to cut the Quinsey in his Throat, chanced to swallow his Knife, which he afterwards voided by Aposthume at his Side, &c. from which Matters of Fact he thus concludeth, that solid Bodies, sufficiently great, have penetrated the Stomach, the Bowels, the Womb, the Caul, the Membrane, &c. impatient of so great a Wound, that is to say, they have been transmitted through these Membranes without Wound, which is equivalent to the Penetrations or Dimensions made in Nature, without the Help of the Devil, and that a human Body may be drawn through a Hole, through which a Cat might only pass, but not through a Wall. But to confirm and open this Point more fully, a certain Woman near her Time, longed for raw Muscles, she eat some so very hastily that she devoured Shells and all once or twice broken, and within an Hour was delivered of a live Child, with the same half-chewed Shells, and wounded with them in the Belly; therefore the Shells without the Aperture of the Membranes had penetrated the Stomach, Womb, and Secundine: I suppose truly, that as the Desire, Terror, &c. do generate seminal Ideas which the Hand of the Mother doth send down to the Child, and doth figurate it in a set Time, so the Joy of finding that which the Appetite desired, doth bring that very thing to the Child. A Soldier of *Mechlina* losing his Hand in a Fight, a Woman with Child fell in Labour, and brought forth a Girl without a Hand, and such

such a Flux of Blood followed the Stump, she died ; there is therefore another far different Power of Inchantation from the Devil, and therefore natural and free. The Witch says, he doth *per ens* natural Form imaginatively an Idea which is natural and noxious, and which Satan cannot Form, because the Formation of Ideas does require the Image of God, and a free Power ; and therefore the Witches do operate by a natural Force, no less against the Just and Innocent, than against wicked Men, seeing Inchantments more easily infect Children and Women than Men ; a certain natural Power is signified to be limited to the Inchantment, to which it is easily resisted by a courageous Mind. The Devil therefore offereth Poison and Filth to his Clients, that he may knit fermentally Ideas formed in the Imagination of the Witches unto them, and he preserveth that ideal Poison, that it may not be blown away with the Wind, and carrieth that Poison locally near the Object to be infected ; but to apply it, or carry it into the Man, he is by no means able ; and therefore the Witch doth send forth another executive Medium, which is the mean of a strong desire, for it is inseparable to the Desire to be carried about the things wished for ; to all which, the Devil, as a Spectator, doth assist in the Conduction : For in Truth, I have demonstrated already, that operative Means are solely in the Power of Man, for God only is the most chiefly glorious Creator to be infinitely praised, who hath created the Universe out of nothing, but Man as

far forth as he is the Image of God, doth out of nothing create certain *entia rationis*, or *non Entities* in their Beginning, and that in the proper Gift of the fantastic Virtue, which are notwithstanding, something more then a meer privative or negative Being: For first of all, these conceived Ideas do at length cloath themselves in the Species or Shape fabricated by the Imagination they become *Entities*, now subsisting in the midst of that Vestment, to which by the whole they are equally in them, and thus far they are made seminal and operative *Entities*; this Power is given to Man alone, otherwise a seminal Power to propagate is given to the Earth, to Beasts, to Plants, &c. The Dog by his Madness can transfer his Saliva to Poison, because it is peculiar to his Specie, which is obvious in divers Poisons of Animals, but to form Ideas abstracted from their Species and adjacent Properties, that is given to none but Man; thus far *Helmont*, now *Webster*.

That the Force of Imagination accompanied with the Passions of Horrour, Fear, Envy, &c. is great upon the Body imaginant, as also upon the Fœtus in the Womb is owned by all; but that it can at Distance work upon another Body, though denied by the Schoolmen, is strongly proved by this learned Author, and allowed of by all that understand the Operations of Nature, which we also take to be a certain Truth; and do assert, that if those called Witches do really and truly inject any of these strange things into

into Mens Bodies, that they are brought to pass meerly by the Imagination of the Witch.

The Fairies mightily talked of in times of Popery, by some thought Spirits : But *Paracelsus* held them to be a Kind of middle Creatures, and called them *Non-Adamicks*.

Some ascribe the Bleeding of murdered Bodies to the Astral or Sydereal Spirit, that being a middle Substance betwixt the Soul and the Body, doth when separated from the Body, hover near about it, bearing with it the concupiscible and irascible Faculties, wherewith being stirred up to Hatred and Revenge it causeth that Ebullition in the Blood, and those wonderful Motions of the Body, Hands, &c. thereby to discover the Murtherer, and bring him to condign Punishment. Concerning the Description of this Astral or Sydereal Body, tho' it be as a Spirit or the Image in the *Looking-Glass*, yet it is truly Corporeal.

Tours, &c.

CORINNA.



BILLETS,

Which passed between HENRY CROMWEL,
Esq; CORINNA and PYLADES

To CORINNA.

Dear MADAM,

I Give you many Thanks for your obliging Letter to me at the *Bath*. As you writ that the *Cask of Waters* had contributed a little to your *Health*, I was in hopes that a *Second* might have established it. But your tender drooping Letter which I received on *Sunday* afflicts me, for I wish passionately for your Recovery, who am, dear Madam,

Your most Humble, and

Most Obedient Servant,

HENRY CROMWEL.

P. S.

P. S. I came to Town on *Saturday* Night, but as I was forced to ride, I am so bruised by a base Saddle, that I can neither walk nor bear the jolting of a Coach; yet in two or three Days, if you will give me Leave, I will wait upon you.

Tuesday.

TO HENRY CROMWEL, *Esq;*

Sir,

THO' I cannot readily return you sufficient Acknowledgments for your last Civilities, yet I find it as difficult to pardon the Disappointment you gave me on *Tuesday*. The Place we were then in did not permit me to view the Papers, I saw they were *Manuscripts*, and as soon as ever I came home, got into my Closet in high Expectation of reading some fine Thoughts of Mr. POPE; but alas! how severely was I mortified when I found my supposed *Fairy Treasure* converted into the *Ghost* of a *departed Muse*, and that too, without so much as one marginal Note or critick Blot, after you had so seriously desired me to engage for you. Well! I am like to be a very modish *Godmother*, and you a *meer Child* of this wicked World; I
may

may Promise what I will, but you will perform no more than you please. Very fine indeed ! however, in pursuance of your own darling Simile, give me leave to add, that the *Sponsors* of an *adult Person* are less obliged than those who Promise for an *Infant* ; I shall therefore discharge my self, and bring my Lady CHUDLEIGH to demand Justice for herself and me ; and if you make not ready Satisfaction to both, we will *read you Dead on the Spot* ; for you shall be compelled to hear her Ladyship's three Reams, and my three Quires, and if that be not Poetry enough for a *mortal Dose*, I have Auxiliary Forces in reserve, more than sufficient. The Obstinacy of your pertinacious Organs shall be no Impediment to our Revenge, we will come armed, each with a powerful Outacosticon, which applied to either *Ear* shall alarm your Soul in her most silent Recess, and penetrate more effectually than Mr. *Metcalf's* Instrument.

Read this and tremble most uncourteous *Wight*,
 Who canst refuse to *read* what Ladies *write*,
 Or to correct at *ease* what they with *Pains* indite. }

Hey ho ! I am at the End of my Line already, and my miniken Spleen will not assist me with one single Paragraph more of *railing* either in Verse or Prose. I will then be true to my Sex, and when Passion fails, descend to *soft* Complaints and *mild* Intreaty. Will it please you, Sir, to peruse the inclosed Poem, and graciously condescend

scend to bestow a few Plashes of Ink upon it, no Matter how random the Strokes, or how severe your Censure; my Lady will still think herself honoured by your Notice, and acquiesce in your Judgment, tho' it should use even MARTIAL's cruel and witty Castigation. Consider, O severe RHADAMANTHUS, there is some Respect due to her Ladyship's Quality, and that you have the Glory of reducing a *Maid* to her *Last Prayer*; consider the Authority you gave me to engage for you, and prove not; oh! prove not a recreant Knight to *Honour* and sacred *Gentleness*; I intreat, implore, nay, conjure you, by your *own* OVID, by his *darling* VENUS, and by your more tangible Deities, the amiable *Nymphs* of *Drury*, reject not my just, my *last* *Petition*.

Such, I will assure you, it shall prove when granted to,

Sir, Your most

Humble Servant,

CORINNA.



To

TO

HENRY CROMWEL, *Esq;*

On his bringing Mr. POPE to visit me, and desiring me to return a (very dirty) Translation of *his own*, from VOITURE.

Sir,

I Return you the inclosed with Thanks, and doubt not but your *ingenious Friend* * will join with me in giving it a very just Esteem; though it must be confessed, he ought perpetually to hate the Author, for the Lenten Discipline he gave him on *Monday*; not so much for your unmerciful circling the *Square*, and fetching too large a Compas in the *Diagram*; but for the worse Solæcism you made after, of bringing *Wit* to *Dulness*. You must needs favour me with a Copy of those Lines, *On the Amorous Deaf SHEPHERD*, that I may be satisfied, whether the Charms which delighted you so much, are in the Verse, or your sonorous Repetition.

You see, I treat you with an absolute Style, for knowing you are too courteous not to call a

* Mr. POPE.

Re-

By CORINNA. 285

Request from my Sex a Command, I usurp Authority, and suppose it granted even before I ask it. I am,

SIR,

Your very Humble Servant,

CORINNA.

P. S. Pray remember this Paper was no cleaner when you gave it me.

TO CORINNA.

Dear Madam,

I have *kissed* your charming Letter, which has given me an exceeding Pleasure; the inclosed has much surpris'd me, appearing in such a wretched Air and Dress; for I fondly hoped it might have contracted some *Belles* Airs from your superior Region,—*The Clouds*, and expected to have found it *blanched* by your fair Hands; my *little Friend* * began indeed to look gloomy at the large *Circumference* he took, but soon cleared up when he found it would center in your *Conversation*; we after drunk your Health, and wanted but the Diamond to engrave the Name of SAPPHO upon the sparkling Glass. You never can treat

* Mr. POPE.

me

me too absolutely, for I find that within, which
confesses your rightful Authority, and assures
you of the perfect Obedience of,

Dear Madam,

Your most Humble Servant,

HENRY CROMWEL.

To CORINNA.

Madam,

THE Sense of DON DIEGO's *Spanish* Billet
was no more than this: *I most earnestly*
beg and implore; tho' I almost despair of your
Grant or Pardon,

HENRICUS, &c.

It is an Observation among the Learned,
that all Translators ought in the first Place to
consider the Genius and Character of their
Author, before they undertake to interpret him.
And Mr. DRYDEN is very express in this parti-
cular, before his Translation of some Pieces of
OVID's *Metamorphoses*; that I may therefore
shew a due Respect to poetical Rules, and not
be injurious to so distinguishing a Character as
the DON's, I have added the following Version
of his Heroick Epistle.

Behold

Behold a Lover dying with Despair,
 In *soft* Compassion hear my fervent Pray'r,
 And be not always Cruel, as you're Fair.
 How long will you chastise, and make me tarry,
 'Twixt Hope and Fear, * your humble Servant

H A R R Y.

August, 1705.

Tours, &c.

P Y L A D E S.

* It should have been *Hawk and Buzzard* in the last Line,
 but that was inconsistent with the *Measure* of the Verse, and is
 therefore here added by way of *Marginal Annotation*.



An

*An Account of the Writings of PYLADES
and CORINNA.*

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